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THE NEW YORKER

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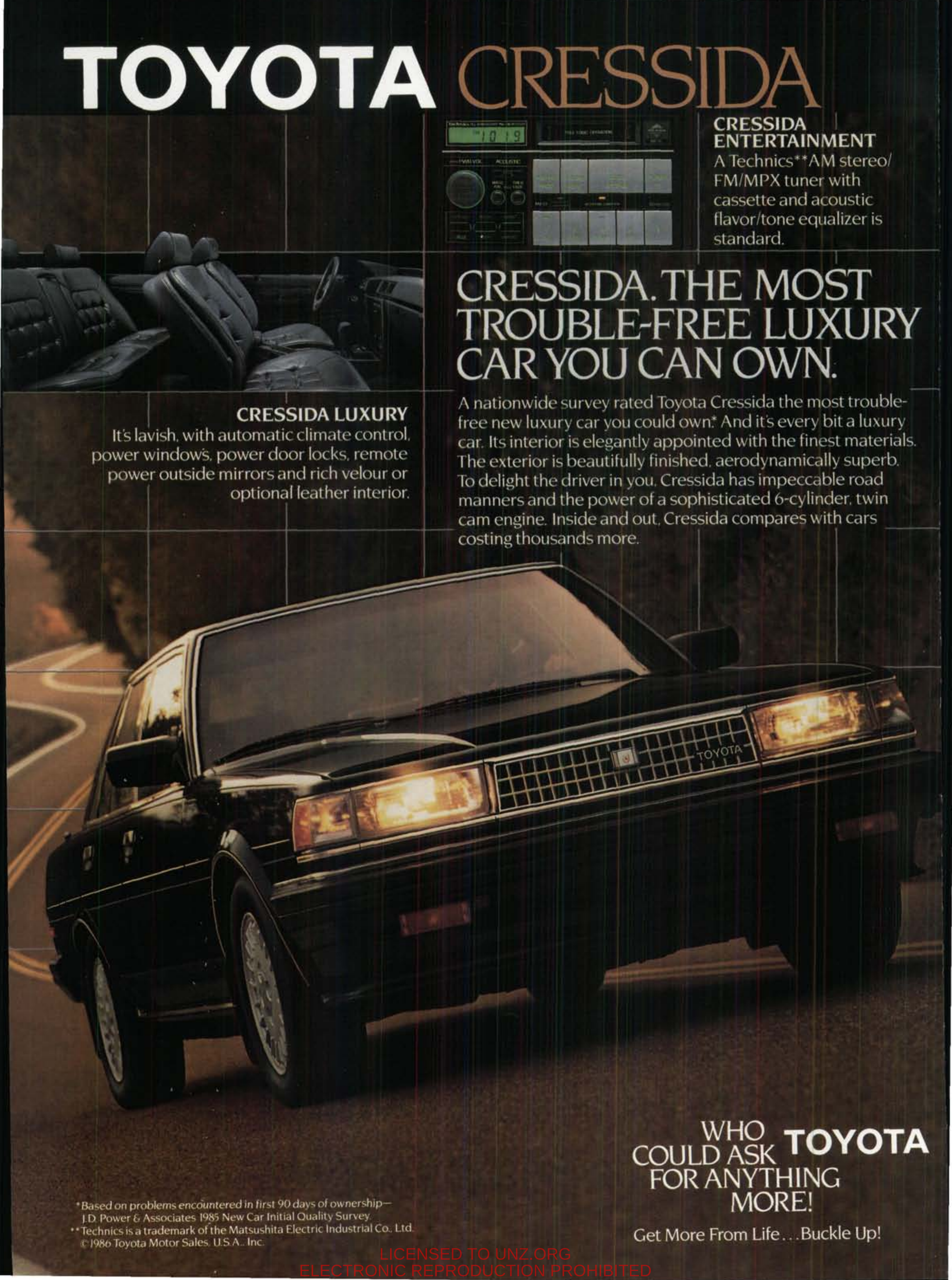

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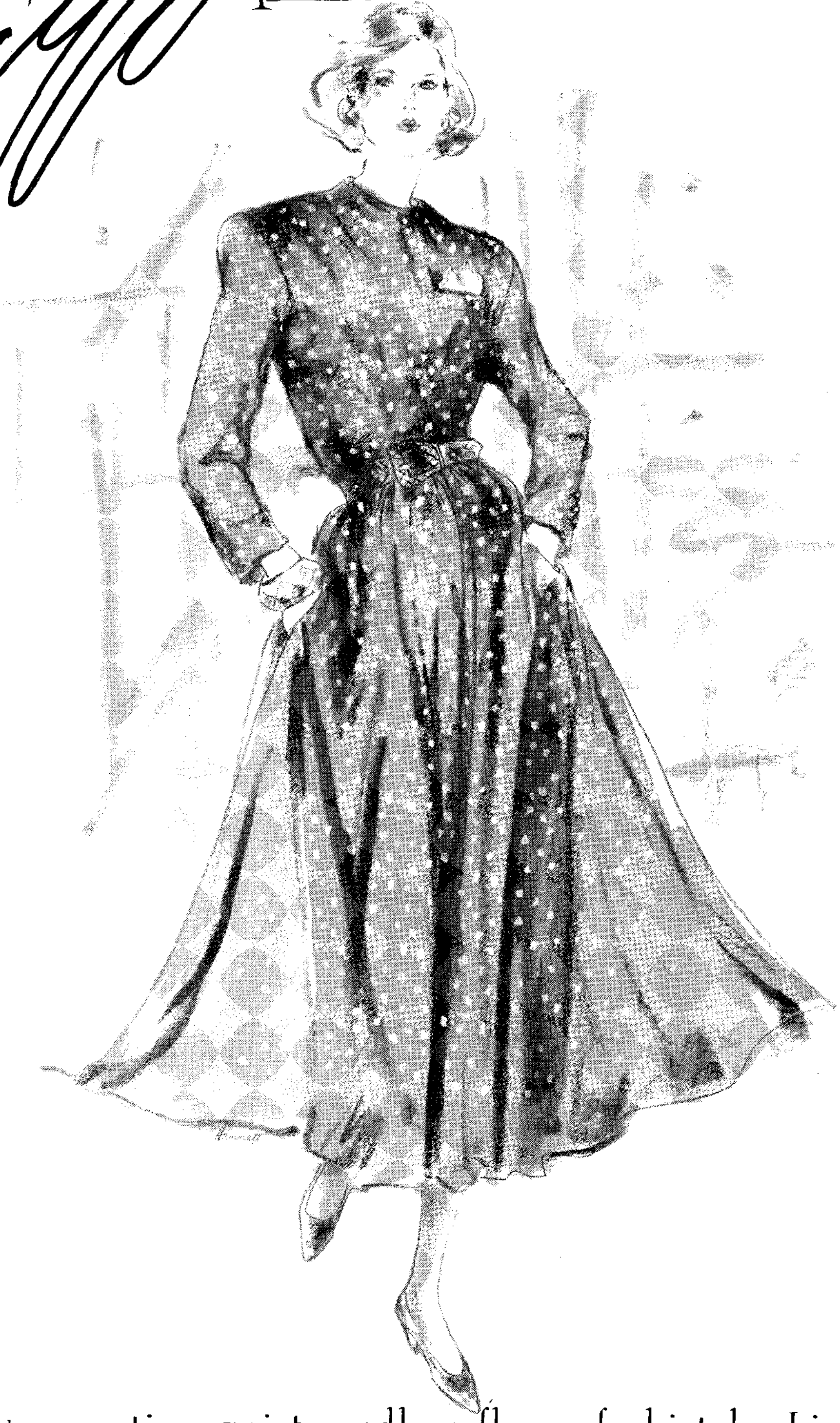

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Bloody Poetry—A play by Howard Brenton. (Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 25.)

Broadway Bound—In the third of his trilogy of autobiographical plays, Neil Simon takes us from Brooklyn to Manhattan, from ignominy to the promise of fame. Linda Lavin heads the excellent cast, which has been directed by Gene Saks. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/15/86.) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—A comedy whodunit by John Bishop, **THE MUSICAL COMEDY MURDERS OF 1940**, is the third in this season's series. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 1.)

The Colored Museum—A sharp, satiric revue on the subject of blackness and related matters, which is almost done in by damnable sound amplification. George C. Wolfe was the clever writer, and L. Kenneth Richardson the able director. The performers, all of them splendid, are Loretta Devine, Tommy Hollis, Reggie Montgomery, Vickilyn Reynolds, and Danitra Vance. (11/10/86) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Common Pursuit—An English import. Six Cambridge undergraduates, in the sixties, plan to launch a literary magazine in accordance with the rigorous standards of the critic F. R. Leavis, and in the ensuing twenty years manage to breach these standards. Simon Gray's play, while not especially original, is consistently entertaining, and it is very well performed, under the direction of the dramatist and Michael McGuire. With Kristoffer Tabori and Dylan Baker, among others. (11/3/86) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—The fourth in this season's series of eight productions is a revival of **TAKE ME ALONG**, a musical based on Eugene O'Neill's play "Ah, Wilderness!," with music and lyrics by Bob Merrill and a book by Joseph Stein and Robert Russell. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 1. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

A Girl's Guide to Chaos—A comedy by Cynthia Heimel. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Groucho: A Life in Revue—A surprisingly lively and touching show about the great comedian/humorist. Frank Ferrante's dedicated impersonation becomes a true performance; Les Marsden, doubling, comes close to Chico and seems inspired as Harpo; and Faith Prince deftly acts the women in their lives, among them, of course, Margaret Dumont. Arthur Marx (son of Groucho) and Robert Fisher were the playwrights; Mr. Marx directed. (10/20/86) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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Jackie Mason's "The World According to Me!"—Jackie Mason is a classic standup Jewish comedian, the George Washington of the Borscht Belt. His material consists almost entirely of outrageous insults addressed to Jews, Italians, Poles, Puerto Ricans, and Wasps. (Only the Irish escape unscathed, and who knows why? Perhaps they are being offered the greatest insult of all.) For more than thirty years, Mason's audiences—that is, his victims—have found him hilarious, and the sorry truth of the matter is that he *is* hilarious, for reasons that might well cause Freud himself to break down and sob as he sought to explain them. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Lady Day at Emerson's Bar & Grill—A play of sorts about one of Billie Holiday's last engagements, at a night club in Philadelphia, well sung and performed by the personable Lonette McKee, who bears no resemblance—vocal, physical, or temperamental—to the late Miss Holiday. (9/29/86) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Lily Dale—This play is one of Horton Foote's chronicles of Texas before the First World War. Don Bloomfield is a young man who pays a visit to his mother and sister in Houston. Mary Stuart Masterson is the sister and Greg Zittel is their abrasive stepfather. (12/1/86) (Samuel Beckett, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Man for All Seasons—A deliberate, not to say plodding, production of Robert Bolt's play, with Philip Bosco as Sir Thomas More, Charles Keating as the Common Man, and with Maria Tucci giving a first-rate performance as More's wife. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Special performance Sunday, Jan. 18, at 7:30.)

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 23
"FROM A FREE-LANCER'S NOTEBOOK" . . . . *Polly Frost* 29
"FUTURE CANDIDATES FOR 'COLORIZATION'" . . . . *James Stevenson* 31
"WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST" . . . . *Francine Prose* 32
"TWO POEMS" . . . . *L. S. Asekoff* 34
"SUNDAYS" (POEM) . . . . *Derek Walcott* 37
PROFILES (ROSAMOND BERNIER) . . . . *Calvin Tomkins* 38
LETTER FROM NEW DELHI . . . . *Ved Mehta* 52
"SNOW GOAT" (POEM) . . . . *Michael McFee* 69
THE THEATRE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 70
OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS
(POSTAL INSPECTION SERVICE) . . . . *E. J. Kahn, Jr.* 72
A REPORTER AT LARGE (BENTON, KENTUCKY) . . . . *Wallace White* 78
BOOKS . . . . *John Updike* 88
BRIEFLY NOTED 91

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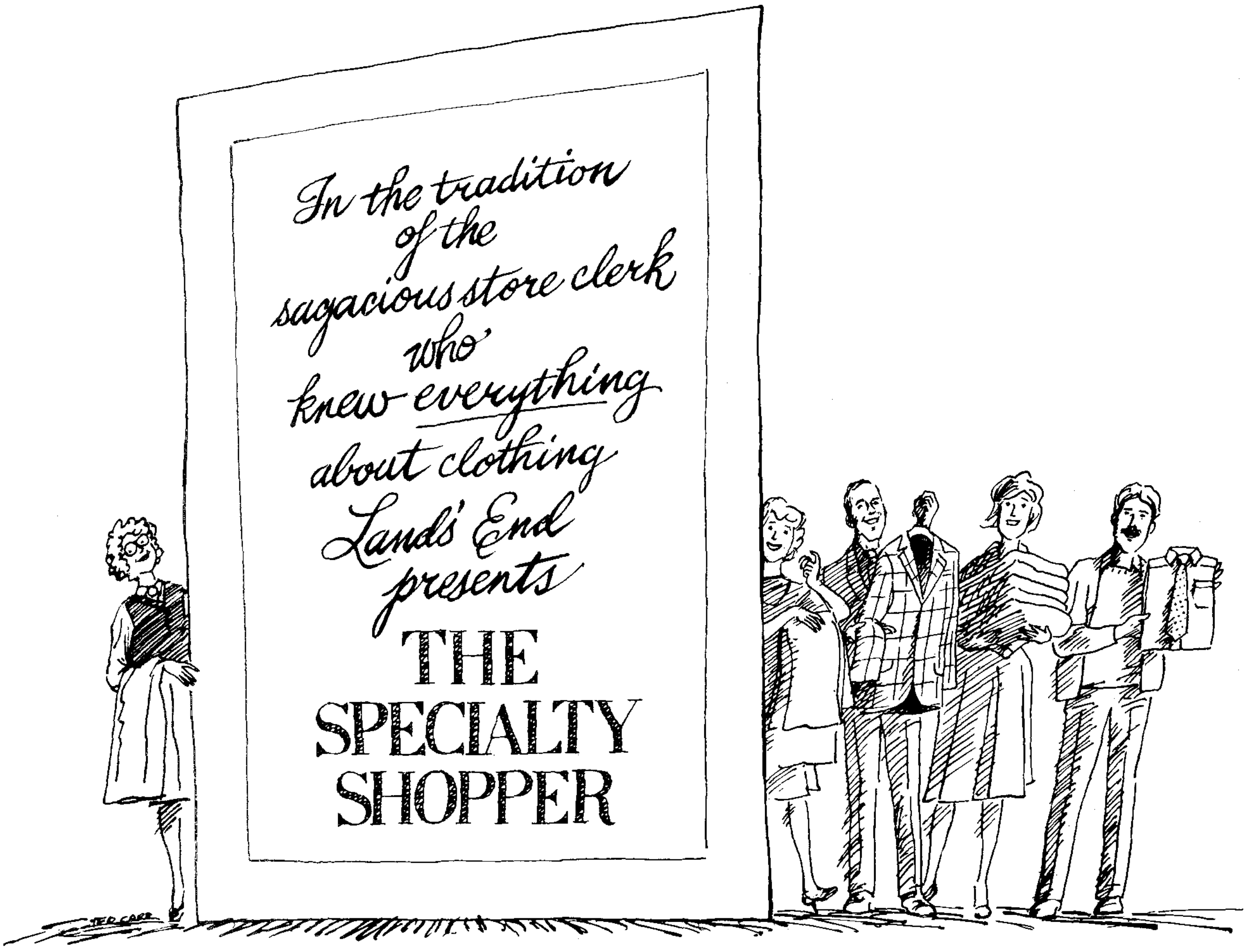

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British musical out of the thirties, with a superb performance by Robert Lindsay in the starring role. (8/25/86) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 947-0033. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

North Shore Fish—A play by Israel Horovitz. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3.)

Sex Tips for Modern Girls—A musical with a book by Peter Eliot Weiss and score and lyrics by John Sereda. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Stepping Out—A play, with tap dancing, by Richard Harris. Currently running in London; Tommy Tune is the director for this production. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

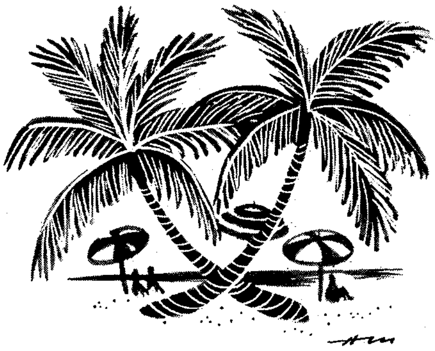
Sweet Sue—A failed comedy by A. R. Gurney, Jr., about a divorced artist in middle age and a young man who is her son's roommate at college. Four actors (Mary Tyler Moore, Lynn Redgrave, Barry Tubb, and John K. Linton) portray this woebegone couple, who love neither wisely nor too well. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Widow Claire—Horton Foote continues to explore the lives of the citizens of Harrison, Texas. The principal characters here are a racy, nervous widow and young Horace Robedaux (two years post-"Lily Dale"—see above), and they are played to perfection by Hallie Foote and Matthew Broderick. (12/29/86) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

York Theatre Company—A new production of **marry me a little**, a 1981 two-character show with songs by Stephen Sondheim. Opens officially on Friday, Jan. 16, and will run through Saturday, Feb. 7. (York Theatre, 2 E. 90th St. 534-5366. Fridays and Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

You Never Can Tell—The Shaw play of 1896 has been given an agreeable production, with an exceedingly clever performance by Victor Garber as a lovesick intellectual (for whom read Bernard Shaw). Also in the cast are Uta Hagen, John Cullum, Lise Hilboldt, Stefan Gierasch, and John David Cullum. The direction is by Stephen Porter. (10/20/86) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 25.)

Long Runs—**big river:** William Hauptman and Roger Miller have drawn a pleasantly sentimental musical out of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," and Mark Twain in Heaven has reason to be satisfied with the results. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **la cage aux folles:** A musical about a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez; the production is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics; the book is by Harvey Fierstein. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **cats:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **drood:** Dickens' unfinished novel, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," has been turned into a splendidly nonsensical musical by Rupert Holmes. The big cast is headed by George Rose, and the direction is by Wilford Leach. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 11,120 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42nd street:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie, and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the house of blue leaves:** A superb revival of John Guare's brilliant, ferocious comedy, with Swoosie Kurtz and John Mahoney, among other fine performers. Jerry Zaks was the director. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **i'm not rappaport:** Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park, starring Hal Linden and Ossie Davis. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **little shop of horrors:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **nunsense:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **oh! calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **social security:** With his first Broadway comedy, Andrew Bergman proves a worthy successor to the Neil Simon of "Barefoot in the Park." (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **sweet charity:** A musical that, with very little alteration, has mysteriously improved with age. Directed and choreographed by Bob Fosse, it has a book by Neil Simon, songs by Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields, and settings by Robert Randolph. Ann Reinking is the star. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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MISCELLANY

The Mikado—The Gilbert and Sullivan operetta in a production that was first staged at the Stratford Festival in Ontario. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 14-16, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 17, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Jan. 18, at 3.)

Ice Show—A two-week engagement of the "Ice Capades," with a company headed by Kitty and Peter Carruthers, Judy Blumberg, and Michael Seibert. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesday, Jan. 14, Friday, Jan. 16, and Thursday and Friday, Jan. 22-23, at 7:30; Thursday, Jan. 15, at 10:30 and 7:30; Saturdays, Jan. 17 and 24, at 11, 3, and 7:30; Sundays, Jan. 18 and 25, at 1:30 and 5:30; and Wednesday, Jan. 21, at 2 and 7:30.)

Out to Lunch—A musical revue by Wally White. Opens Monday, Jan. 19, and will run through Friday, Jan. 30. (Quaigh, Hotel Diplomat, 108 W. 43rd St. Mondays through Fridays at 12:15 P.M. No tickets necessary.)

Beehive—A musical revue, featuring songs of the sixties. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7:30 and 10; and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

Forbidden Broadway—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, Jan. 14: "La Source," "Davidsbündlertänze," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 15: "Agon," "Les Petits Riens" (première), and "I'm Old Fashioned." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 16: "Divertimento No. 15," "Davidsbündlertänze," and "Scotch Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 17: "Swan Lake," "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," and "I'm Old Fashioned." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 17: "Divertimento No. 15," "Les Petits Riens," and "I'm Old Fashioned." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Jan. 18: "Ballo della Regina," "Divertimento No. 15," and "Episodes." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Jan. 18: "Episodes," "Quiet City," "Pas de Deux," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 20: "Swan Lake," "Episodes," and "Songs of the Auvergne." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 21: "Ballo della Regina" and "Vienna Waltzes." (A benefit performance; for information about tickets, call 877-7635.) . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 22: "Ballo della Regina," "Pas de Deux," "Variations pour une Porte et un Soupir," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 23: "Les Petits Riens," "Variations pour une Porte et un Soupir," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 24: "Swan Lake," "Episodes," and "Songs of the Auvergne." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 24: "Agon," "Quiet City," "Pas de Deux," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Feb. 22.)

Lyon Opera Ballet—A French company, appearing here for the first time, in the opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Feb. 1. "Cendrillon," a full-length ballet, will be presented the first week. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesday, Jan. 20, at 7:30; Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 21-23, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 24, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Jan. 25, at 3.)

Armitage Ballet—Two premières—"Les Stances à Sophie" and "Like a Rolling Stone" —"The Watteau Duets," and "Hipsters, Flipsters, and Finger Poppin' Daddies." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesday, Jan. 20, at 7:30; Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 21-24, at 8; and Sunday, Jan. 25, at 2 and 7:30.)

Riverside Dance Festival—Performances by two companies. **DANCE THROUGH TIME:** Wednesday, Jan. 14, and Friday, Jan. 16, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 17-18, at 2. . . . **DANCECOMPASS/NICHOLAS RODRIGUEZ:** Wednesday, Jan. 21, and Friday, Jan. 23, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 25, at 2. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, W. 120th St. and Riverside Dr. 864-2929.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Abilene Café, 359 Second Ave., at 21st St. (473-8908)—A white-brick-faced bar and restaurant that's next door to a yellow-brick-faced funeral parlor. Blues and blues-based jazz are the specialties of the house. **SAMMY PRICE**—the seventy-eight-year-old Texas-born pianist who started out as a Charleston dancer in Alphonso Trent's orchestra and later on worked with Lester Young, Sidney Bechet, and Jimmy Rushing—will be at the upright on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 16-17. Music from about nine.

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**MICHAEL FEINSTEIN,** the thirty-year-old singer, pianist, and devout student of American theatre and movie music, is performing for admiring audiences in the Oak Room. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow bar and restaurant that features nautical impedimenta and jazz musicians of every stripe. Guitarist **VIC JURIS'S** trio performs on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 16-17, and on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 23-24, trumpeter **VALERY PONOMAREV,** a graduate of Art Blakey's hard-bop academy, comes in with his threesome. Other groups can be heard during the rest of the week. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A neat-as-a-pin music room on the edge of Chelsea, near the flower and fur markets, where, Wednesdays through Saturdays at six-thirty, you will find the meticulous, tiny-voiced **BLOSSOM DEARIE** singing funny Dave Frishberg songs, delicately pitched love songs by Jack Segal and herself, and Rodgers and Hart's "Ev'rything I've Got." Broadway star Laurie Beechman sings at eleven on Fridays and Saturdays.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—The big blue banner that flies above the entrance to this club may not be modest ("Jazz Capital of the World," it says), but it looks nice flapping in the breeze. Bass-baritone **BILLY ECKSTINE** ("the sonorous B.," Duke Ellington called him) sings with a trio through Sunday, Jan. 18; on Monday, Jan. 19, organist **JACK MC DUFF** and his octet, Heatin' System, drop in; **JANIS SIEGEL,** a member of the vocal quartet Manhattan Transfer, alights here Tuesday through Thursday, Jan. 20-22; and on Friday, Jan. 23, baritone saxophonist **GERRY MULLIGAN** brings in his sixteen-piece band. Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A vast pillared emporium that caters to various musical tastes. Friday, Jan. 16, La Bamba's Hubcap Reunion; Saturday, Jan. 17, **SUN RA & HIS INTERGALACTIC SPACE ARKESTRA;** Sunday, Jan. 18, wizard country-folk guitarist **DOC WATSON** and **TOM PAXTON;** Wednesday, Jan. 21, David Johansen's alter ego, **BUSTER POINDEXTER,** and his tuxedoed accomplices, the **BANSHEES OF BLUE;** and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 23-24, **LEON REDBONE** and Steve Skrovan. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A great up-close view from a barstool (unless there are a lot of standees, which is usually the case) of first-rate duos and trios. Pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and bassist **RED MITCHELL** work in tandem through Saturday, Jan. 17; trumpeter **DANNY MOORE,** pianist **HAROLD MABERN,** and Mr. Mitchell collaborate on Sunday, Jan. 18; and on Monday, Jan. 19, pianist John Campbell will join Mr. Mitchell. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Long communal tables swathed in pink and a bandstand panelled in oak. **OLIVER LAKE,** one of the alto voices in the hard-swinging World Saxophone Quartet, directs his own quartet through Sunday, Jan. 18, and on Tuesday, Jan. 20, drummer **CHICO HAMILTON** moves in with his foursome. Mondays belong to the father-and-son guitar team of **BUCKY** and **JOHN PIZZARELLI.** Music from nine. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The figures on the walls of the Café Carlyle—a nude at her easel; a leaping poodle; a guitarist in a harlequin outfit; a Gypsy violinist; an unpedigreed dog with a bonnet in its mouth—are by Marcel Vertès, and the music is by **GEORGE SHEARING** (piano and vocals) and **DON THOMPSON** (bass). The other night, Mr. Shearing played Charlie Parker's "Scrapple from the Apple," a lilting "Shadow of Your Smile," and an eerie "Mack the Knife," and sang "I Can't Get Started," Noël Coward's "I've Been to a Marvellous Party," and a Harry Warren-Ira Gershwin song dug out of the archives by Michael Feinstein. Sets at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Over in the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** is presiding at the piano. Music from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

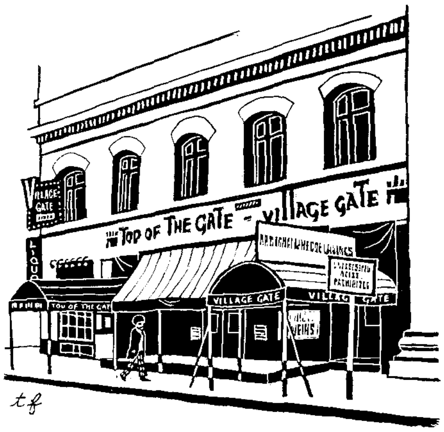
Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—There's not a lot of elbow- or headroom in this downstairs jazz club, but the musicians sometimes make out-of-body travel possible. Two quintets led by two California-born trumpeters—**JON FADDIS,** whose playing is sunny and exuberant, and **TOM HARRELL,** who is reflective and elusive—share the working space through Sunday, Jan. 18. Starting Tuesday, Jan. 20, **SHEILA JORDAN** sings with pianist **STEVE KUHN'S** quartet. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music from eight every night but Monday, when it begins at nine. Dining.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—Only slightly smaller than an airplane hangar but considerably fancier. On clear nights, the piano, situated in a grove of palms in the south-central region of the dining room, is visible from the bar. The schedule: Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 14-15, Chuck Fowler; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 16-17, **BROOKS KERR** (with bassist **AL HALL**); and starting Tuesday, Jan. 20, **JACK WILSON.** Sets begin at seven Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at seven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A small, dark bar, with ancient marching-band instruments on the walls, Art Tatum and Earl Hines on the jukebox, and an upright piano that seats four (not counting the pianist). Carla White sings with accompaniment from pianist Peter Madsen and bassist Peter Barshay through Sunday, Jan. 18; Stan Edwards sings on Monday, Jan. 19; and guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio holds forth on Tuesdays. Music from ten.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner bar and restaurant with a piano at the center of things. **JOHN BUNCH** and **PHIL FLANIGAN,** who work together in Scott Hamilton's quintet, swing it through Saturday, Jan. 17, and on Tuesday, Jan. 20, **HILTON RUIZ** and **MAJOR HOLLEY** take charge. Esther Blue flies all by herself on Sundays and Mondays. Music from nine-thirty.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A spirited, noisy, crowded hangout for expatriate Texans, French tourists, and others in search of *les bons temps.* Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 14-15, **JERRY LEE LEWIS,** the grizzled, salvation-seeking, piano-thumping bad boy of rock and roll, who skipped out on the appointment he had here last month; Friday, Jan. 16, Soul Brother No. 1, **JAMES BROWN;** Saturday, Jan. 17, Chicago-blues harpist **JAMES COTTON;** Monday, Jan. 19, the gritty, Texas-baked bluesman **JOHNNY COPELAND;** and Tuesday, Jan. 20, smooth-voiced R. & B. singer **BEN E. KING.** Music after nine. Dining.



Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Unicorns and lions on the walls, well-heeled cats on the banquettes, and a jolly septet called the New York Jazz Repertory Ensemble on the bandstand. The Ensemble, which is directed by the banjo player Eddy Davis, is reproducing the cartoonish, gag-laden music of Spike Jones. Cap guns, slide whistles, cowbells, birdcalls, sirens, and an automobile horn are among the featured instruments. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. On Mondays after nine-thirty, Woody Allen is likely to show up to play celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

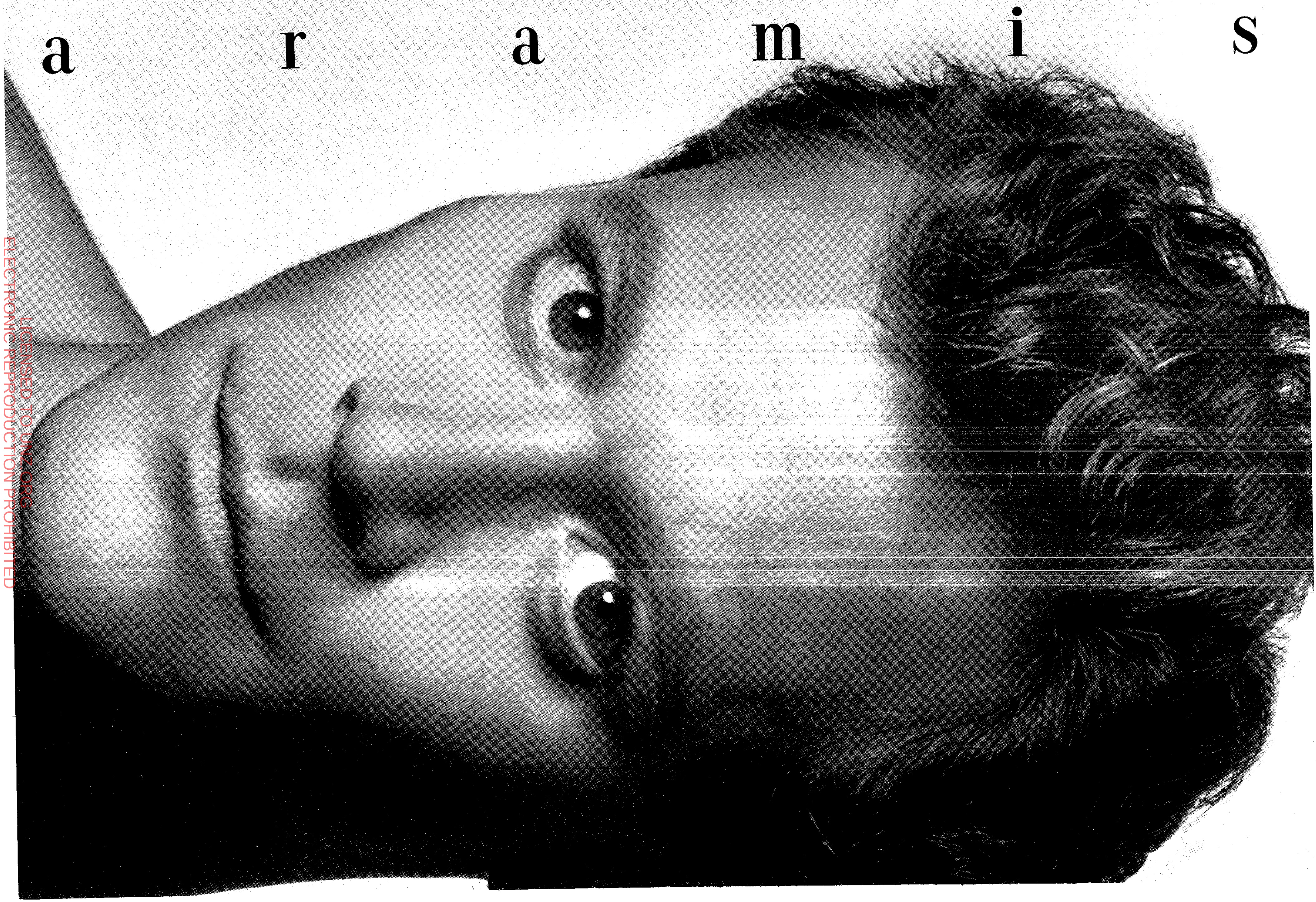
Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A lively uptown bar and restaurant, with signed photographs of some swinging non-musicians on the walls (Reggie Jackson smiling shyly, Dave Winfield tuning up in the cage) and some heavy hitters on the bandstand. The lineup: Thursday, Jan. 15, bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN'S** group, **TOP SHELF;** Friday and Saturday, Jan. 16-17, lyrical flugelhornist **ART FARMER'S** quintet, featuring tenor saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN;** Wednesday, Jan. 21, the Hiko Band; Thursday, Jan. 22, Big Dog; and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 23-24, thundering wall-of-sound pianist **MC COY TYNER.** Music from about ten until two.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Fifty years ago, people practiced the jitterbug and the foxtrot in this ballroom; today's patrons listen mainly to rock (hard-core rock, soft-core rock, no-core rock) and sometimes practice a combination of exercise and intimacy known as slam dancing. Friday, Jan. 16, ex-New York Dolls Johnny Thunders & Jerry Nolan; Saturday, Jan. 17, Bad Brains, Flipper, and Gang Green; and Thursday, Jan. 22, W.A.S.P. and Saxon, two riveting heavy-metal bands. Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Brazilian music, African music, Caribbean music, and American music. Wednesday, Jan. 14, reggae singer **PABLO MOSES** and his band, Jah Kingdom; Thursday, Jan. 15, vibraharpist **ROY AYERS;** Friday and Saturday, Jan. 16-17, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** Sunday, Jan. 18, saxophonist **STEVE COLEMAN'S** Five Elements; Tuesday, Jan. 20, No Discipline; Wednesday, Jan. 21, guitarist **KEVIN EUBANKS** & O.T.B.; and Thursday, Jan. 22, cornettist **OLU DARA & NATCHEZSIPPI.** Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays and Sunday, Jan. 18, and from eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A crowded and convivial jazz room. **MC COY TYNER** leads his trio through Sunday, Jan. 18, and on Tuesday, Jan. 20, the club's annual mini-festival of new music commences. The schedule: Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 20-21, the String Trio of New York; Thursday, Jan. 22, trombonist **RAY ANDERSON,** bassist **MARK HELIAS,** and percussionist **GERRY HEMINGWAY;** and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 23-24, a quintet made up of **AHMED ABDULLAH** (trumpet), **MARION BROWN** (alto saxophone), **BILLY BANG** (violin), **SIRONE** (bass), and **ANDREW CYRILLE** (drums). On Mondays, **GIL EVANS'** sixteen-piece electrified orchestra plays the maestro's swirling-color arrangements of tunes by Mingus, Hancock, and Hendrix. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—"Irish" is what the canopy above the entrance to this bar says, but blues and rock is what the performers in the back room do. Wednesday, Jan. 14, the Cor-Vairs and the Jimmies; Thursday, Jan. 15, Sea Monster and Fahrenheit 451; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 16-17, Chicago-blues guitarist **OTIS RUSH;** Sunday, Jan. 18, the Pacific Orchestra; Monday, Jan. 19, the Reverend Billy Wirtz and the Joshua Blues band; Tuesday, Jan. 20, Cargo Cult; Wednesday, Jan. 21, Foreign Legion and Combo Limbo; and Friday and Saturday,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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Jan. 23-24, the **UPTOWN HORNS.** Shows after nine-thirty.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN** and bassist **CLINT HOUSTON** are on duty in the Terrace Bar through Sunday, Jan. 18. **BOB DOROUGH,** a wonderful twangy, bop-rooted singer and pianist, and bassist **BILL TAKAS** move in on Tuesday, Jan. 20. Mondays are reserved for pianist **HILTON RUIZ'S** Latin Jazz Trio. Music from ten.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world descend the stairs to this ancient jazz club; many of them later emerge from it in an excited condition. **SPHERE**—a fiercely sleek quartet that takes its name and some of its music from Thelonious Sphere Monk and is composed of former Monk hands **CHARLIE ROUSE** (tenor saxophone) and **BEN RILEY** (drums), plus **KENNY BARRON** (piano) and **BUSTER WILLIAMS** (bass)—is in the house through Sunday, Jan. 18. Pianist **JAMES WILLIAMS'** quintet, Progress Report, begins a stint on Tuesday, Jan. 20. Mondays remain prime time for the **MEL LEWIS ORCHESTRA.** Music from ten.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The big room in this student rest stop (Columbia U. is across the street) has a noninstitutional cafeteria, a bar that can seat a marching band, and a jukebox. The smaller room has tables, booths, a couple of hanging plants, and good live jazz. The schedule: through Sunday, Jan. 18, guitarist **DOM MINASI'S** quartet; Tuesday, Jan. 20, bassist **MICKEY BASS'S** trio, with pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY;** and starting Wednesday, Jan. 21, trumpeter Mark Morganelli and the Jazz Forum All-Stars. On Mondays, comedians stand up and fall down. Shows from about nine. Dining.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—If you like pictures of cows, there's a good one here, by the British painter Malcolm Morley, of some Holsteins adrift in a Turneresque landscape. There's also jazz, which flows peaceably from a passageway between the front-room bar and the back-room restaurant. The elegant, light-fingered pianist **ELLIS LARKINS** performs every night but Sunday, when **GENE BERTONCINI** and **MICHAEL MOORE** play glistening guitar-bass duets. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Alan King—Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Thursday, Jan. 15, at 7 and 9:30.

Highlights in Jazz—With Astrud Gilberto, Claudio Roditi, Niels Lan Doky, and others. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Thursday, Jan. 15, at 8. For information about tickets, call 598-2027.)

Sarah Vaughan—With Stanley Turrentine. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

Reggie Workman Trio, Maya Milenovic, and Richard Horowitz—Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. Friday, Jan. 16, at 8. For information about tickets, call 206-1050.

Junior Cook–Bill Hardman Quintet—Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 502-4300. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 16-17, at 10, 11:30, and 1.

İhsan Özgen—Uris Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. Sunday, Jan. 18, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 206-1050.

Roger Kellaway—Vineyard Theatre, 309 E. 26th St. 683-0696. Sunday, Jan. 18, at 3.

Heavenly Jazz Concert Series—The fourth in a series of six concerts, this one performed by Benny Goodman alumni, including Bucky Pizzarelli and John Bunch. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Jan. 18, at 5. For information about tickets, call 369-8040.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Francisco Alvarado-Juárez—Paintings and constructions. Through Jan. 25. (Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St. Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

Graham Campbell—Abstract paintings. Through Jan. 31. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. Open Mondays.)

Louis Eilshemius (1864-1941) **and John Grabach** (1880-1981)—Paintings. Through Jan. 31. (Radann, 790 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Opens at noon.)

Alan Feltus—Recent paintings of women in groups. Through Jan. 28. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Cheryl Goldsleger / Karen Riedener—Monochromatic paintings and drawings with mazelike arrangements of such architectural forms as chairs and stairs. / Photographs. Through Jan. 30. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

Harriet Korman / Robert Lobe—Abstract paintings. / Sculptures—the result of hammering sheets of aluminum against trees and rock formations. Through Jan. 31. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Jules Olitski—Impasto paintings on sheets of shaped Plexiglas. Through Jan. 31. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

David Park (1911-60)—Paintings, mostly from the fifties. Through Feb. 28. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Jon Schueler—Recent abstract paintings and drawings. Through Feb. 5. (Perlow, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Barbara Schwartz—Painted cast-aluminum wall reliefs. Through Jan. 31. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Sandy Skoglund—Two exhibits by an artist fresh from designing a red-and-green Christmas window for Barney's. Paintings, drawings, and photographs. Through Jan. 31. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.) . . . ¶ An installation entitled "Neo Auto," consisting of a wrecked car that the artist has reclaimed, painted, and filled with hundreds of twisted forks. Through Feb. 8. (Sharpe, 175 Avenue B, at 11th St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at 1.)

Gregory Williams—Landscapes with a surreal character. Through Feb. 14. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Milton Avery (1893-1965)—Seascapes on canvas and on paper. Through Jan. 31. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Isabel Bishop—Drawings and etchings that date from the twenties to the forties but have not been on exhibition before now. Through Saturday, Jan. 17. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Ronnie Bogaev—More than a dozen Photo-Realist oil paintings, many of them centered on still-lifes, with an Italian landscape seen through a window. Through Jan. 31. (French, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Ilya Bolotowsky (1907-81)—Two shows. Abstract geometric paintings completed between 1950 and 1981. Through Jan. 31. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Works on paper from the thirties. Through Jan. 28. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St. Paintings from the same period, by Hans Burkhardt, are also on view here.)

Louise Bourgeois / Andy Warhol—Paintings from the forties. / Photographs. Through Jan. 31. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Joseph Cornell (1903-72)—Box constructions and collages that were in the artist's personal collection. Through Jan. 31. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Nicola De Maria—Small paintings depicting star emblems that could be seen as symbolizing doors or windows, among other works. Through Jan. 31. (Galerie Maeght Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

Marcel Duchamp (1887-1968)—A retrospective that includes ready-mades, posters, prints, and a mini-museum "Valise." Through Feb. 7. (Luhring Augustine & Hodes, 41 E. 57th St.)

Chuck Dugan—Abstract paintings. Through Jan. 29. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

Maurice Golubov—Works from the past five years or so, including nonobjective and figurative paintings. Through Jan. 29. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

Cleve Gray—Paintings from the past fifty years in a show that complements the artist's retrospective at the Brooklyn Museum. Through Feb. 3. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

Stephen Greene—Recent abstract paintings. Through Feb. 7. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

Robert LaHotan—Still-lifes, interiors, and landscapes. Through Feb. 7. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Terence La Noue / Hans Hofmann (1880-1966)—Heavily textured paintings on unstretched canvas. Through Jan. 31. / Portraits of friends, still-lifes, and interiors, including his studio. Through Feb. 7. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Henri Laurens (1885-1954)—A dozen figurative bronzes. Through Feb. 7. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Katherine Porter—Large-scale expressionist paintings. Through Jan. 31. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Odilon Redon (1840-1916)—About thirty prints. Through Feb. 14. (Fitch-Febvrel, 5 E. 57th St.)

Bruce Robbins—Recent works on paper. Through Jan. 31. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Ben Shahn (1898-1969)—Prints, drawings, and watercolors. Through Jan. 30. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Susan Shatter—Landscape paintings in oils and watercolors. Through Jan. 28. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

John Storrs (1885-1956)—Prints and drawings. A retrospective of the artist's work is currently at the Whitney Museum. Through Feb. 4. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

Still-Life Swap—A painting apiece by four still-life specialists—Janet Fish, Sondra Freckelton, Nancy Hagin, and Harriet Shorr—who, after appearing together on a panel on still-life last spring, conceived a project wherein each would do a work that depicted objects proposed by the others. The paintings all include a pair of amber candlesticks, a blue plate, a fish-shaped vase, and a ceramic pitcher. Through Jan. 31. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Group Show—Works by Oskar Kokoschka and his contemporaries. Through Jan. 31. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Carol Anthony—Handmade cast-paper boxes filled with objects (pears, apples, ladders) also made of cast paper. Through Jan. 31. (Davidson, 415 West Broadway.)

Domenico Bianchi—New abstract canvases painted in oil and encaustic. Through Jan. 31. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Edgar Buonagurio / Mary Fish—Mosaic-like paintings on shaped canvases. / Allegorical paintings based on Sumerian myths. Through Jan. 31. (Oscarsson Siegeltuch, 568 Broadway, entrance on Prince St.)

Deborah Butterfield—This sculptor has moved on to larger and larger pieces of found sheet metal in her shorthand depiction of life-size horses, one of which seems to be a brood mare carrying a crunched-up tricycle in her womb. Through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Nancy Chunn—Paintings in which chains, gears, and other machine parts are juxta-

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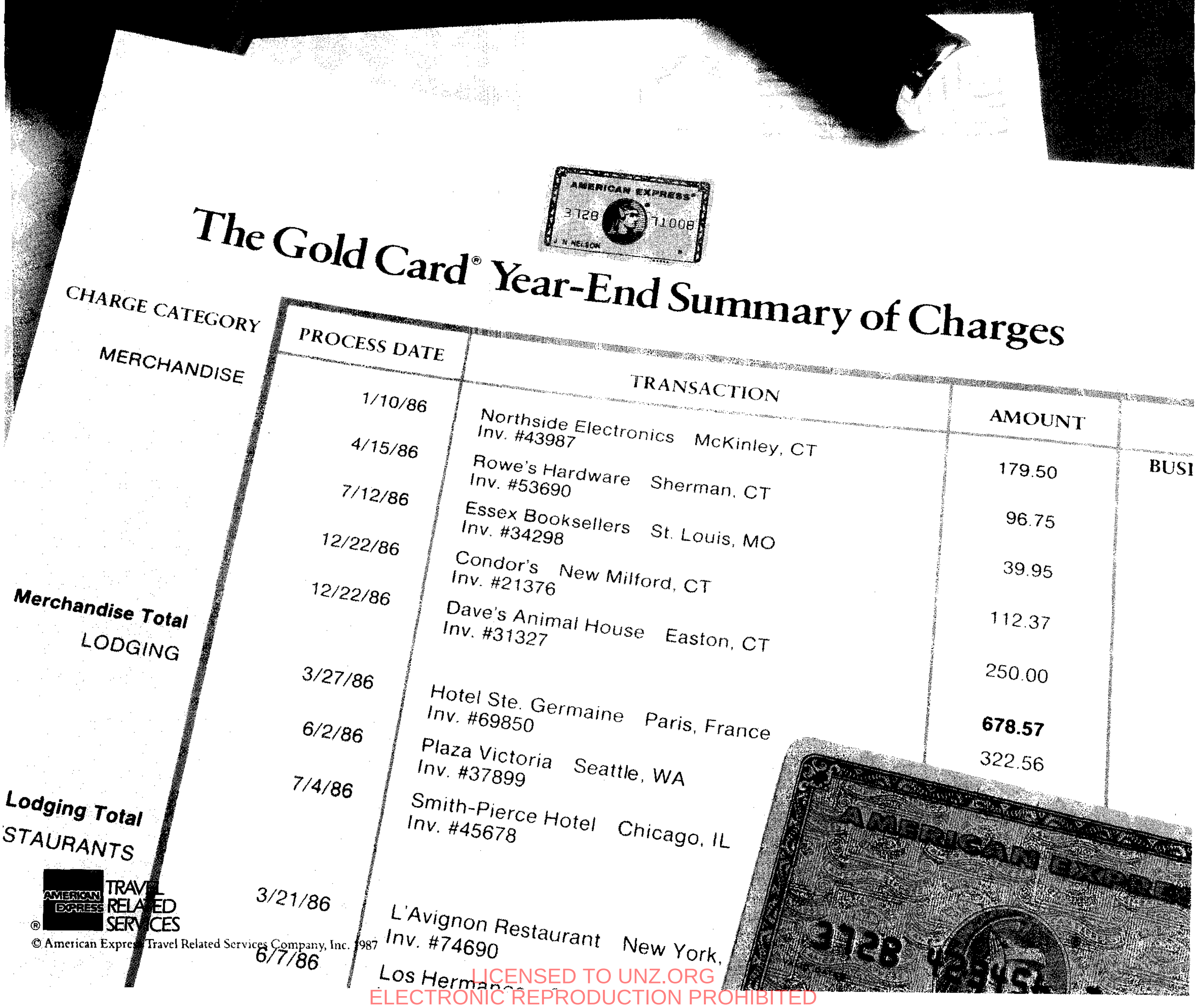

The Gold Card® Year-End Summary of Charges

CHARGE CATEGORY	PROCESS DATE	TRANSACTION	AMOUNT	BUSI
MERCHANDISE	1/10/86	Northside Electronics McKinley, CT Inv. #43987	179.50	
	4/15/86	Rowe's Hardware Sherman, CT Inv. #53690	96.75	
	7/12/86	Essex Booksellers St. Louis, MO Inv. #34298	39.95	
	12/22/86	Condor's New Milford, CT Inv. #21376	112.37	
	12/22/86	Dave's Animal House Easton, CT Inv. #31327	250.00	
Merchandise Total			**678.57**	
LODGING	3/27/86	Hotel Ste. Germaine Paris, France Inv. #69850	322.56	
	6/2/86	Plaza Victoria Seattle, WA Inv. #37899		
	7/4/86	Smith-Pierce Hotel Chicago, IL Inv. #45678		
Lodging Total				
STAURANTS	3/21/86	L'Avignon Restaurant New York, Inv. #74690		
	6/7/86	Los Herm		

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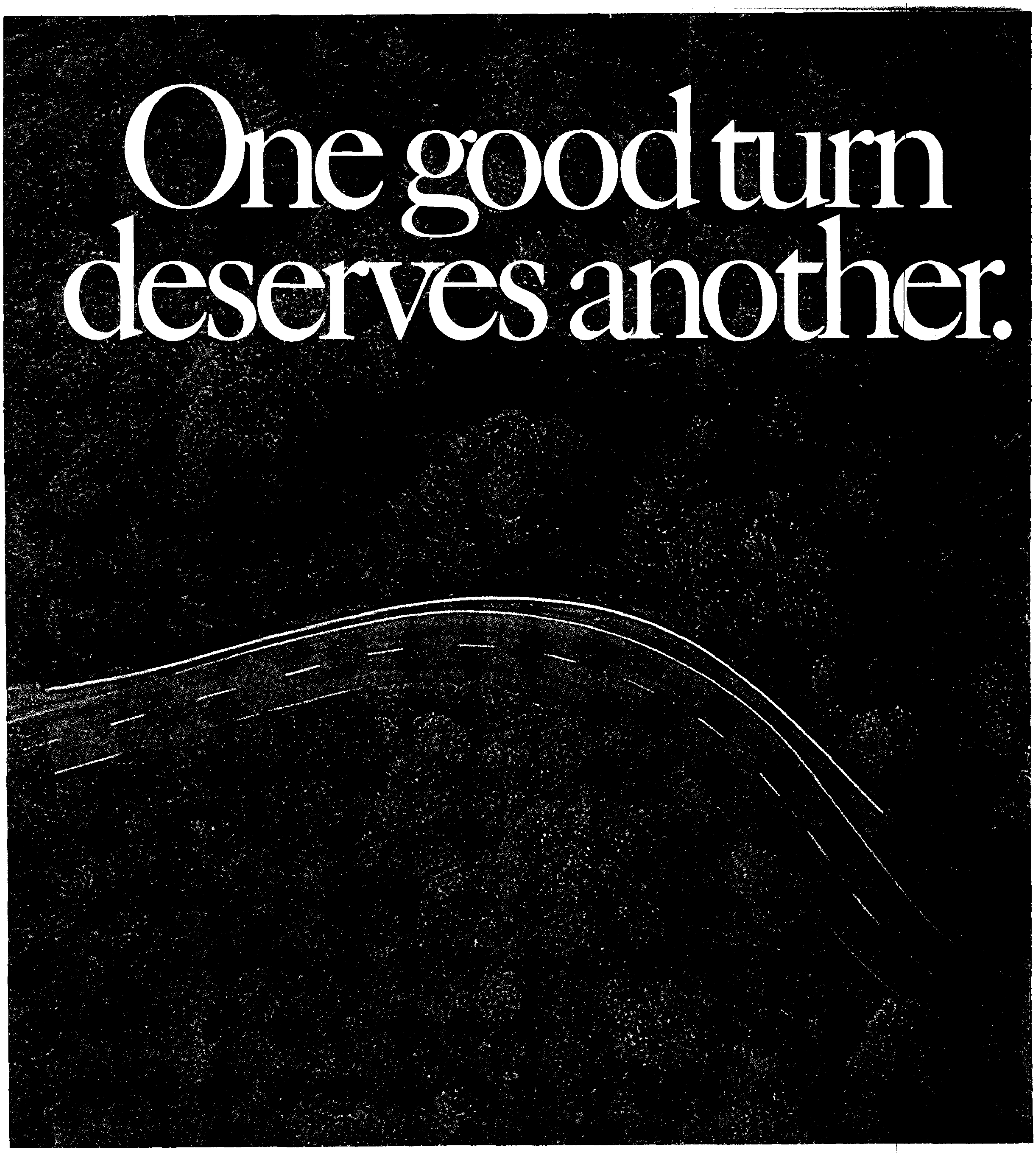

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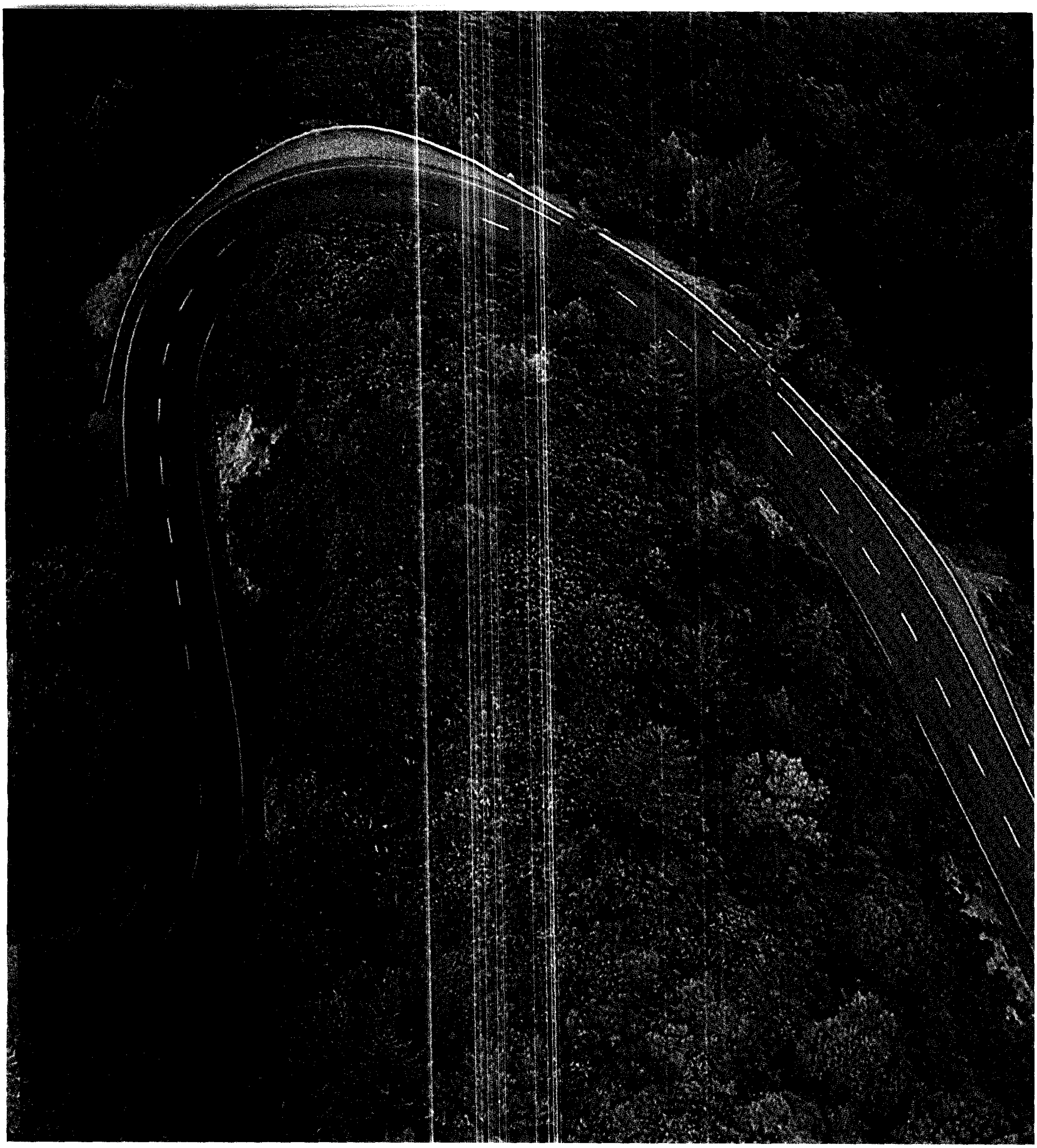

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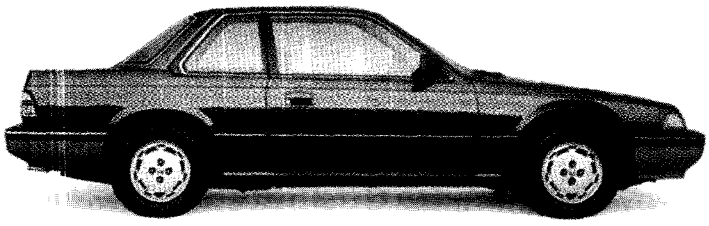

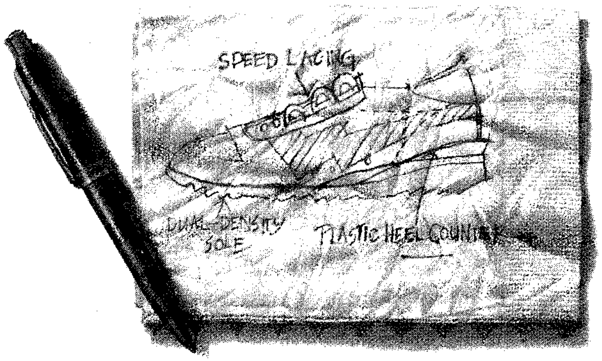
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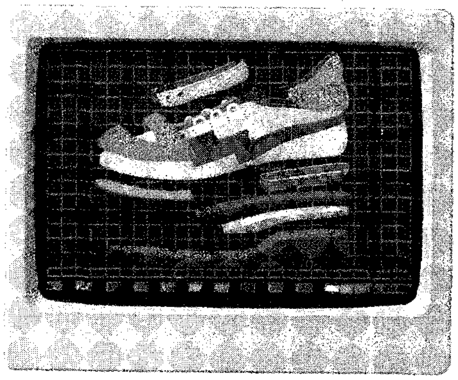

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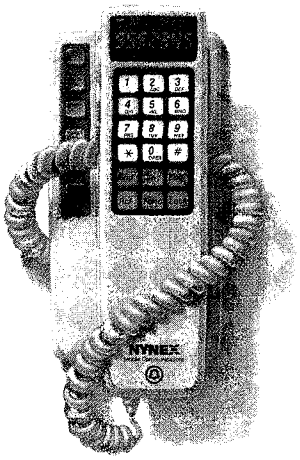

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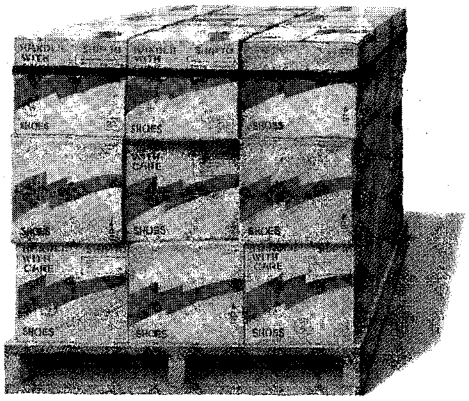
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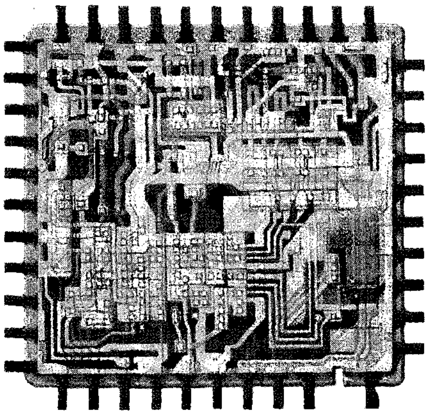

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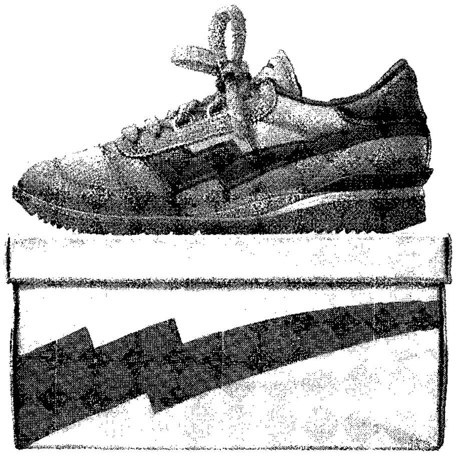

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posed with maps of politically unstable countries such as South Africa, Nicaragua, and Lebanon. Through Feb. 7. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Eric Fischl—Works on paper from the past five years. Through Jan. 31. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Thomas Gruenebaum—Collage paintings by the art dealer (see below). Through Feb. 7. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

David Hare—Freestanding wood, bronze, and steel sculptures. Through Jan. 31. (Grueneaum, 415 West Broadway.)

Robert Kaupelis—Large abstract paintings on canvas and on paper, a few with a house, sailboat, or tree seen here and there. Through Feb. 7. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Open daily; opens Sundays at noon.)

Edward Koren—Monoprints of this artist's distinctive creatures—the hairy ones. Through Jan. 30. (Solo Press, 578 Broadway. Open Mondays.)

Susan Laufer / Arcangelo—Large mixed-medium works on paper. / Abstract oil-stick-and-charcoal works on paper, suggesting Italian landscapes. Through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway.)

Jackie Lipton—Abstractions painted in oil and wax. Through Feb. 7. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

Olivier Mosset—Four large abstract geometric paintings. Through Feb. 11. (Gibson, 568 Broadway.)

Gladys Nilsson—New watercolors of cartoonish figures. Through Jan. 31. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Claes Oldenburg, Coosje van Bruggen, and Frank O. Gehry—Documents from a performance these three presented in Venice, Italy, in 1985, when they showed an oversize version of a Swiss Army knife. (A copy of that knife sculpture is on view at the Guggenheim.) Through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway and 142 Greene St.)

Franc Palaia—Trompe-l'oeil polystyrene frescoes and three-dimensional photographs based on themes in Italian culture. Through Feb. 7. (Bryers, 111 Greene St.)

Claudio Parmiggiani—Sculptural works incorporating plaster casts of classical heads, sometimes painted, with gold-colored frames, panes of glass, vases, and other bric-a-brac. Through Saturday, Jan. 17. (Totah, 152 Wooster St.)

Judy Rifka / Ken Goodman—Paintings on paper, with nudes and still-lifes as their subjects. / Paintings of a wood puzzle, a maze, two jacks, and so on. Through Feb. 4. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

Faith Ringgold—Quilts with texts and painted illustrations that detail life in Harlem today. Through Feb. 7. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

Ernest Shaw—Sculptures from his "Votive" series and his "Guardian" series. Through Jan. 29. (Viafora, 568 Broadway.)

Joan Witek—Oil pastels on paper. Through Jan. 31. (Davis, 568 Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Dennis Adams—Work from the past ten years, including the full-scale bus shelters and kiosks for which he is known. Through Feb. 21. (Alternative Museum, 17 White St.)

Robert Beauchamp—Expressionist paintings from 1969 to 1986. Through Feb. 1. (M-13, at 413 E. 9th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Rosemarie Castoro / Russell Sharon—Charcoal drawings, plus a few small stainless-steel sculptures. / Bright-colored figurative wood sculptures. Through Feb. 8. (Bromm, 170 Avenue A, at 11th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Paula Collery—Sphere-shaped paintings. Through Feb. 5. (Six-to-Six, 626 E. 14th St., near Avenue B. Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 7.)

C. S. H. Jhabvala—Detailed cityscapes of New York and New Delhi done in watercolor or pencil by an architect and city planner who lives here part of the time and there the rest. Through Feb. 8. (Humphrey, 242 E. 5th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Kristin Jones and Andrew Ginzel—An engrossing installation involving an artificial lagoon, whirling fans, a spinning ball, and other eye-catching devices. Through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Art Galaxy, 262 Mott St., just south of Houston St.)

Philip Reisman—A survey of paintings from 1933 to 1986. Through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Ryan, 452 Columbus Ave., at 81st St. Opens at noon.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Sandi Fellman—Large-format Polaroids of full-body-tattooed Japanese men and women (the Irezumi)—the completion of a three-year project. Through Feb. 21. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Barbara Kasten—Photographs of interiors, in, among other buildings, the Equitable Center in New York and the Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles, that the artist altered with mirrors and theatrical lighting. Through Jan. 31. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Jacques Henri Lartigue (1894-1986)—The Museum of Modern Art will mount a show devoted to this photographer, entitled "Panoramas of the Twenties." See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Nicholas Nixon / Gustave Le Gray (1820-82)—Recent photographs of his family and of elderly people. / Photographs of seascapes and trees. Through Saturday, Jan. 17. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

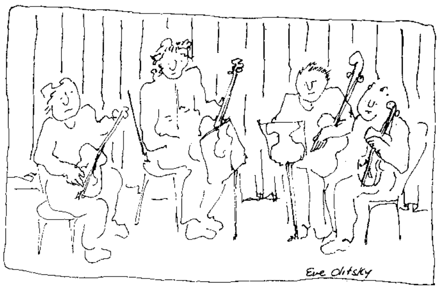
Edward Steichen (1879-1973)—Photographs from the first half of this century. Through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Staley-Wise, 177 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

Group Shows—At the **wolf**, 30 W. 57th St.: The gallery's last public exhibition is a selection of nineteenth- and twentieth-century photographs chosen by contemporary critics, curators, and collectors. Through Saturday, Jan. 17. . . . **zabriskie**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: In honor of the tenth anniversary of the Galerie Zabriskie in Paris, vintage prints by French artists (Brassaï, Atget, Brancusi among them) who have been exhibited in the Zabriskie galleries in both New York and Paris. Through Saturday, Jan. 17.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Van Gogh in Saint-Rémy and Auvers," a show of paintings and drawings covering the artist's last fifteen months. Through March 22. . . . ¶ An exhibit of more than sixty prints by Bruegel (Pieter, the Elder), including the only extant woodblock with a Bruegel drawing on it. Through March 15. . . . ¶ A display of ancient Chinese artifacts, part of a gift to the museum from the late Ernest Erickson. Starts Friday, Jan. 16. . . . ¶ "Dance" is the theme of the Costume Institute's show of men's and women's evening dress and accessories. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A show of scale models, photographs, and drawings by Swiss architect Mario Botta. Through Feb. 10. . . . ¶ Prints by Odilon Redon. Through Feb. 3. . . . **photography:** Prints by Jacques Henri Lartigue. Starts Thursday, Jan. 15. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)



Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A monumental sculpture of a ship in the form of a Swiss Army knife, which was conceived by Claes Oldenburg, Coosje van Bruggen, and Frank O. Gehry. The sculpture has moving parts, including eight "oars.". . . ¶ A retrospective of paintings and works on paper by Oskar Kokoschka. Both shows through Feb. 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A show of paintings by David Salle, spanning the past eight years. Starts Saturday, Jan. 17. . . . ¶ A retrospective of works by John Storrs, early modernist sculptor, containing, in addition to sculptures, his paintings, drawings, and prints. Through March 22. (A complementary show is at the Robert Schoelkopf Gallery, 50 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Mary Lucier's 1983 video "Ohio at Giverny" (18½ minutes) is showing continuously in the lobby gallery through Sunday, Jan. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"The Machine Age in America 1918-1941," an entertaining display of decorative objects, appliances, and photographs, plus a few paintings, prints, and sculptures, all reflecting the fascination the machine held for American artists and designers during the period of the great industrial leaps between the World Wars. Through Feb. 16. . . . ¶ An exhibit documenting the influence of Post-Impressionism on American and Canadian painters in the first two decades of the twentieth century. Thomas Hart Benton, Stuart Davis, and Emily Carr are among the artists represented. Through Monday, Jan. 19. . . . ¶ A retrospective of works on paper by abstractionist Cleve Gray. Through Feb. 23. (A complementary show of paintings is at the Armstrong Gallery, 50 W. 57th St.) (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays, except Jan. 19, and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6; Monday, Jan. 19, from 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A show of late-Ice Age art (which has been called "the childhood of art but not the art of children"), consisting of a hundred decorated stone, ivory, and bone objects, including the characteristic statuettes known as little Venuses. Also, a reconstruction of a hut made with mammoth bones. Through Monday, Jan. 19. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—Handmade fine- and applied-art objects in a blazing show that befits the opening of a new home for this museum. Through March 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—"Art of Japan, Selections from the Burke Collection, Part II," scroll paintings, folding screens, calligraphy, and lacquerware. Through Feb. 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—A display elucidating the European tradition of mounting rare Japanese and Chinese porcelains with gold, silver, and gilt bronze. Through March 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Etchings and lithographs by Jakob Steinhardt (1887-1968), a German Expressionist whose themes included Jewish religious life. Through April 19. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5;

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—A show of installations that Hans Haacke has done during the past fifteen years, criticizing policies of the Reagan Administration, corporate sponsorship of the arts, and the influences of the advertising world upon our culture. A painted portrait of Ronald Reagan, for instance, is juxtaposed with a large photomural of antinuclear demonstrations. Through Feb. 15. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays, noon to 10; Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—This magazine's first cover and more than a hundred other *New Yorker* covers and cartoons are on view in their original form in the Second Floor Gallery through Jan. 31. . . . ¶ An exhibit of graphics by Max Ernst, among them prints, drawings, and books. Through Saturday, Jan. 17. (Open daily except Sundays and Monday, Jan. 19. Hours: Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671—Eleanor Antin (performance), Thursday and Friday, Jan. 15-16, at 8:30; Alyson Pou (performance), Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 22-24, at 8:30.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Lenora Champagne (performance), Friday through Sunday, Jan. 16-18, at 9; Susan Hadley, Bradley Sowash, and others (dance and music performance), Friday through Sunday, Jan. 23-25, at 9.

Note—Barbara Allen in "The Troubles of Therese." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 16-17, at 11.) . . . ¶ Richard Elovich's "Bobby's Birthday Like That," with Louise Smith, Nicky Paraiso, Katherine Griffith, and others. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 674-8112. Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 15-18, at 8:30.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall at Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for the 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Jan. 14, at 8: "Die Fledermaus," with Kay Griffel, Gail Dobish, Brenda Boozer, Vinson Cole, and Vernon Hartman; conducted by Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 15, at 7:30: "Tannhäuser," with Jessye Norman, Eva Randova, Richard Cassilly, and Håkan Hagegård; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 16, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Gwendolyn Bradley, Isola Jones, Dano Raffanti, and Sherrill Milnes; Thomas Fulton. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 17, at 2: "Madame Butterfly," with Renata Scotto, Ariel Bybee, Peter Dvorsky, and Lenus Carlson; Thomas Fulton. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8: "Die Fledermaus," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Judith Blegen, Tatiana Troyanos, David Rendall, and Håkan Hagegård; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 19, at 7:30: "Tannhäuser," with Jessye Norman, Eva Randova, Richard Cassilly, and Håkan Hagegård; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 20, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Leona Mitchell, Ermanno Mauro, Brian Schexnayder, and Ara Berberian; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 21, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Mariella Devia, Isola Jones, Dano Raffanti, and Louis Quilico; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 22, at 8: "La Clemenza di Tito," with Carol Vaness, Diana Montague, Tatiana Troyanos, and David Rendall; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 23, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Leona Mitchell, Ermanno Mauro, Brian Schexnayder, and Ara Berberian; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 24, at 1:30: "Tannhäuser," with Jessye Norman, Eva Randova, Richard Cassilly, and Håkan Hagegård; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Mariella Devia, Isola Jones, Dano Raffanti, and Louis Quilico; Thomas Fulton. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

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Bronx Opera Company—Two performances of Douglas Moore's "The Ballad of Baby Doe," staged by Stephen Jarrett. With the Bronx Opera Orchestra, conducted by Michael Spierman. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 16-17, at 8. For tickets, call 787-1356.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Erich Leinsdorf conducting—Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 15-17, at 8, and Tuesday, Jan. 20, at 7:30: A Mozart-Strauss-Beethoven program, with Judith LeClair, bassoon, and Stanley Drucker, clarinet. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 22, at 8; Friday, Jan. 23, at 2; and Tuesday, Jan. 27, at 7:30: A Strauss-Couperin-Beethoven program, with Kathleen Battle, soprano.

BBC Symphony Orchestra—John Pritchard conducting, with Nigel Kennedy, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Jan. 18, at 3.)

Czech Philharmonic Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 18, at 3: Jiří Bělohlávek conducting Smetana's "Má Vlast." . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 19, at 8: Václav Neumann conducting a Smetana-Martinu-Dvořák program, with Rudolf Firkusňý, piano.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Vladimir Ashkenazy conducting—Wednesday, Jan. 21, at 8: A Strauss-Rachmaninoff program, with Lynn Harrell, cello. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 22, at 8: A Berlioz-Beethoven-Ravel program, with Mr. Ashkenazy acting as piano soloist.

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Lukas Foss conducting the first in a "Meet the Moderns" series of four programs, this one with Henry Schuman, oboe, and Steven D. Hartman, clarinet. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. Thursday, Jan. 15, at 8. . . . ¶ Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Jan. 16, at 8.) For information about tickets, call 1-718 636-4120.

New York Chamber Symphony of the 92nd Street Y—Kenneth Jean conducting a program of baroque music, with Margaret Chalker, soprano; Ben Holt, baritone; and Andres Diaz, cello. (Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

New York Pops—Skitch Henderson conducting, with Marvin Hamlisch, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 23, at 8.)

Orpheus—With Nikita Magaloff, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

Vienna Choir Boys—Lawrence Ewashko directing. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Friday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

Collegiate Chorale—Robert Bass directing the chorus and an orchestra in Brahms' Requiem, with Benita Valente, soprano, and Richard Stilwell, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

I Cantori—Bart Folse directing, with pianists Clark Remington and Elizabeth Rodgers. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Sunday, Jan. 18, at 8. For information about tickets, call 928-4632.)

GALLERY
LASZLO

RECITALS

Gervase de Peyer—Clarinet, with assisting artists. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 14, at 8.)

Ridge String Quartet and Jeffrey Kahane—Performing a string quartet, a piano quartet, and a piano quintet. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Wednesday, Jan. 14, at 8.)

Sol Greitzer—Viola, with assisting artists. (92nd Street Y. Thursday, Jan. 15, at 8.)

Judith Norell—Harpsichord. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, Jan. 15, at 8.)

New York Trumpet Ensemble—Performing Italian music, with Lucy Shelton, soprano, and Edward Brewer, harpsichord and organ. (Weill Recital Hall. Thursday, Jan. 15, at 8.)

Kronos Quartet—The first in a series of three concerts. (Weill Recital Hall. Friday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Works by Mendelssohn, Dvořák, and Brahms will be offered at this third in a series of four concerts. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 17, at 3.) . . . ¶ A performance of Bach's "The Art of the Fugue." (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

MiJa Kang—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

Spoleto Festival Chamber Music at BAM—Jaime Laredo, violin; Jean-Yves Thibaudet, piano; and the Ridge String Quartet. The second in a series of seven concerts. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

Music from Marlboro—Ida Levin and Todd Phillips, violin; Steven Tenenbom and Barbara Westphal, viola; and Peter Wiley and Charles Curtis, cello. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Richard Patterson and Bettine Clemen Ware—Classical guitarist and flutist, with the Sierra String Quartet. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

William Bolcom and Joan Morris—Piano and mezzo-soprano. (Weill Recital Hall. Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8:30.)

Vienna Octet—A chamber group made up of members of the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. Sunday, Jan. 18, at 2. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Manhattan Vocal Ensemble—Nelly Vuksic directing a program of twentieth-century music from South America. (Center for Inter-American Relations, Park Ave. at 68th St. Sunday, Jan. 18, at 2. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

NAC-U.S.A.—Six new works, performed by an ensemble that includes three of the composers: Deolus Husband, conductor; Eric Mandat, clarinet; Paul Betjeman, synthesizer. (St. Stephen's Church, 122 W. 69th St. Sunday, Jan. 18, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—With Peter Serkin, piano; Ida Kavafian, violin; and David Shifrin, Charles Neidich, and Dennis Smylie, all clarinet. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 18, at 5, and Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 19-20, at 7:30.)

Mariella Devia—Soprano, with Eve Queler, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 18, at 8.)

Lucille Field—Soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, Jan. 18, at 8.)

Speculum Musicae—Works by György Kurtág, Harrison Birtwhistle, and Poul Ruders, with Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano, and James Barnes, zimbalon. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, Jan. 19, at 8.)

Tracie Lozano Howard—Percussionist, with six guest instrumentalists and dancer Randy Howard. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 20, at 8.)

Eric Ruske—Horn. (92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Jan. 20, at 8.)

Bowery Ensemble—With Elizabeth Panzer, harp, and Thomas Gallant, oboe. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Tuesday, Jan. 20, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Nina Beilina—Violin, with Michele Levin, piano, and Gerald Ranck, organ. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 21, at 8.)

Nicanor Zabaleta—Harp. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 22, at 8.)

Musicians' Accord—With guest conductor Robert Black and tenor Constantine Cassolas. The program will feature the première of "Steeds of Darkness," by Miriam Gideon. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Thursday, Jan. 22, at 8.)

American String Quartet—With Kazuhide Isomura, viola, and Sadao Harada, cello. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Thursday, Jan. 22, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Harmonie Wind Ensemble—With Sharon Robinson, cello. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, Jan. 22, at 8.)

Music from Japan—Harvey Sollberger will join an ensemble as featured soloist for a program of contemporary music for flute which includes one of his own works. Also with flutist Rachel Rudich. (Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St. 517-2742. Saturday, Jan. 24, at 5.)

Earl Wild—Piano. (92nd Street Y. Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

Yale Chamber Music Series—The second in a series of four concerts performed by various faculty members of the Yale University School of Music. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

"Luisa Fernanda"—A Spanish zarzuela composed by Federico Moreno Toroba. (Repertorio Español, Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850. Sunday, Jan. 18, at 3.)

Tribute to Martin Luther King, Jr.—A production of Josh Greenfield's play "I Have a Dream," by the National Black Touring Circuit, and a performance by the Boys Choir of Harlem. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. Sunday, Jan. 18, at 3. For information about free tickets, call 960-8833.)

"Otto Klemperer's Long Journey Through His Times"—A screening of Philo Bregstein's documentary film about the conductor. (New School Auditorium, 66 W. 12th St. Tuesday, Jan. 20, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 749-4561.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, and for Nassau Coliseum 1-516 587-9222.)

Basketball—At **byrne meadowlands arena:** Nets vs. Detroit Pistons, Saturday, Jan. 17, at 7:30; Los Angeles Lakers, Monday, Jan. 19, at 1; Phoenix Suns, Wednesday, Jan. 21, at 7:30; and Seattle Supersonics, Friday, Jan. 23, at 7:30. . . . **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Boston Celtics, Monday, Jan. 19, at 1.

Hockey—At **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Washington Capitals, Thursday, Jan. 15, at 8:05; Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, Jan. 17, at 5:05; and Calgary Flames, Tuesday, Jan. 20, at 8:05. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena:** Devils vs. Winnipeg Jets, Friday, Jan. 16; Washington Capitals, Sunday, Jan. 18; Calgary Flames, Thursday, Jan. 22; and Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, Jan. 24. (Games begin at 7:35.)

Racing—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30.

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway:** Nightly at 7:30; through Sunday, March 15. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 15.

ET ALIA

Poetry Readings—Anthony Hecht reading from his own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Jan. 19, at 8.) . . . ¶ Eamon Grennan and Denis Johnson reading from their own works. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, Jan. 20, at 6. No tickets necessary.)

Lecture—Elie Wiesel, whose topic will be "The State of World Jewry." (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Wednesday, Jan. 21, at 7:30.)

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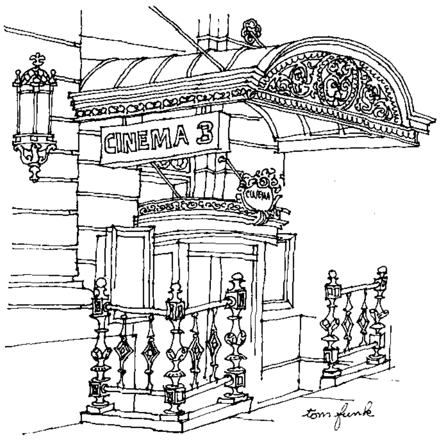
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE *19.*

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Jan. 15: (Separate admissions) "Once Upon a Time in the West" (1969; directed by Sergio Leone), with Henry Fonda, Claudia Cardinale, and Jason Robards; and "The Leopard" (1963; Luchino Visconti), with Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon, and Claudia Cardinale.
Jan. 16: At 6, "Before the Revolution" (1964; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Adriana Asti; and, at 8, "Effi Briest" (†).
Jan. 17-18: At 4, "Le Petit Soldat" (†); at 6, "Before the Revolution;" and, at 8, "Effi Briest" (†).
Jan. 20-22: At 6, "Aguirre, the Wrath of God" (†); and, at 8, "The Tree of Wooden Clogs" (†).
From Jan. 23: At 5, "Don Giovanni" (1979; Joseph Losey; in Italian), with Ruggero Raimondi; at 8:15, "Package Tour" (1984; Gyula Gazdag; in Hungarian); and, at 10, "Weekend" (†).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "The Mission" (Roland Joffé), with Robert De Niro and Jeremy Irons.
Theatre 2: "Brighton Beach Memoirs" (Gene Saks), with Blythe Danner, Bob Dishy, Judith Ivey, and Jonathan Silverman.
Theatre 3: "No Mercy" (Richard Pearce), with Richard Gere and Kim Basinger.

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Little Shop of Horrors" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"The Morning After" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home" (Leonard Nimoy), with William Shatner and Nimoy.
Theatre 2: "Three Amigos!" (John Landis), with Steve Martin, Chevy Chase, and Martin Short.
Theatre 3: "The Golden Child" (Michael Ritchie), with Eddie Murphy.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Crimes of the Heart" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Color of Money" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"The Mosquito Coast" (Peter Weir), with Harrison Ford.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"The Morning After" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Mission" (Roland Joffé), with Robert De Niro and Jeremy Irons.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Crimes of the Heart" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 15: "Assassination" (Peter Hunt), with Charles Bronson and Jill Ireland. From Jan. 16: To be announced.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 22: "Wisdom" (Emilio Estevez), with Estevez and Demi Moore. From Jan. 23: "The Fringe Dwellers" (Bruce Beresford), with Kristina Nehm.
Theatre 2: "Touch and Go" (Robert Mandel), with Michael Keaton and Maria Conchita Alonso.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Round Midnight" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 15: "Miss Mary" (Maria Luisa Bemberg), with Julie Christie. From Jan. 16: "Defense of the Realm" (David Drury), with Gabriel Byrne.
Theatre 2: "Betty Blue" (Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French), with Jean-Hugues Anglade and Béatrice Dalle.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "No Mercy" (Richard Pearce), with Richard Gere and Kim Basinger.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 15: "Three Amigos!" (John Landis), with Steve Martin, Chevy Chase, and Martin Short. From Jan. 16: "The Bedroom Window" (Curtis Hanson), with Steve Guttenberg, Elizabeth McGovern, and Isabelle Huppert.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Little Shop of Horrors" (†).

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "The Golden Child" (Michael Ritchie), with Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 2: "Platoon" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"My Sweet Little Village" (Jiří Menzel; a Czech film).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Brighton Beach Memoirs" (Gene Saks), with Blythe Danner, Bob Dishy, Judith Ivey, and Jonathan Silverman.

U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Jan. 15: "Three Amigos!" (John Landis), with Steve Martin, Chevy Chase, and Martin Short.
From Jan. 16: "The Bedroom Window" (Curtis Hanson), with Steve Guttenberg, Elizabeth McGovern, and Isabelle Huppert.

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 15: "Heartbreak Ridge" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood. From Jan. 16: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 15: "No Mercy" (Richard Pearce), with Richard Gere and Kim Basinger. From Jan. 16: "The Color Purple" (†).

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 15: "Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home" (Leonard Nimoy), with William Shatner and Nimoy. From Jan. 16: "Critical Condition" (Michael Apted), with Richard Pryor.
Theatre 2: "The Golden Child" (Michael Ritchie), with Eddie Murphy.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Morning After" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 20: "The City and the Dogs" (1985; directed by Francisco J. Lombardi; a Peruvian film, in Spanish), with Pablo Serra. From Jan. 21: "The Hour of the Star" (1985; Suzana Amaral; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 15: "Mona Lisa" (Neil Jordan), with Bob Hoskins, Cathy Tyson, and Michael Caine. From Jan. 16: "Cannes Goods: International Festival of Award-Winning Commercials."

Bleecker St. Cinema 1 and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.
Theatre 2: (Separate admissions) "Sherman's March" (Ross McElwee); and "My Beautiful Laundrette" (†).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Blue Velvet" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Morning After" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Jan. 14: "True Stories" (David Byrne), with John Goodman, Swoosie Kurtz, and Spalding Gray.
From Jan. 15: The New York Gay Film Festival.

R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Crimes of the Heart" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 15: "The Mosquito Coast" (Peter Weir), with Harrison Ford. From Jan. 16: To be announced.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Down by Law" (†).
Theatre 2: "She's Gotta Have It" (†).
Theatre 3: "A Room with a View" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Jan. 22: "Peggy Sue Got Married" (†). From Jan. 23: "Sid and Nancy" (Alex Cox), with Gary Oldman and Chloe Webb.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 15: "The Kindred" (Jeffrey Obrow and Stephen Carpenter), with David Allen Brooks. From Jan. 16: "Wanted: Dead or Alive" (Gary Sherman), with Rutger Hauer.
Theatre 2: (Matinées only) "Lady and the Tramp" (1955), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon; and (evenings only) "Something Wild" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 15: "Wisdom" (Emilio Estevez), with Estevez and Demi Moore. From Jan. 16: "The Bedroom Window" (Curtis Hanson), with Steve Guttenberg, Elizabeth McGovern, and Isabelle Huppert.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Lady and the Tramp" (1955), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Jan. 19: "Wisdom" (Emilio Estevez), with Estevez and Demi Moore.
From Jan. 20: Theatre temporarily closed.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Sid and Nancy" (Alex Cox), with Gary Oldman and Chloe Webb.

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
"Children of a Lesser God" (Randa Haines), with William Hurt and Marlee Matlin.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Decline of the American Empire" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Marlene" (Maximilian Schell), a documentary.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Brighton Beach Memoirs" (Gene Saks), with Blythe Danner, Bob Dishy, Judith Ivey, and Jonathan Silverman.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 15: "The Mosquito Coast" (Peter Weir), with Harrison Ford. From Jan. 16: "Comic Magazine" (Yojiro Takita; in Japanese).
Theatre 2: "Thérèse" (Alain Cavalier; in French), with Catherine Mouchet.
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 22: "Men . . ." (†). From Jan. 23: "Scene of the Crime" (André Téchiné; in French), with Catherine Deneuve.

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "El Amor Brujo" (Carlos Saura; in Spanish).
Theatre 2: "Ménage" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "The Morning After" (†).
Theatre 2: "A Room with a View" (†).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Little Shop of Horrors" (†).
Theatre 2: "Star Trek IV: The Voyage

Scientific study ranks

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The Rank in Order of Exercise Efficiency:

1. NordicTrack
2. An Exercise bike
3. A Rowing machine
4. A Shuffle type ski exerciser

Scientific abstract available upon request

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Tests Measured:
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Results:
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NordicTrack Pro
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Elevated Legs

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Home" (Leonard Nimoy), with William Shatner and Nimoy.
Theatre 3: "The Golden Child" (Michael Ritchie), with Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 4: "Crimes of the Heart" (†).
Theatre 5: "Three Amigos!" (John Landis), with Steve Martin, Chevy Chase, and Martin Short.
Theatre 6: "No Mercy" (Richard Pearce), with Richard Gere and Kim Basinger.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Round Midnight" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Mission" (Roland Joffé), with Robert De Niro and Jeremy Irons.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 15: "Assassination" (Peter Hunt), with Charles Bronson and Jill Ireland. From Jan. 16: "Native Son" (Jerrold Freedman), with Oprah Winfrey, Elizabeth McGovern, and Victor Love.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 15: "The Kindred" (Jeffrey Obrow and Stephen Carpenter), with David Allen Brooks. From Jan. 16: "The Bedroom Window" (Curtis Hanson), with Steve Guttenberg, Elizabeth McGovern, and Isabelle Huppert.
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 15: (Matinées only) "Lady and the Tramp" (1955), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon; and (evenings only) "Down by Law" (†). From Jan. 16: (Matinées only) "Lady and the Tramp;" and (evenings only) "Assassination" and "The Kindred."
Theatre 4: Through Jan. 15: (Matinées only) "An American Tail" (Don Bluth), an animated film; and (evenings only) "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan. From Jan. 16: "Wanted: Dead or Alive" (Gary Sherman), with Rutger Hauer.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Blue Velvet" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 15: "Heartbreak Ridge" (directed by Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood. From Jan. 16: "The Color Purple" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 15: "An American Tail" (Don Bluth), an animated film. From Jan. 16: "Touch and Go" (Robert Mandel), with Michael Keaton and Maria Conchita Alonso.
Theatre 4: "She's Gotta Have It" (†).
Theatre 5: "Little Shop of Horrors" (†).
Theatre 6: "Crimes of the Heart" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Jan. 15: "The Color of Money" (†).
From Jan. 16: "Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home" (Leonard Nimoy), with William Shatner and Nimoy.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.
Theatre 3: "Native Son" (Jerrold Freedman), with Oprah Winfrey, Elizabeth McGovern, and Victor Love.
Theatre 4: Through Jan. 15: "Native Son." From Jan. 16: "The Color of Money" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Platoon" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 15: "Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home" (Leonard Nimoy), with William Shatner and Nimoy. From Jan. 16: "Critical Condition" (Michael Apted), with Richard Pryor.
Theatre 2: "The Golden Child" (Michael Ritchie), with Eddie Murphy.

New Embassy 49th Street, 49th St. near Seventh Ave. (757-7003).
Through Jan. 15: "Lady and the Tramp" (1955), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.
From Jan. 16: (Matinées only) "Lady and the Tramp;" and (evenings only) "No Mercy" (Richard Pearce), with Richard Gere and Kim Basinger. (No performances Tuesday, Jan. 20.)

R.K.O. National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 15: "The Mosquito Coast" (Peter Weir), with Harrison Ford. From Jan. 16: "Wanted: Dead or Alive" (Gary Sherman), with Rutger Hauer.
Theatre 2: "The Morning After" (†).

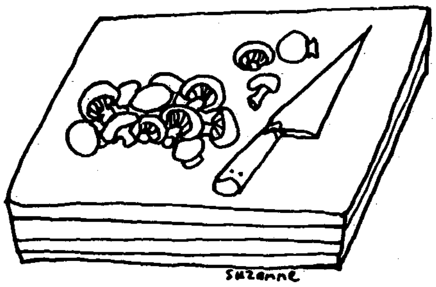
R.K.O. Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (315-8425)
Theatre 1: "The Kindred" (Jeffrey Obrow and Stephen Carpenter), with David Allen Brooks.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 15: "No Mercy" (Richard Pearce), with Richard Gere and Kim Basinger. From Jan. 16: "Wired to Kill" (Franky Schaeffer).

U.A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: "Assassination" (Peter Hunt), with Charles Bronson and Jill Ireland.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 15: "Three Amigos!" (John Landis), with Steve Martin, Chevy Chase, and Martin Short. From Jan. 16: "The Bedroom Window" (Curtis Hanson), with Steve Guttenberg, Elizabeth McGovern, and Isabelle Huppert.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Jan. 15: "Corrupt" (1984; directed by Roberto Faenza), with Harvey Keitel and John Lydon; and "Return to Waterloo" (1985; Ray Davies).
Jan. 16-17: "Prizzi's Honor" (1985; John Huston), with Jack Nicholson, Kathleen Turner, William Hickey, and Anjelica Huston; and "Wise Blood" (1980; John Huston), with Brad Dourif, Ned Beatty, Harry Dean Stanton, and Amy Wright.
Jan. 18-20: "The Seven Samurai" (1954; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.
Jan. 21-22: "The Girl Can't Help It" (1957; Frank Tashlin), with Tom Ewell, Jayne Mansfield, and Edmond O'Brien; and "High School Confidential" (1958; Jack Arnold), with Russ Tamblyn and Jan Sterling.
Jan. 23-24: "Eraserhead" (1977; David Lynch); and "The Elephant Man" (1980; David Lynch), with Anthony Hopkins and John Hurt.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Jan. 14: "The Long, Hot Summer" (1958; Martin Ritt), with Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, Anthony Franciosa, and Orson Welles; and "Compulsion" (1959; Richard Fleischer), with Orson Welles, Diane Varsi, Dean Stockwell, and Bradford Dillman.
Jan. 15-17: "The Letter" (1940; William Wyler), with Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall, James Stephenson, Frieda Inescort, and Gale Sondergaard; and "Now, Voyager" (1942; Irving Rapper), with Bette Davis, Paul Henreid, Claude Rains, and John Loder.
Jan. 18-19: "Some Like It Hot" (1959; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, and Jack Lemmon; and "Manhattan" (1979; Woody Allen), with Allen, Diane Keaton, Michael Murphy, and Meryl Streep.
Jan. 20-21: "An American in Paris" (†); and "The Band Wagon" (1953; Vincente Minnelli), with Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse, and Nanette Fabray.
Jan. 22-24: "His Girl Friday" (1940; Howard Hawks), with Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy; and "Auntie Mame" (1958; Morton da Costa), with Rosalind Russell, Forrest Tucker, and Coral Browne.



Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Jan. 14: "Insignificance" (1985; Nicolas Roeg), with Gary Busey and Tony Curtis; and "Performance" (1970; Donald Cammell and Nicolas Roeg), with Mick Jagger and James Fox.
Jan. 15: "Badlands" (1973; Terrence Malick), with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek; and "Days of Heaven" (1978; Terrence Malick), with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard, Linda Manz, and Robert Wilke.
Jan. 16-17: "Koyaanisqatsi" (1983; Godfrey Reggio); and "Metropolis" (1926; Fritz Lang; a German silent film), with Brigitte Helm.
Jan. 18: "Seven Beauties" (1976; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Fernando Rey; and "Swept Away" (1975; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Mariangela Melato.
Jan. 19: "Lola" (1982; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German); and "Veronika Voss" (1982; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Rosel Zech.
Jan. 20: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953; Howard Hawks), with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe; and "Niagara" (†).
Jan. 21: "The Arabian Nights" (1973; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian); and "The Canterbury Tales" (1972; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Hugh Griffith, Alan Webb, and Jenny Runacre.
Jan. 22: "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961; Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney; and "Two for the Road" (1967; Stanley Donen), with Audrey Hepburn and Albert Finney.
Jan. 23-24: "After Hours" (1985; Martin Scorsese), with Griffin Dunne and Rosanna Arquette; and "Mean Streets" (†).

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Jan. 14: "3 Women" (1977; Robert Altman), with Shelley Duvall, Sissy Spacek, and Janice Rule; and "Come Back to the 5 & Dime Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean" (1982; Robert Altman), with Sandy Dennis, Cher, and Karen Black.
Jan. 15: "The General" (1926; Buster Keaton; a silent film), with Keaton; and "The Gold Rush" (1925; Charlie Chaplin; a silent film), with Chaplin and Georgia Hale.
Jan. 16-17: "And the Ship Sails On" (1983; Federico Fellini; in Italian); and "I Vitelloni" (1953; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Alberto Sordi, Leopoldo Trieste, Franco Interlenghi, and Franco Fabrizi.
Jan. 18: "Stolen Kisses" (1968; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade; and "Small Change" (†).
Jan. 19: "The Stuntman" (†); and "Stunts" (1977; Mark Lester), with Robert Forster, Joanna Cassidy, and Ray Sharkey.
Jan. 20: "Laura" (1944; Otto Preminger), with Gene Tierney, Clifton Webb, Vincent Price, Dana Andrews, and Judith Anderson; and "Where the Sidewalk Ends" (1950; Otto Preminger), with Gene Tierney, Dana Andrews, and Gary Merrill.
Jan. 21: "Bloody Mama" (†); and "The Little Shop of Horrors" (1960; Roger Corman), with Jonathan Haze and Jackie Joseph.
Jan. 22: "Squeeze" (1981; Richard Turner); and "The Curse of Fred Astaire" (1983; Mark Berger).
Jan. 23-24: "Querelle" (1983; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Brad Davis, Franco Nero, and Jeanne Moreau; and "Despair" (†).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Jan. 14: "Odd Man Out" (1946; Carol Reed), with James Mason, Robert Newton, and Kathleen Ryan; and "Outcast of the Islands" (1952; Carol Reed), with Trevor Howard, Ralph Richardson, Robert Morley, and Wendy Hiller.
Jan. 15: "The Homecoming" (1973; Peter Hall), with Cyril Cusack, Ian Holm, Michael Jayston, Vivien Merchant, Terence Rigby, and Paul Rogers; and "The Last Tycoon" (1976; Elia Kazan), with Robert De Niro, Tony Curtis, Robert Mitchum, Jeanne Moreau, Jack Nicholson, and Donald Pleasence.
Jan. 16-17: "Sunset Boulevard" (1950; Billy

Wilder), with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim; and "All About Eve" (1950; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter.

Jan. 18: "A Slight Case of Murder" (1938; Lloyd Bacon), with Edward G. Robinson, Allen Jenkins, and Jane Bryan; and "Arsenic and Old Lace" (1944; Frank Capra), with Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane, Raymond Massey, Peter Lorre, Josephine Hull, and Jean Adair.

Jan. 19: "Throne of Blood" (1957; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune; and "The Lower Depths" (1957 †).

Jan. 20: "Dames" (†) and "Wonder Bar" (†).

Jan. 21: "The Hustler" (1961; Robert Rossen), with Paul Newman, Jackie Gleason, Piper Laurie, Myron McCormick, and George C. Scott; and "Cool Hand Luke" (†).

Jan. 22: "Cabin in the Cotton" (†) and "Three on a Match" (†).

Jan. 23-24: "Touch of Evil" (1958; Orson Welles), with Welles, Charlton Heston, and Janet Leigh; and "Shadow of a Doubt" (1942; Alfred Hitchcock), with Teresa Wright, Joseph Cotten, Patricia Collinge, Hume Cronyn, and Henry Travers.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Theatre 1: Jan. 15 at 2:30 and 6: "Citizen Kane" (1941; directed by Orson Welles), with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, and Everett Sloane. . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 2:30: "The Criminal" ("The Concrete Jungle;" 1960; Joseph Losey), with Stanley Baker, Sam Wanamaker, Margit Saad, and Jill Bennett. . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 6: "Blind Date" ("Chance Meeting;" 1959; Joseph Losey), with Hardy Krüger, Stanley Baker, and Micheline Presle. . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 2: "The Day the Earth Caught Fire" (1961; Val Guest), with Janet Munro, Leo McKern, and Edward Judd. . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 5: "The Innocents" (1961; Jack Clayton), with Deborah Kerr, Michael Redgrave, and Peter Wyngarde. . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 2: "Quatermass and the Pit" ("Five Million Years to Earth;" 1967; Roy Ward Baker), with James Donald, Andrew Keir, and Barbara Shelley. . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 5: "Witchfinder General" ("The Conqueror Worm;" 1968; Michael Reeves), with Vincent Price, Ian Ogilvy, and Hilary Dwyer. . . . ¶ Jan. 19 at 6: "The Harvey Girls" (1946; George Sidney), with Judy Garland, John Hodiak, Ray Bolger, Angela Lansbury, and Preston Foster. Mr. Sidney will be present. . . . ¶ Jan. 20 at 2:30: "The Damned" ("These Are the Damned;" 1962; Joseph Losey), with MacDonald Carey, Shirley Ann Field, Viveca Lindfors, Alexander Knox, and Oliver Reed. . . . ¶ Jan. 20 at 6: "Night of the Demon" ("Curse of the Demon;" 1957; Jacques Tourneur), with Dana Andrews, Peggy Cummins, and Niall MacGinnis. . . . ¶ Jan. 22 at 2:30 and 6: "Paisan" (1946; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Jan. 23 at 2:30: "The Innocents." . . . ¶ Jan. 23 at 6: "The Day the Earth Caught Fire." . . . ¶ Jan. 24 at 2: "Séance on a Wet Afternoon" (1964; Bryan Forbes), with Kim Stanley, Richard Attenborough, Mark Eden, and Nanette Newman. . . . ¶ Jan. 24 at 5: "The League of Gentlemen" (1960; Basil Dearden), with Jack Hawkins, Nigel Patrick, Roger Livesey, and Richard Attenborough.

Theatre 2: Jan. 15 at 3 and 6:30: "The People United" (1985; Alonzo Speight), a documentary. . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 3: "Anatomy of a Marriage: My Days with Jean-Marc" (1964; André Cayatte; in French, with English subtitles), with Marie-José Nat and Jacques Charrier. . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 6:30: "The Truth" (1960; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French, with English subtitles), with Brigitte Bardot and Charles Vanel. . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 2:30: "Adieu Philippine" (1960; Jacques Rozier; in French, with English subtitles), with Yveline Cery and Stefania Sabatini. . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 5:30: "Cleo from 5 to 7" (1962; Agnès Varda; in French, with English subtitles), with Corinne Marchand and Antoine Bourseiller. . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 2:30: "The Truth." . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 5:30 and Jan. 20 at 6:30: "Anatomy of a Marriage: My Nights with Françoise" (1964; André Cayatte; in French, with English subtitles), with Marie-José Nat and Jacques Charrier. . . . ¶ Jan. 22 at 3 and 6:30: "Romeria: Day of the Virgin" (1986; Jerome R. Mintz), a documentary. . . . ¶ Jan. 23 at 3: "Muriel" (1963; Alain Resnais; in French, with English subtitles), with Delphine Seyrig, Jean-Pierre Kerien, and Nita Klein. . . . ¶ Jan. 23 at 6:30: "Soft Skin" (1964; François Truffaut; in French, with English subtitles), with Jean Desailly, Nelly Benedetti, and Françoise Dorléac. . . . ¶ Jan. 24 at 2:30: "A Simple Story" (1958; Marcel Hanoun; in French, with English subtitles), with Micheline Bezançon. . . . ¶ Jan. 24 at 5:30: "Muriel."

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Through Jan. 16: "The Black Woman Independent: Representing Race and Gender," a program of twelve films and videos. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for film and time schedules. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Aguirre, the Wrath of God (1972)—Werner Herzog's fine film about a sixteenth-century quest for a Peruvian El Dorado. Poisoned arrows from Indians are made invisible by the beautiful heavy trees overhanging the Amazon; a raft is caught in a whirlpool; the conquistadores, in cumbrous armor ill-fitted to their trek, start to think of themselves as living a life of fancy. Their leader is Aguirre, blazing-eyed and severe, with demagogic delusions. In German. (Public Theatre; Jan. 20-22, at 6.)

An American in Paris (1951)—The Academy Award-winning musical, directed by Vincente Minnelli, about a romance between an American painter (Gene Kelly) and a French girl (Leslie Caron). Too fancy and overblown, but the dancing lovers have infectious grins and the Gershwin music keeps everything good-spirited. The songs include "I Got Rhythm," "Embraceable You," and " 'S Wonderful," and Georges Guétary sings a super-elegant version of "I'll Build a Stairway to Paradise." With Nina Foch and Oscar Levant. (Regency; Jan. 20-21.)

Bloody Mama (1970)—Shelley Winters as incestuous Ma Barker, whose monstrous moronic brood includes a killer (Don Stroud), an addict (Robert De Niro), an alcoholic (Clint Kimbrough), and a masochistic homosexual (Robert Walden). Robert Thom wrote and Roger Corman directed. With Pat Hingle, Bruce Dern, and Diane Varsi. (Thalia SoHo; Jan. 21.)

Blue Velvet—Written and directed by David Lynch, this is possibly the only coming-of-age movie in which sex has the danger and the heightened excitement of a horror picture. The film is consciously purplish and consciously funny, and the two work together in an original, down-home way. The setting is an archetypal small, sleepy city in an indefinite mythic present that feels like the past, and Kyle MacLachlan is Jeffrey, the clean-cut young man who's scared of his dirty thoughts (but wants to have them anyway). He commutes between the blue lady of the night (Isabella Rossellini, who's a dream of a freak) and the sunshine girl he loves (Laura Dern). The movie has so much aural-visual humor and poetry that it's sustained despite the wobbly plot and other weaknesses. With Dennis Hopper, who gives the movie a jolt of horrific energy, and Dean Stockwell, who is a smiling wonder as Ben the sandman. Also with Hope Lange, Priscilla Pointer, Brad Dourif, and Jack Nance. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/22/86.) (Waverly, and Criterion Center.)

Cabin in the Cotton (1932)—Bette Davis in her first wickedly sexy role, trying to tempt Richard Barthelmess away from virtue (Dorothy Jordan). The melodrama about the cheating Southern planters is naïvely socially conscious, but Davis has a lot of flesh impact. Michael Curtiz directed; with Henry B. Walthall, Clarence Muse, Hardie Albright, David Landau, Tully Marshall, and oily, villainous Berton Churchill. The script, by Paul Green, was adapted from H. H. Kroll's novel. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 22.)

The Color of Money—This Martin Scorsese film takes up Paul Newman as Fast Eddie Felson twenty-five years after the close of the 1961 Robert Rossen film "The Hustler," in which Eddie, the new poolroom champion, quit the game. Now he's a silver-haired Chicago liquor salesman, a likable cynical sharpie who himself stakes young hustlers (for sixty per cent of their winnings). When he sees the raw, cocky upstart Vincent (Tom Cruise), he makes a deal to train the kid. Newman brings off some beautiful smiling deviltry. The kick he gets out of acting is inseparable from Eddie's con artistry, and, with the help of pungent low-life dialogue by Richard Price, who wrote the script, he carries the action along. But about midway the joy goes out of Newman's performance, which (despite the efforts of a lot of good actors) is the only life in the movie. With Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Helen Shaver, Forest Whitaker, John Turturro, and Bill Cobbs. (11/3/86) (Eastside Cinema. . . . ¶ Embassy 1; through Jan. 15. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting Jan. 16.)

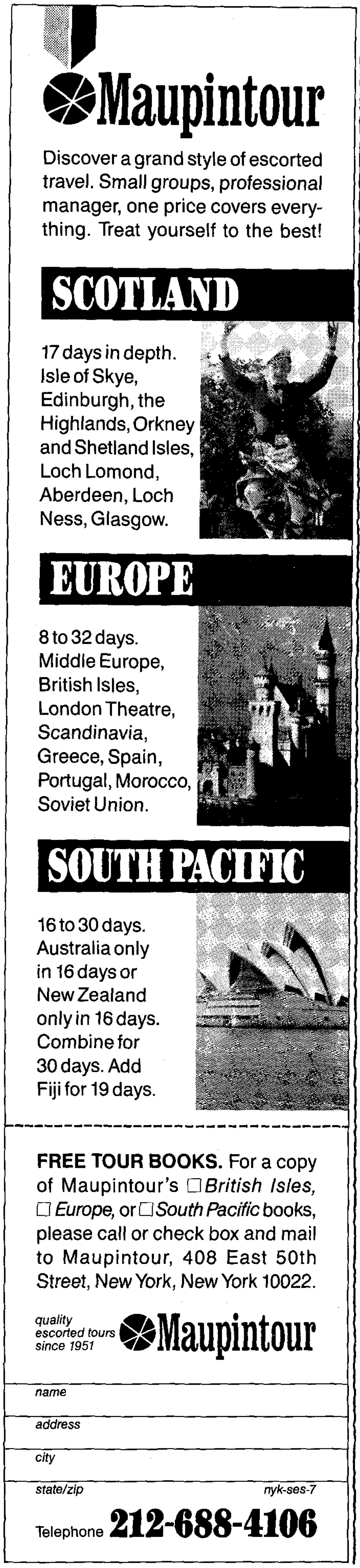
The Color Purple (1985)—The popular novel by Alice Walker is about the bonding of Southern black women in the first half of the century. The women are generous, hardworking, artistically gifted, and understanding; the men are lazy, lecherous oppressors. Probably the book gets by with its rampant female chauvinism because the story is put in the mouth of the battered fourteen-year-old heroine Celie; it's written in a raw, cadenced dialect and it has a joyous emotional swing to it. Steven Spielberg, who directed the movie version, appears to have taken the novel seriously—inspirational tone, pop-folk religiosity, triumph of the human spirit, and all—and been intimidated by it. This family saga, spanning more than thirty years, is the clumsiest, least confident feature he has done. He sees rural Georgia in 1909 the way a European director might—the picture seems to be taking place in a made-up, faraway kingdom. With Desreta Jackson as the young Celie and Whoopi Goldberg taking over the role, Danny Glover as Celie's brute of a husband, Willard Pugh as her stepson, Margaret Avery as the woman she falls in love with, and Oprah Winfrey as the powerhouse Sofia. The gooey score is by Quincy Jones. (12/30/85) (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin, and Criterion Center; starting Jan. 16.)

Cool Hand Luke (1967)—Paul Newman as a Southern misfit who refuses to be pushed around. Parts of the film are effective—in a hokey, symbol-ridden way. Stuart Rosenberg directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 21.)

Crimes of the Heart—Diane Keaton, Jessica Lange, and Sissy Spacek playing sisters and sparking off each other are something to see. The play, by Beth Henley—a comedy about wacked-out normality, set in Hazlehurst, Mississippi—has its goofy charm; it's thin material, though, and her screen adaptation is just the usual "opening out." But the three actresses put so much faith in their roles that they carry the movie, triumphantly. They take the play's borderline pathos about heartbreakingly screwed-up lives—it's a mixture of looniness and lyricism—and give it real vitality. These are inspired performances. With Sam Shepard, Tess Harper, David Carpenter, and Hurd Hatfield. Directed (without much flair) by Bruce Beresford. (12/15/86) (34th St. East, Manhattan, R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Dames (1934)—Joan Blondell, plus Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell singing "I Only Have Eyes for You." Ray Enright directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 20.)

The Decline of the American Empire—The



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French-Canadian writer-director Denys Arcand takes on the subject of sex in a period of social change, without the binding ties of family and religion or strong commitment to the future—sex in a period when the eight principal characters (aging middle-class intellectuals connected with the History Department of a Montreal university) no longer believe in postponing pleasure. On this Friday afternoon in autumn, the women work out together at a gym in the city while the men, gathered at a lakeside cottage, prepare a festive dinner. Both groups talk about sex, and when they're together in the long evening they go on talking about sex, but more discreetly—with less bawdiness and bravura. Arcand isn't out to expose these people as spiritually empty; he's trying to present a truthful look at how they live. There's nothing weighty in his approach; it's a lovely, very unassuming picture, yet there is enough drama so that by the end a subtle shift in all the relationships is necessary. And the foreground action and the flashbacks that had been providing the background begin to merge. In French. (12/15/86) (Paris.)

Despair (1979)—Rainer Werner Fassbinder's film of Vladimir Nabokov's novel (written when Nabokov was Berlin-based), from a script by Tom Stoppard. The film has an acute pang of exile, and also some of the émigré's desperate facetiousness. Dirk Bogarde, as a Russian exile, gives the most piercing and witty performance of his career. (Thalia SoHo; Jan. 23-24.)

Down by Law—Jim Jarmusch's low-key minimalist comedy about American anomie, shot in black-and-white. The setting is New Orleans, where two deadbeats—Jack, an ineffectual pimp (John Lurie), and Zack, an itinerant disk jockey (Tom Waits)—become the victims of frameups and are put in the same prison cell, where they vegetate in hostile silence. Everything changes when a little, life-loving Italian, Roberto (Roberto Benigni), is put in with them; the three become pals, grinning and talking together. And, eventually, Roberto devises an escape plan. Jarmusch's passive style has its wit, but the style is deadening here until he brings in Roberto—a character out of folk humor. With Ellen Barkin, Billie Neal, Nicoletta Braschi, Rockets Redglare, and Vernel Bagneris. (10/20/86) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Jan. 15, evenings only.)

Effi Briest (1974)—A highly polished film by Rainer Werner Fassbinder, set in a small German town stamped with the Prussian determination of the Bismarck period. Effi (Hanna Schygulla) is a girl of seventeen who is married off to a baron with a face like a knife-edge (Wolfgang Schenck). After she has been his wife for a while, the general agreement is that the baron would have done better to have married her mother, whom he courted twenty years ago. Not much of a start for a teen-ager. In German. (Public Theatre; Jan. 16-18, at 8.)

Little Shop of Horrors—Jivey, senseless fun. This musical is taken from the Off Broadway show that was based on Roger Corman's 1960 quickie—a junky travesty of sci-fi genetic-mutation pictures (from a script that Charles Griffith threw together). Rick Moranis plays Seymour, the assistant in a skid-row flower shop, circa 1960, who tends the ravenous little flowering cactus that he names after the sexpot clerk Audrey (Ellen Greene). Her steady date is a sadistic biker-dentist (Steve Martin), and Bill Murray plays this brute's pain-freak patient. The Martin-Murray sequence is a classic encounter: a piece of transcendent slapstick. Levi Stubbs provides the deep, rumbling basso of Audrey II, and Tichina Arnold, Tisha Campbell, and Michelle Weeks are the streetwise teen-age girl group who serve as a Greek chorus, commenting on the action. Also with Vincent Gardenia, John Candy, Christopher Guest, and James Belushi. The director, Frank Oz, keeps the action right smack in front of your face and the movie is nothing but blown-up cartoon-style friskiness, but it makes you feel as inexplicably sappy and contented as a kid used to feel on Sunday morning lying on his stomach reading the funnies. Only, this is bigger, brasher, with its own kind of higgledy-piggledy ecstasy. The script and the lyrics are by Howard Ashman; the music is by Alan Menken. (1/12/87) (New Gramercy, Beekman, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

The Lower Depths (1957)—Kurosawa's version of Gorky, transposed to a Japanese lodging house in the early nineteenth century. A very great film. The inhabitants, blown about by the whims of a corrupt landlord, include a run-down Kabuki actor, a thief, a whore, a retired samurai, an invalid old lady. Mifune plays the thief, who has an eye for the landlady's sister. The perfect ensemble acting was arrived at by a method in the tradition of the Moscow Art Theatre, which first mounted the play; before shooting started, the cast and crew rehearsed for forty days with full costume, makeup, and lighting. In Japanese. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 19.)

Mean Streets (1973)—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. This picture about the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has an unsettling, episodic rhythm, and it's dizzyingly sensual. The director, Martin Scorsese, shows us a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil. With Harvey Keitel, Robert De Niro, Richard Romanus, David Proval, Harry Northup, George Memmoli, Amy Robinson, Cesare Danova, and, in bits, David Carradine, Robert Carradine, and the director. (Thalia; Jan. 23-24.)

Men . . .—When the handsome, self-centered Julius (Heiner Lauterbach), a Munich advertising executive, discovers that his wife (Ulrike Kriener) has been having an affair with the oafish Stefan (Uwe Ochsenknecht), a long-haired bohemian, he wants to know what Stefan's attraction is, so he assumes a false name and moves in with him. Julius takes some kind of revenge by turning Stefan into an orderly bourgeois with a regular job; while that happens, whimsical gags are tossed together with a jocular feminist exposé of men's attitudes toward women. The picture is harmless and insipid, in the mode of French farces such as "Cousin, Cousine;" it sags in the middle and then collapses in an absurdist ending. Written and directed by Doris Dörrie. In German. (9/8/86) (Lincoln Plaza; through Jan. 22.)

Ménage—The first half hour of this sex farce is wonderfully brisk and slam-bang provocative: the writer-director Bertrand Blier violates old formulas and experiments with ideas of subversion and chaos. Gérard Depardieu is the burglar who, at night in a café, overhears the callous bitchy wife, Miou-Miou, bawling out her loving husband, Michel Blanc, because he can't make enough money to please her. Enamored of the mousy husband, Depardieu takes the two along on his surreally easy burglaries, waiting for his chance to bed the man. By the time that Miou-Miou has been sold to a pimp and the two men are in drag, working as prostitutes, Blier is trying so hard to be outrageous that he loses the beat; the outrageousness comes to seem another kind of bondage to formula. In French. (Cinema Studio.)

The Morning After—Jane Fonda gives a raucous-voiced, down-in-the-dirty performance that has some of the charge of her Bree in "Klute," back in 1971. As Alex, a former screen actress whose career blew up in scandal, she still has her face and her figure, but she has a hard, tortured look under her fluffy blond hair, and she drinks so much she has blackouts. In the opening scene, she wakes up in bed Thanksgiving morning with a man she can't remember even meeting; he has a knife sticking out of his heart. The director, Sidney Lumet, keeps things efficiently paced, but he doesn't build the thriller elements that would give the film the kick it needs, and he fails to establish a couple of the important characters (played by Raul Julia and Diane Salinger, both miscast). The solid Jeff Bridges, who plays opposite Fonda, could be a good foil for her flare-ups, and if their relationship had been developed maybe they would be more vivid and resonate a little. But all the forced, phony elements come together at the end and bring the picture down. (12/29/86) (Bay Cinema, Gotham Cinema, 86th St. East, Waverly, Embassy 72nd St., and R.K.O. National Twin.)

My Beautiful Laundrette—A startlingly fresh movie about life in South London among the surly white street gangs and the Pakistani immigrants. In the foreground is a love affair between a dark-eyed, softly handsome, almost flowerlike Pakistani teen-ager, Omar (Gordon Warnecke), and a young blond street lout, Johnny (Daniel Day Lewis). They become partners when Omar persuades his slumlord uncle (Saeed Jaffrey) to let him have a ratty-looking failed laundrette, and the two boys, using stolen money, turn it into the laundrette of their flashy dreams. Directed by Stephen Frears, from a witty script by the young playwright Hanif Kureishi, the film catches you up in the racketeering and decay of modern big-city life; you feel that your blinders have been taken off. It's an enormous pleasure to see a movie that's really about something, and that doesn't lay on any syrupy coating to make the subject go down easily. (It's down before you notice it.) The cast includes Shirley Anne Field, Roshan Seth, Rita Wolf, and Souad Faress. (3/10/86) (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

Niagara (1953)—This isn't a good movie, but it's fascinatingly tawdry and nasty—the only movie that explored the mean, unsavory potential of Marilyn Monroe's cuddly, infantile perversity. There's no affection for her here. This picture was made just before she won Hollywood over with "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," and the amoral, destructive tramp—carnal as hell—she plays here must represent Hollywood's lowest estimate of her. Joseph Cotten plays the husband whom she plans to kill; Richard Allan is her lover. With Jean Peters. Henry Hathaway directed. (Thalia; Jan. 20.)

Peggy Sue Got Married—Distressed by her marital troubles, Peggy Sue (Kathleen Turner), the mother of two grownup children, collapses at the twenty-fifth reunion of her high-school class, and when she wakes up she discovers that she has gone back in time to the spring of 1960. Directed by Francis Coppola, this is a dream movie that asks whether Peggy Sue, knowing what she does at forty-three, should marry the same boy—passionate Charlie (Nicolas Cage), the only man she ever dated—knowing that he'll turn into the man who introduces himself on television as Crazy Charlie, the Appliance King. The underlying question is: Should Peggy Sue reconcile with her husband or go ahead and get a divorce? Coppola's efforts to bring depth to this material that has no depth make the picture seem groggy. It's as if he were trying to reach through a veil of fog. With Barbara Harris, Barry Miller, and Kevin J. O'Connor. (10/20/86) (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 22.)

Le Petit Soldat (1960)—Jean-Luc Godard's first foray into politics, with romance and political extremism and torture and talk of cinema all suspended in an existential mixture. Technically an innovative work, but humanly a baffling one. With Anna Karina and Michel Subor; cinematography by Raoul Coutard. In French. (Public Theatre; Jan. 17-18, at 4.)

Platoon—Vietnam, as seen by the writer-director Oliver Stone, who dropped out of Yale and, feeling, he says, that he needed to be an anonymous common soldier, enlisted and saw action with the 25th Infantry along the Cambodian border. The film has been widely acclaimed, but some may feel that Stone takes too many melodramatic shortcuts, and that there's too much filtered light, too much poetic license, and too damn much romanticized insanity. Charlie Sheen plays Chris, the autobiographical figure (who, regrettably, narrates the movie by reading aloud the letters he writes home to his grandmother). Chris finds two authority figures in two sergeants who represent good and evil. Willem Dafoe's Sgt. Elias is a supersensitive hippie pothead, who cares about the men—he's a veteran fighter who's kept his soul. Tom Berenger's Sgt. Barnes is a kickass boozer—a psycho, whose scarred, dead-eyed face suggests the spirit of war. There are fine, scary scenes, but there are others where you think, It's a bit much. The movie crowds you; it doesn't give you room to have an honest emotion. And when Chris calmly, deliberately shoots a fellow-soldier, and the murder is presented as an unambiguous, justified execution, you may wonder at the mixture of war elegy and pulp revenge fantasy. With Keith David, Forest Whitaker, and Kevin Dillon. The score, by Georges Delerue, includes a soupy orchestration of Samuel Barber's "Adagio for Strings." Cinematography by Robert Richardson; editing by Claire Simpson. (1/12/87) (Loews New York Twin, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

A Room with a View—Adapted from the early novel by E. M. Forster, this is a whimsical social comedy about a muddled young English girl (Helena Bonham-Carter) who desires yet fears sexual love; she runs away from the man (Julian Sands) who stirs her emotions, and becomes engaged to a rich twit (Daniel Day Lewis). Bonham-Carter lacks the carriage and presence of a trained actress, and Sands is playing Forster's flimsy—almost abstract—dream of a natural, uninhibited lover, and is rather vague. But the movie is well paced, and it never loses its hold on a viewer's affections, because it's so thoroughly inhabited. It's more than a little precious, but it's a piece of charming foolishness. With Denholm Elliott, Maggie Smith, Judi Dench, Simon Callow, and Rosemary Leach. It was directed by James Ivory, from a script by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala that pares down the text skillfully and takes much of its lively, dizzy dialogue directly from Forster. (3/24/86) (Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.)

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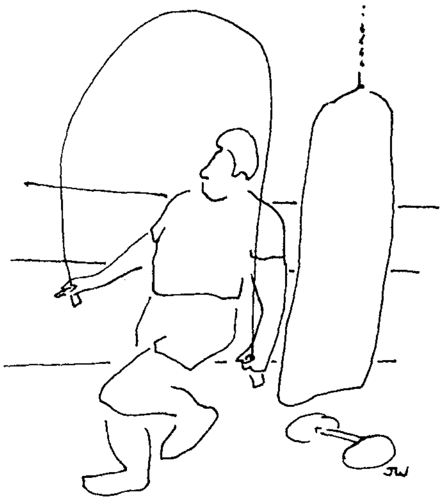
Round Midnight—Most of Bertrand Tavernier's mournful, blue-toned movie, which, an opening title tells us, was "inspired by incidents in the lives of Francis Paudras and Bud Powell," is set in Paris in 1959. The French jazz enthusiast Paudras is now called Francis Borier and is played by François Cluzet, and Powell, the great bebop pianist, who suffered frequent nervous breakdowns and then made a new life abroad, is now the dazed, alcoholic tenor-sax man Dale Turner, and is played by the near-legendary Dexter Gordon. The enthusiast is a saintly groupie. You know what kind of movie it's going to be when you see this guy out in a drenching rain, crouched against the building where the American is playing, because he doesn't have the money to go in. Cluzet is soaking wet, but his eyes shine and he listens to Dexter Gordon's music worshipfully. The French are pretty hard to take when they celebrate how much they love American art. You may come out with the feeling that Tavernier is proud of the gloomy dullness of the movie, that he sees virtue in it. With Sandra Reaves-Phillips, Lonette McKee, John Berry, Martin Scorsese, Philippe Noiret, and many well-known musicians. (D. W. Griffith, and Metro Cinema.)

She's Gotta Have It—The voluptuous, easygoing Nola (Tracy Camila Johns), a graphic designer who lives in the black bohemian world in Brooklyn, is happily juggling three lovers when she's faced by a mock crisis: each of the three men has turned possessive and wants to be her one and only. That's the premise of this quick-witted sex comedy written, directed, and edited by the twenty-nine-year-old Spike Lee, who shot it in 16-mm. in twelve days, on an almost nonexistent budget. Nola, her three lovers, and her family and friends explain themselves directly to the camera, and the film's basic set is Nola's bed; you can't shoot a movie much cheaper or faster than that. Lee's economies become part of what's enjoyable about the film, and he keeps it all bouncing along. With Tommy Redmond Hicks, John Canada Terrell, and Lee himself. (10/6/86) (Quad Cinema, and Criterion Center.)



Small Change (1976)—François Truffaut's series of sketches on the general theme of the resilience of children turns out to be the rarity—a poetic comedy that's really funny. Truffaut's deadpan, disjointed style is quicker and surer than ever before; the kids seem to be photographed in the act of inventing slapstick. There's a serious side (the story of a mistreated boy) that's a failure, and Truffaut's view of childhood innocence has elements of middle-class preciousness, but the jokes make the film worth seeing. In French. (Thalia SoHo; Jan. 18.)

Something Wild—Jonathan Demme's romantic screwball comedy isn't just about a carefree kook (Melanie Griffith) and a pompous man from Wall Street (Jeff Daniels). The movie is about crossing over—about getting high on anarchic, larcenous behavior and then being confronted with ruthless, sadistic criminality. This rough-edged comedy has a freedom that takes off from its genre framework; it breaks conventions and turns into a scary slapstick thriller. Demme weaves the stylization of rock videos into the fabric of the movie; there are almost fifty songs (or parts of songs), several of them performed onscreen. This is a party movie with both a dark and a light side. With Ray Liotta, Dana Preu, and Margaret Colin. (11/17/86) (23rd St. West Triplex. Evenings only.)

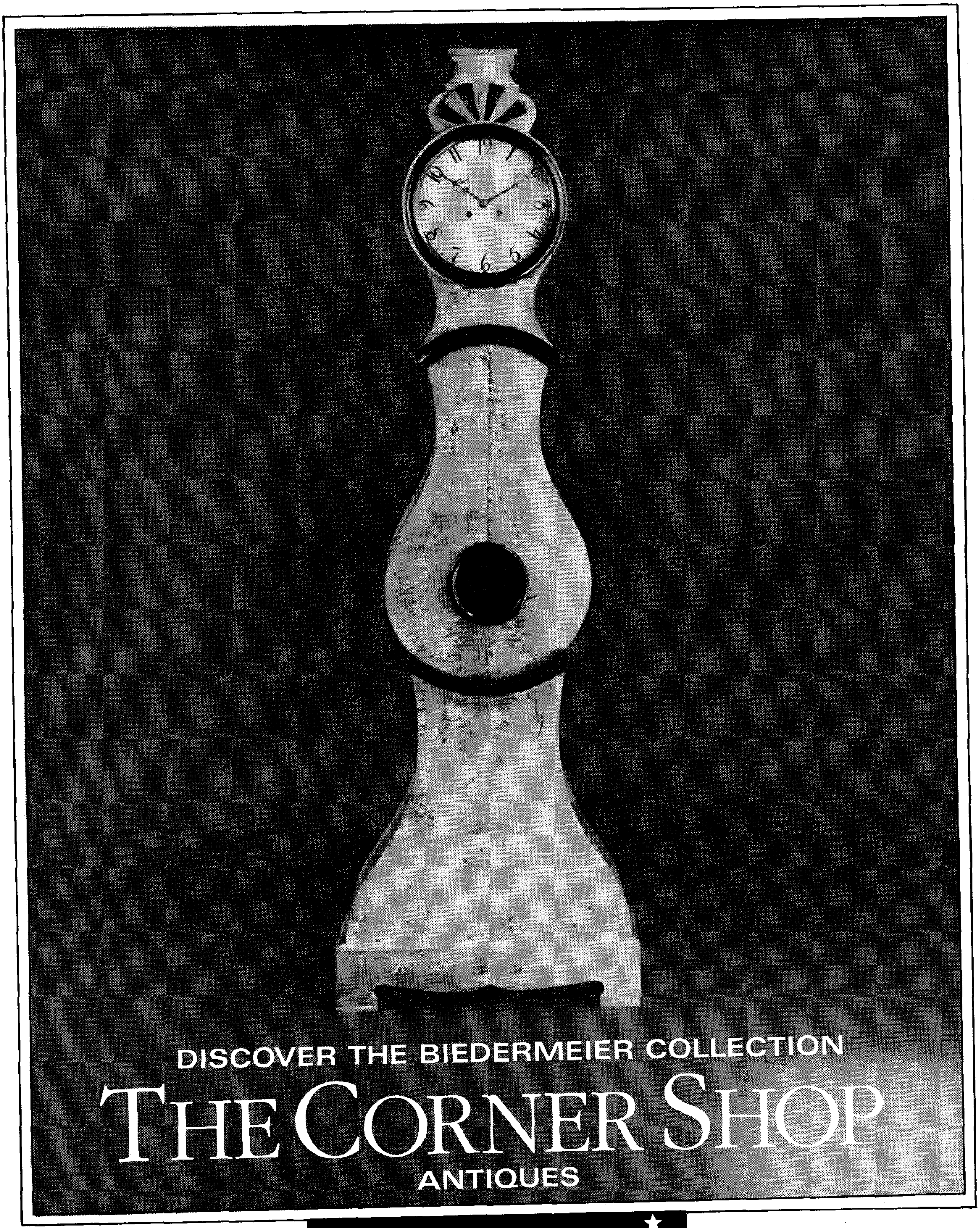
The Stunt Man (1980)—A virtuoso piece of kinetic moviemaking. Working with material that could, with a few false steps, have turned into a tony reality-and-illusion puzzle, the director, Richard Rush, has kept it all rowdy and funny—it's slapstick metaphysics. Steve Railsback is the fugitive who becomes a stunt man, and Peter O'Toole is the flamboyant, fire-eater director who, Railsback thinks, is out to kill him. Playing a protean figure—visionary, fierce-tempered, and ornery, yet ethereal and fey—O'Toole gives a peerless comic performance. With Allen Goorwitz, Barbara Hershey, and Sharon Farrell. (Thalia SoHo; Jan. 19.)

Three on a Match (1933)—A modest, entertaining little melodrama from Warners, directed by Mervyn LeRoy. Bette Davis, Joan Blondell, and Ann Dvorak (who goes through some steamy emotions) are the girls who grew up together and, after several years, meet again in the big city. At lunch one day, they light three cigarettes on one match, and, according to the superstition, there's bad luck ahead. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 22.)

The Tree of Wooden Clogs (1979)—A touching account by Ermanno Olmi of life among the Italian peasantry in the late nineteenth century. The people who work the land can never own it, and they are as much at the mercy of time and weather as the dumb creatures with whom they share their living quarters and their fates. In Italian. (Public Theatre; Jan. 20-22, at 8.)

Weekend (1968)—Only the title of this extraordinary poetic satire is casual and innocent. The writer-director, Jean-Luc Godard, begins with just a slight stylization of civilized living now—the people are more adulterous, more nakedly mercenary, touchier. They have weapons, and use them at the slightest provocation, and it seems perfectly logical that they should get into their cars and bang into one another and start piling up on the roads. The traffic jam is a prelude to highways littered with burning cars and corpses. As long as Godard stays with cars as the symbol of bourgeois materialism, the barbarity of these bourgeois—their greed and the self-love they project onto their possessions—is exact and funny. But the picture goes much further—sometimes majestically, sometimes with surreal details that suggest an affinity between Godard and Buñuel, sometimes with methods and ideas that miss, badly. Though deeply flawed, this film has more depth than any of Godard's earlier work. It's his vision of Hell, and it ranks with the greatest. With Mireille Darc and Jean Yanne. In French. (Public Theatre; starting Jan. 23, showings at 10.)

Wonder Bar (1934)—A huge Warners musical with Al Jolson, Dick Powell, Dolores Del Rio, Kay Francis, Ricardo Cortez, and everybody else on the lot. Busby Berkeley did the choreography, and Harry Warren and Al Dubin wrote the songs, which include "Why Do I Dream Those Dreams?" and "Going to Heaven on a Mule." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 20.)



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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

POLITICIANS ordinarily like to consider themselves "realists," but in a democracy there are at least two distinct realities that must be kept in mind. The first is reality in its usual, primary sense: the reality of the world and its events—of armies, of terrorists, of interest rates, of acid rain. The second is reality in a secondary sense: the reality of what people in general—voters in general—are thinking at a given moment. It is the reality, in other words, of public opinion, and this, of course, is politically fundamental, because in an electoral system it eventually determines what will get done about the primary reality, and who will do it. It seems to be a fact of our recent political life that this secondary reality has been getting more and more attention and the primary one less and less. It's not hard to spot several reasons this should be so. For one thing, the techniques of modern polling have given politicians, among others, powerful new instruments for reading the public's mind. For another thing, television has given them an equally powerful instrument for conveying back to the public the idea that one or another of them wants exactly the things that the public-opinion polls show that the public wants. Shut out in this circular process, in which the public is reinforced in what it already believes, is the politicians' individual observation and judgment—the organs for perceiving reality.

An oblique sign that this new, technically advanced servility to public opinion comes at the expense of the country's grasp of reality is the ascending importance of mood—of psychology—in our politics. Observers, intending to pay a compliment, have often said of President Reagan that he is "at ease with himself" or "comfortable with himself." The frequent corollary is that he has led the country to "feel good about itself" after a dejected period around the time of the Vietnam War and the Watergate crisis. This is presented as an accomplishment. In creating a mood, television is, of course, a particularly effective instrument, and, indeed, the spirit of the Reagan Administration was perhaps captured best by a line from a political television commercial—the line "It's morning in America again," which was spoken in an ad used by the Reagan campaign in the 1984 election. The line turned out to have a resonance that no phrase from any speech by the Great Communicator or any member of his Administration has had, and it has worked its way spontaneously into political awareness. It is the first time, as far as we can remember, that the message of an Administration has come to be symbolized by a commercial, and this fact seems at least as significant as the line's content—insofar as it has any content. For the point about the line is that it conjures up pure atmosphere rather than any specific political aim or accomplishment. It refers to feeling good rather than to doing anything good—not to mention being good. (In our culture, the swift decline in recent years of the idea of "guilt," as an unwelcome leftover from our Puritan legacy, seems to have been followed in short order by a less noticed decline in the idea of accomplishment.) Unfortunately, a notable characteristic of feeling good (or of feeling bad, for that matter) is its very loose connection with anything outside the one doing the feeling—its loose connection, that is, with the reality of the world and its events. A case in point is the federal budget deficit—an indubitable reality, and one that doesn't make any of us feel good. Something that makes us feel even less good is the most plausible and promising remedy: increased taxes. In the atmosphere of feeling good, a proposal to raise taxes is a wet blanket. It is also political suicide, as Walter Mondale and others have learned. The politician who has most recently suggested this remedy is the Speaker of the House, Representative Jim Wright, and he was widely mocked for his pains as politically foolish. But, of course, the budget deficit did not evaporate because he was mocked. It continued its climb. No new instruments have been devised to make *its* voice heard. There is no opinion poll that can discover for us how *it* is feeling, or what it plans to do to us if it is neglected. And there are no television commercials that can dissuade it from whatever revenge it has in mind. Apparently, the only way it can make itself felt is through blunt intervention in our lives, and intervention is almost certain to occur. We cannot predict exactly what form that will take, but it's unlikely to make us feel good.

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ABOUT a year ago, in the weeks before the snap election and the subsequent "February Revolution" in the Philippines, we talked with a forty-seven-year-old Irish priest, Father Niall O'Brien, who had been held in prison on the sugar-growing island of Negros for many months, facing trumped-up murder charges that stemmed from his work to help the island's poor. On being released from prison as the result of international pressure, Father O'Brien had come to the Maryknoll School of Theology in Ossining for a year of reflection—of taking long walks, he said. Just before Christmas, he called us to say he was heading back to the Philippines—heading home, he felt, since he'd spent his whole adult life in the islands. Instead of walking, he had devoted his year in Ossining to writing a book about his experiences, which will be issued by Oxford University Press, and a master's thesis, a copy of which he sent us.

The thesis, entitled "Making a Choice Between Revolutionary Counter-Violence and Revolutionary Nonviolence on the Island of Negros, Philippines," begins with the statement that "during the time that this study was being done, a major political change took place in the Philippines which offers great hope for the future." However, it continues, "since there have been many false hopes raised during previous political changes, such as the expulsion of the Spaniards, the defeat of Japan, the declaration of the Republic, the presidency of Magsaysay, etc., I have decided to write about Negros as it actually is, while hoping that the present change in leadership will fulfill its promise." Negros as it actually is: ten thousand six hundred and sixty-one landowners control all the island's sugar plantations (about a thousand own half the land), while some four hundred and forty thousand landless workers do the labor. For their exertions, they receive, on the average, between ten and twenty pesos a day; some near the town of Escalante receive eight pesos, though, and the average in the vicinity of Calatrava is about four. (At the moment, it takes about twenty Philippine pesos to equal a dollar.) Shacks are appearing at a breathtaking rate in Bacolod, the largest metropolitan center on the island; of the city's population of three hundred and fifty thousand, about a hundred thousand are estimated to be living in "body-sized shacks made from scraps of hardboard and cardboard." In the light of conditions such as these, Father O'Brien carefully examines Catholic and secular teaching on just wars and concludes that the peasants on Negros may have "the right" to revolt—with arms, if necessary—because the tyranny under which they live is "prolonged," "obvious," "grave," and "general," and all other tactics have been tried. Many Negrenses agree, he writes, "not because they are Communist" but "for the same reason that Americans in 1776, under much milder oppression, made the decision to revolt using armed struggle." They have made their decision "for the same reason that the French made the decision to revolt against the order of Louis XVI in 1789, or that the Irish made the decision in 1916 to revolt against the British, or that the British in 1688 made the decision to revolt against James the Second in the 'Glorious Revolution' and bring in a constitutional monarchy which they have to this day." But Father O'Brien does not favor such a path. He favors nonviolence.

Hooray for Father O'Brien! We all love nonviolence. We were all stirred to the core by what happened in Manila last year—the troops that were advancing on Camp Crame being turned away by the people praying in the streets. It proved the power of good over evil and of life over corruption. People power! But then we slowly turned our gaze away from the Philippines, looking back only once in a while, when, say, the military threatened President Aquino. The same mail that brought us Father O'Brien's thesis contained a letter from a friend of ours, Jason DeParle, who is spending a year on a Luce fellowship working in the slums of Manila. He's a fine writer—he worked for the *Times-Picayune* in New Orleans until last summer—and his description of a family he met in the San Andres Bukid (San Andres Field) district of Manila has stuck with us: "A better name for the area would be San Andres Lawa, or lake. Because it lies below sea level and lacks proper drainage, San Andres Bukid is submerged beneath several feet of dark, stagnant water. The neighborhood's latrines drain into it. Garbage floats on top of it. The single-room shanties that dot the area are elevated on stilts and connected by a series of planks crossing the water." Fernando Dumanat, the family's father, "drives a taxi from 3 P.M. to 3 A.M. and earns about two dollars a shift," the account continues. "Mrs. Dumanat peddles dried fish and preserved fruit and earns about one dollar a day, bringing the family income to approximately seventy-five dollars a month," ten dollars of which goes to pay for the one-room house they share with their three children. "The Dumanats complain of the crime and the drug addiction they say plagues their neighborhood. They have lost clothes, a clock, and a wallet to thieves. The crowding and noise often make it difficult to sleep. But the biggest problem is the stagnant water that surrounds them. Several times a year the Dumanats and their neighbors must evacuate to a nearby church when the rains sweep flood waters inside. Even in the dry season, the stagnant waters are a threat. In 1982, the Dumanats' nineteen-month-old son, Jefferson, slipped while playing on a plank and fell into the dirty basin. Before anyone noticed, he had drowned." *In 1982, the Dumanats' nineteen-month-old son, Jefferson, slipped while playing on a plank and fell into the dirty basin. Before anyone noticed, he had drowned.* "Mrs. Dumanat, who leaves her children with a neighbor while she vends fruit, fears it may happen again. 'Every day when I'm vending my items, my heart is going boom, boom, boom, because I'm afraid it might happen to my baby like it happened to Jefferson.' "

Father O'Brien, in his discussion of nonviolence (which he says has become "a dirty word" for people in Negros, because it is used so often by those from near and far who in some essential way live off the poor), posits four "presuppositions" that a nonviolent campaigner needs to believe. The first is that power comes from the consent of the people; the second is that most violence is caused by injustice; the third is that the real causes of injustice are often hidden and must be uncovered and creatively analyzed; and the fourth—the most radical—is that "people are basically good." Practitioners of nonviolence, he writes, "believe that people are basically good, and that they are sisters and brothers, with an original parent and one eventual destiny." He is writing about the way nonviolence can affect the opponent of the moment—about how the soldier will lower his gun when he looks into the eyes of the praying woman. But as we read it we thought of broader applications. It would take nine hundred and sixty dollars to relocate the Dumanat family from San Andres Bukid to a coöperative village now under construction at Antipolo, twelve miles east of Manila, where the ground is dry. We cannot imagine—literally cannot imagine—what it feels like to spend your life on a plank above a fetid pool. But we know what nine hundred and sixty dollars is. What does it mean to be a "basically good person" and to be a "brother" or a "sister" to those around you? What does it mean to believe in nonviolence?

These are not rhetorical questions. The answers are not obvious.

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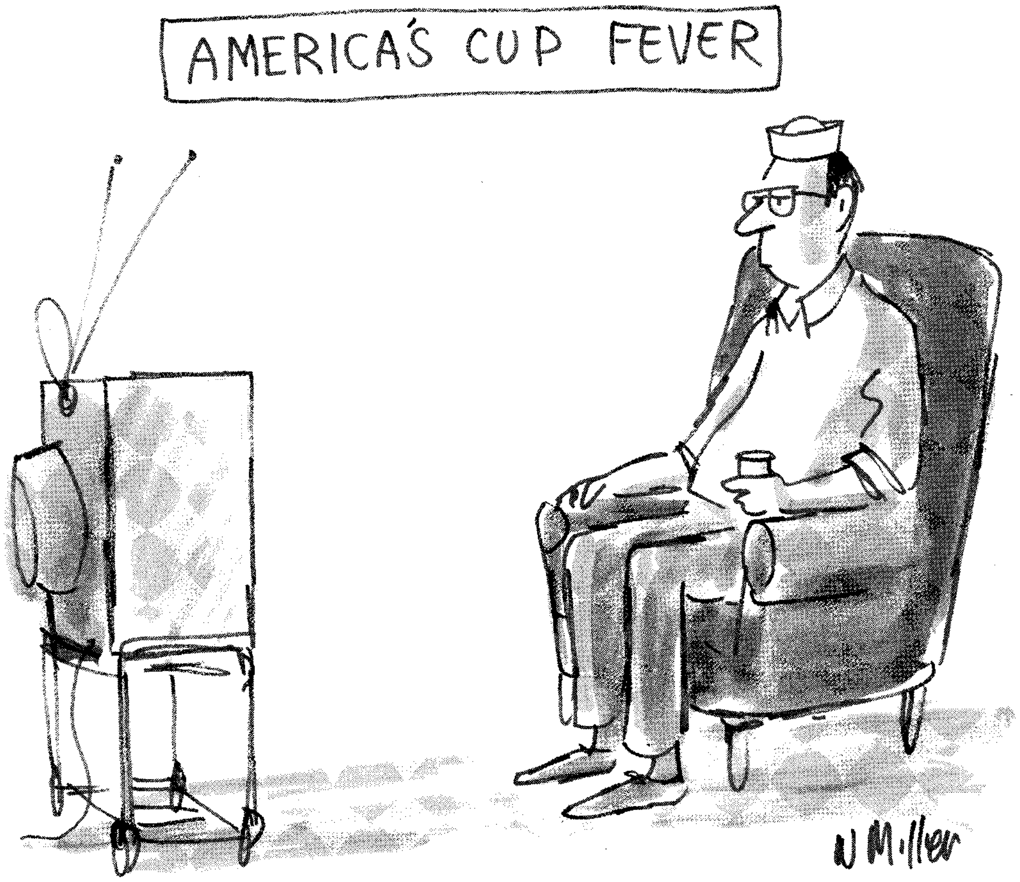

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Law and China

PEKING UNIVERSITY has decided that, because of the People's Republic's increasing economic traffic with the outside world, it needs a proper international-law library—a decision we heard about from an American lawyer, Jerome Alan Cohen, who has been asked by the university to spearhead a drive for three million dollars, which is what the building is expected to cost. A former Harvard Law School professor and a co-author of, inter alia, a two-volume work called "People's China and International Law," Cohen is fifty-six years old, white-mustached, and Mandarin-fluent; has been since 1981 a peripatetic partner in the mammoth firm of Paul, Weiss, Rifkind, Wharton & Garrison; and is the Western world's undisputed leading expert on contemporary Chinese law. He commutes these days between Hong Kong and New York, in both of which he has residences and offices, and we caught up with him at his domestic desk just before he took off for Peking to resume participation in an arbitration proceeding about an international investment contract—the first foreign attorney ever to fill such a role, he said he'd been told. "Many Chinese prefer arbitration to litigation," he said, "and we have to appear before an arbitration panel convened by an organization that is a sort of chamber of commerce, called the China Council for the Promotion of International Trade."

We'd been informed in advance that Cohen is one of the very few Americans ever who on graduating from law school (in his case, Yale, 1955) was accorded the honor of clerking for not one but two Justices of the Supreme Court (in his singular case, Earl Warren and Felix Frankfurter, successively). Among the memorabilia on display in his office were a photograph of Chief Justice Warren, a photograph of Justice Frankfurter, and one of Cohen himself with Zhou En-lai, taken in May, 1972, during the first of Cohen's many visits to China. On a coffee table was the third (1986) edition of a book of coffee-table dimensions—"China Today and Her Ancient Treasures," which he wrote with his wife, Joan Lebold Cohen.

We said we wondered how often Cohen gets to China now.

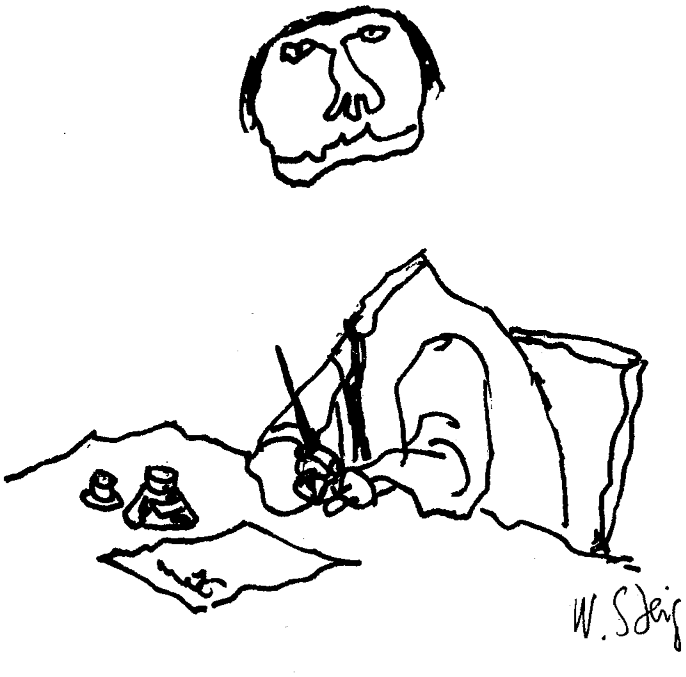
"For the past eight years, I've made at least fifteen trips a year, and when I'm in Hong Kong it's sometimes three a week," he said. "To me, going to Peking is like what I suppose it would be for some of my partners here to go to Washington."

We asked Cohen how he had got mixed up with China to begin with.

"Luck," he replied. While he was teaching law at Berkeley in 1960, following a brief stint as an assistant United States Attorney in Washington, D.C., Dean Rusk, then the president of the Rockefeller Foundation, suggested to him that it might be a good idea to have some American lawyer at Berkeley try to familiarize himself with the activities of his counterparts in China. Before the year was over, Cohen himself was offered a chance to spend four Foundation-supported years—three in California and one in Hong Kong—studying the Chinese language and whatever could be learned about Chinese law. It was a notably inauspicious time, he reminded us, to embark on such an undertaking; of four members of Congress who'd had the temerity to propose that the People's Republic be admitted to the United Nations, for instance, three were roundly trounced in the 1960 fall election. "Nowadays, people sometimes congratulate me for having got in on the ground floor," Cohen said. "But doing what I did back then was like going into a monastery or studying the legal history of the Roman Empire. Between 1960 and 1971, the year Kissinger made his secret trip to China, I didn't get to meet one single individual, refugees aside, from the People's Republic."

Cohen was one of a handful of China scholars who in 1968 sent President-elect Nixon a memorandum recommending exploratory talks with the Chinese, and that memorandum helped bring about Kissinger's mission. By then, Cohen was on the faculty of the Harvard Law School and was the director of its East Asian Legal Studies program; in 1973, writing for Harvard Law's alumni magazine about legal education in China, he said that "the first thing to know about it is that there isn't any." During his first visit to China, the year before, he had stopped by Peking University and had been dismayed to perceive that after the strictures of the Great Leap Forward and the Cultural Revolution all its departments were functioning again save one—the law school. “The law faculty was still out on farms having its views reshaped,” Cohen told us. “There were no legal institutions as we like to think of them—no meaningful prosecutors’ offices or defense counsel or public notaries, few operating courts, except military ones, and virtually no legal education. Indeed, one editorial I saw in the *People’s Daily* during the Cultural Revolution was titled ‘In Praise of Lawlessness.’ The few civilian judges who were still around in that period spent most of their time playing cards. Not until late 1978, really, under Deng Xiaoping, did China start to put together a body of legislation covering the whole range of law, from civil liberties to inheritance and—an important aspect—coöperation with foreign businessmen and investors. By 1981, though, lawyers, who for twenty years had been regarded as the worst of stinking intellectuals, were becoming national heroes, and for young Chinese students law was the hot ticket. Today, Peking University has fourteen hundred law students and a law faculty of a hundred and fifty. China as a whole has gone from no legal education to approximately forty-five law schools with fifteen thousand students. And fifty thousand or so more—by no means as many as Deng would like, in a country of over a billion—are learning law through television schools and correspondence schools and night schools, and a much larger number receive on-the-job training. Chinese bookstores, where ten years ago you couldn’t find much of anything other than the works of the Chairman, have whole shelves devoted to law. And the reason Peking University has asked me to try to help it out is that it has a great many law books from all over the globe but no suitable place to house them. Unfortunately, various American foundations have shown no interest in providing the necessary bricks and mortar. But Dean James Vorenberg, of Harvard Law School, and its law librarian, Terry—Harry S.—Martin, have agreed to coöperate with Peking University in launching the project.” Cohen, by the way, has just concluded a lecture course at Harvard on “The Legal Aspects of Doing Business in China.” “But Harvard isn’t going to raise the funds,” he went on. “I’ll have to do it, largely between the United States and Hong Kong. Most of the wealthy Chinese in Hong Kong, as you know, are from South China, and not only do they not care much about Peking but they’re skeptical that a Communist China can take the law seriously. And, of course, the jury is still out on that one.”

By now, Cohen said, there are some fifty American lawyers specializing in Chinese law—more than twenty of them under his supervision, working for Paul, Weiss in Hong Kong, Peking, Shanghai, Paris, and New York. (His retinue also includes a Ph.D. whose sole responsibility is to translate contracts from English into Chinese.) “Who would have believed a decade ago that today there would be American lawyers working almost exclusively on Chinese hotel-management contracts?” he said. “But there are. I don’t like to go into the details of what our business clients are engaged in over there, but I guess it’s no secret that there’s soon going to be a Holiday Inn in Lhasa and a Sheraton in Guilin. One thing I always try to bear in mind, incidentally, is that the Chinese aren’t interested in just transplanting other people’s legal systems. They’re trying to explore what’s going to work for *them*. Right now, they’re formulating new laws to govern the operations of a stock market, and they’re getting into areas like bankruptcy. And, yes, the mortgage has come back to China. It’s all immensely exciting, and law is leading the way to economic reform.”

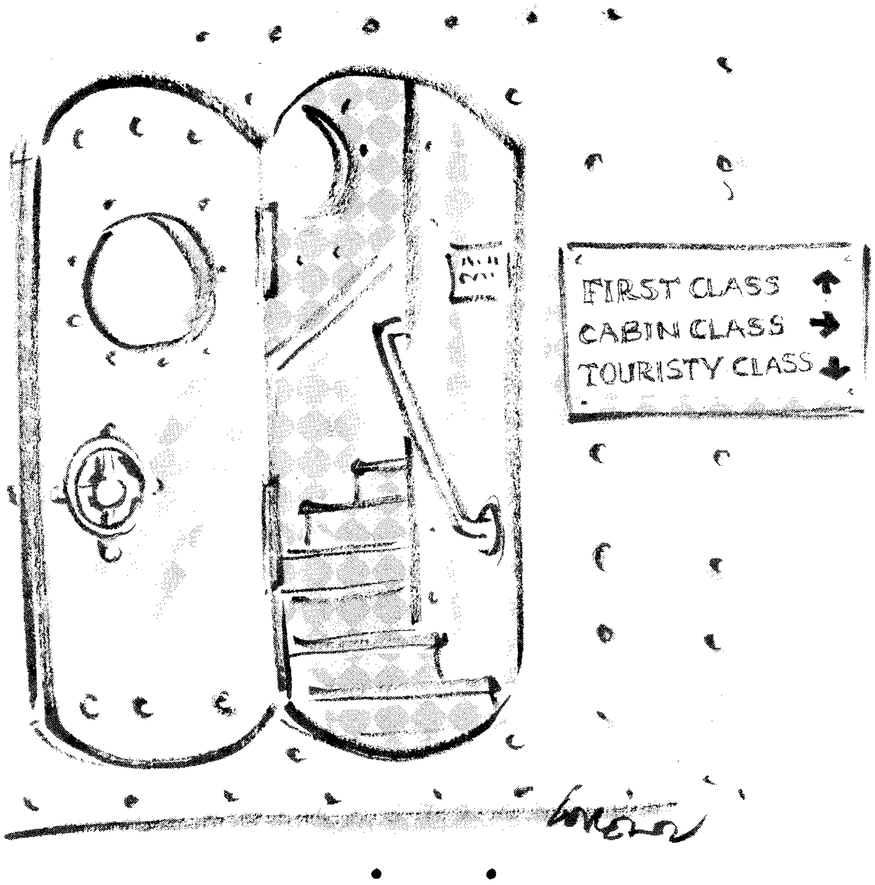

Difficult Letter

Reading the Noises

A FRIEND writes:

There are probably people who can identify all sorts of emergency vehicles simply by their sirens, cocking an ear and announcing “State Police” or “County Hospital,” the way birdlovers can identify unseen birds by their cries. For these siren-literates, New York City must be heaven, because there are surely more types of siren in use in New York than anywhere else on earth. My girlfriend and I recently moved to Manhattan from a quiet, foggy suburb of San Francisco and rented an apartment high above two busy streets, from which perch we hear a lot of sirens—a *lot* of sirens, especially at night. I’m a believer in the idea that the worst torment is the torment that makes no sense, so I’ve started trying to describe on paper the sounds of the different types of sirens that come howling—or barking, or whirling, or screeching—into our place. The list gets longer every day. It’s a fifty-piece siren symphony out there. One sounds like a huge chicken clucking, another like a plastic ray gun that a child shoots you dead with over and over, another like an old-time two-note telephone busy signal, and, yes, quite a few resemble the cries of various birds. I find myself wondering if every country represented at the United Nations hasn’t brought two or three of its distinctive national sirens to New York, for use in emergencies involving members of its mission. I’m sure I’ve heard some of these exotic Klaxons before—in France, in Spain, in Kuala Lumpur. The medley can get so weird that I’m actually glad sometimes to hear, rising on the damp evening air, the simple high, sustained wail familiar from the Western highways where I grew up.

Worse than all these sirens, though, when it comes to destroying sleep is



the noise of people fighting on the street outside—a fairly common occurrence in our new neighborhood. And the worst of the worst is to look out the window and see that it's someone fighting with someone who is not there. I've seen quite a number of people on the streets of Manhattan quarrelling fiercely with people who were not there. A trick I've learned to help me fall asleep when it's very noisy is to imagine that all the sirens and car alarms blaring outside are forest sounds—a good loud chorus of crickets, say, with an owl or two thrown in. This trick doesn't work when people are fighting outside. Somehow, that sound defies transformation into lulling natural nighttime noises. It's too human, too *alarming*. After a couple of bad nights running, nights when no mental tricks have worked, I plod irritably through the streets, ready to pick a quarrel myself with someone who is not there.

We were riding in a taxi the other day, feeling giddy. We had just bought some used furniture at a warehouse downtown, and had managed, after much shoving and grunting, to jam it all into the trunk and back seat of the cab. There had nearly been a fight between the spry old Jamaican warehouseman who sold us the furniture and our cabdriver—young, big, Egyptian—when the Jamaican insisted on mocking the Egyptian's every effort to tie the cab's trunk shut with rope. It was escaping that situation with no punches thrown that had left us feeling giddy. I tried to distract the cabdriver from his injured pride by telling him about a TV show I'd seen in which some guy tested the rumor about New York cabs' being willing to take anything by trying to hail one in Manhattan with a six-hundred-pound bear on a leash. I imitated the reactions of the several cabbies on the show. When I finished, our driver did not so much as smile. Instead, he began to tell us, in a heavy accent, about how he had graduated with a degree in liberal arts from a university in Alexandria. He had clearly not understood a word of my bear story. But he seemed cheerful now, and that had been the point, after all. As we drove up Eighth Avenue, a fire truck with siren wailing came along and we pulled over. The noise drowned him out completely, but I could see that our driver was keeping right on with the saga of his education. It was a syncopated siren, like something you might hear behind rap music. Every cab but one took that bear.

The Lady Bobcats

"DO I have to take off *all* my rings?" one young lady was asking.

"Collecting jewelry is one of the major parts of this job," Tom explained to us. "It's against the rules to wear anything on the court that might injure an opponent." Tom McKibben is an old friend. He is in his first season as coach of the girls' junior-high basketball team in a small town in rural Maine, where he teaches.

"Michelle, are you wearing barrettes?" Coach McKibben asked a forward.

"Is it all right to wear nail polish?" a guard inquired.

Game time drew near. It was the season's biggest contest for the Caravel Junior High School Lady Bobcats. Coach McKibben gathered his team near the blackboard in Room 8, a classroom with posters of Sally Ride and Laura Ingalls Wilder on the walls. "Now, remember," he said. "When we're playing defense—that means when the other team has the ball—we're using a 2-1-2 zone." He left the room for a few moments, telling the team to think about the game ahead—to concentrate. The girls gave it a good effort, they really did, but after about—oh, six seconds, someone said, "Nobody laugh," so they all laughed. Coach came back in the room and said, "Everyone relax. Allen's not here yet, and he's the only person who knows how to operate the clock." When Allen showed, and the Bobcats were about to take the floor, Coach said, "Get psyched," at which the girls began to scream—scream loudly, as if they were having a contest, or as if they had woken up and seen a moose peering in the window.

The girls charged out into the gym, where the rival Hermon Hawks were already warming up. Hermon is the next town over, a little bigger, a little nearer Bangor, and it's a hoops powerhouse. The Bobcats had opened the season in the spacious Hermon gym, losing 17–13, which was considered something of a moral victory. After that, they had whipped Milford 20–10, Winterport 15–10, and Veazie 32–16. (In the small Veazie gym, foul shots sometimes glance off the ceiling.) Then their luck changed: despite rallying valiantly from a 4–0 halftime deficit, they lost to Holbrook by a deuce, 20–18, and then they fell 32–9 before the Orrington steamroller. "Why the slump?" Tom said in an analytical moment. "We started play-

“We were away over Christmas. How did it go?”

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ing better teams.” Anyway, they were 3–3 going into the Hermon tilt, and fans packed the gym. There are no bleachers—just a single line of folding chairs, whose backs rest against the wall and whose front legs rest on the out-of-bounds line. Mothers and fathers occupied most of the seats, but they were not the sort of high-pressure parents one reads about in despairing magazine articles. Most of the men sat with their arms crossed, occasionally applauding a good play; the mothers were a little more demonstrative, but everyone seemed careful to applaud equally hard after the home and the visiting cheerleaders performed their routines.

The game opened badly for the Bobcats, as the taller Hermon squad managed several uncontested fast breaks. Before anyone really looked up, the Hawks led 8–0, which is not much in the National Basketball Association but seems pretty commanding when you're used to 15–10 battles. Instead of rolling over, though, the Lady Bobcats showed some spunk, grit, nerve, fire in the belly, pluck, and gumption. Kelly, Stephanie, Jennifer, Leah, Michelle, Christy, Amy, Tanya, D.J., Janice, Tory, Leslie, and Asher all played hard, but if anyone had been picking stars and awarding, say, automobiles Dawn and Erica would have drawn all the votes on this night. Dawn, the shortest player on the team, brings the ball upcourt—fast. She is a penetrating guard, a harassing guard on defense. Twice, she stole the ball beneath her own basket and raced coast-to-coast to lay it in. And Erica, a willowy, mobile center, looked comfortable with her back to the hoop or driving the baseline. Together, they keyed a second-quarter charge that brought the Bobcats back to within six, 14–8. But then Hermon's superior size began once more to tell, and at the half the Bobcats, though far and away the more exciting squad, trailed 20–10.

The team repaired to Room 8 for a pep talk. “They're throwing up a lot of garbage, and it's all going in. We can still win this one,” Coach was saying when we went out to wander the halls. Down at one end, a teacher had posted a number of essays about famous Maine residents—Hannibal Hamlin, James G. Blaine, those sorts of people. The Parent-Teacher Council was selling cookies and hot dogs. Out in the snow, boys horsed around—they stood by cars with their hands jammed down in their pockets and rocked back and forth and made fun of each other.

As the second half began, the girls fell farther behind. Several members of the boys' team (which plays as soon as the girls finish) sat near the bench saying only somewhat helpful things. “You have to remember—it's not so easy for girls,” one fellow said. (It wasn't all that easy for the boys, either; they lost to Hermon 42–25.) We chatted with some of the girls at the end of the bench about the coach. “Well, he's pretty good,” said one. “But once he swore during a game and everyone heard him. He said, ‘What the blankety-blank is going on here?’ ” Despite a few flashes of brilliance (Converse should really think about signing Dawn to a sneaker contract) and continued hard play, the Lady Bobcats sank farther into a hole. Late in the game, one of the girls at the end of the bench, watching as Kelly put up a good set shot, cried, “Oh, *please* go in.” But it didn't—it was that kind of night.

FROM A FREE-LANCER'S NOTEBOOK

PEOPLE think that writing about trends is superficial. Actually, it is only through the fleeting moment that we glimpse the eternal.

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Weak with relief, for the first time in a long while. *It* happened. The whole thing started off badly, when I was eating at Café Ironie. I knew it was going to be *the* restaurant, but I thought not until next week. I even showed the waiter photos of rival writers—he said he couldn't remember seeing any of them, so I relaxed over my appetizers. Then T. J. McAnders of *Inside* dashed in, picked up boxes of takeout, saw me, yelled "Too bad!," and left. Is the new trend to eat while writing about it? I considered telling the waiter to hold the entrée while I went home for my typewriter. No use—there wouldn't be enough time, and the passion wasn't there anymore. I got up and left.

After several hours of walking, I found a bistro specializing in New Zealand cuisine. There were no customers inside. The waiter said he didn't think New Yorkers were ready for New Zealand cooking. I was.

And then, as I ate my fifth cheese sandwich, I experienced one of those moments for which I live. Suddenly, I just knew it: I was the only person in the city, perhaps in the country—*I was the only person outside New Zealand*—eating this food.

That's what the discipline of free-lancing is all about. Most people never reach these states of awareness—they just enjoy themselves. I remember one such state that lasted for a whole party when I was twenty-two. Another, when I was twenty-six, lasted for five stops on the I.R.T. As I get older, these moments come less frequently and don't last as long, but they're certainly more intense.

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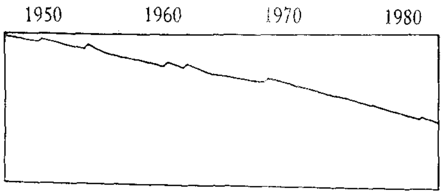

The Era of Diminishing Expectations

What many people don't realize is that expectations *do* go up a bit from time to time, although in general they are on their way down.

•

I continue to think that Yuppies are a minor trend. The real trend is Yuckies—Young Urban Complete Idiots. They're everywhere.

•

Down to work! Patricia Morrisroe may have covered "The New Snobbery" for *New York*, but now I've outdone her:

> John Sullivan, Kikki Gamble, Porter Crocker, and Roger J. Rollins IV are some of The New Boors. In the sixties, they all knew Abbie Hoffman. Now they only know each other.

I could only find eight Boors. Still, I think it's a cover story.

> . . . Said John Sullivan: "Out of the way, clod."

I know I need more quotes, but the other people in his crowd didn't say anything intelligible.

•

Idea: Someday I'd like to do a followup story on what happens to people after I write about them.

•

I worry that readers are becoming less interested in trends than in being annoyed. As with any addiction, the fixes will have to get bigger, and I don't know how much more irritation I can take.

•

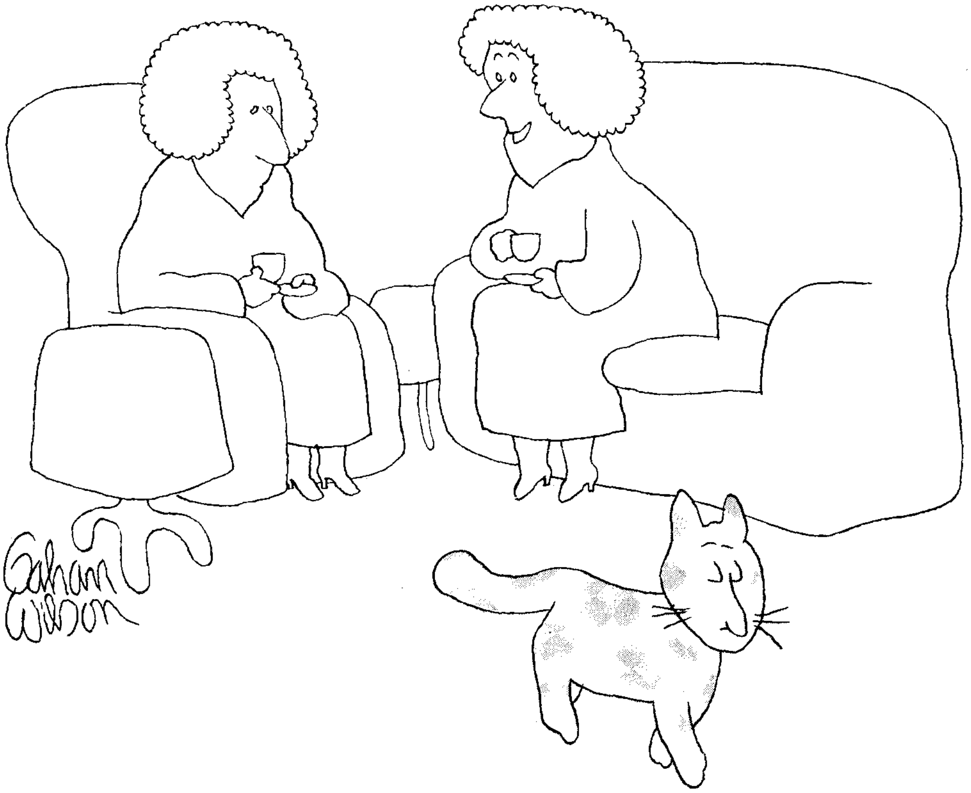
I stop before a grill I wrote about six months ago. Inside, customers laugh and eat. They don't know that I'd like nothing better than to sit down and eat with them. Instead I must wander.

•

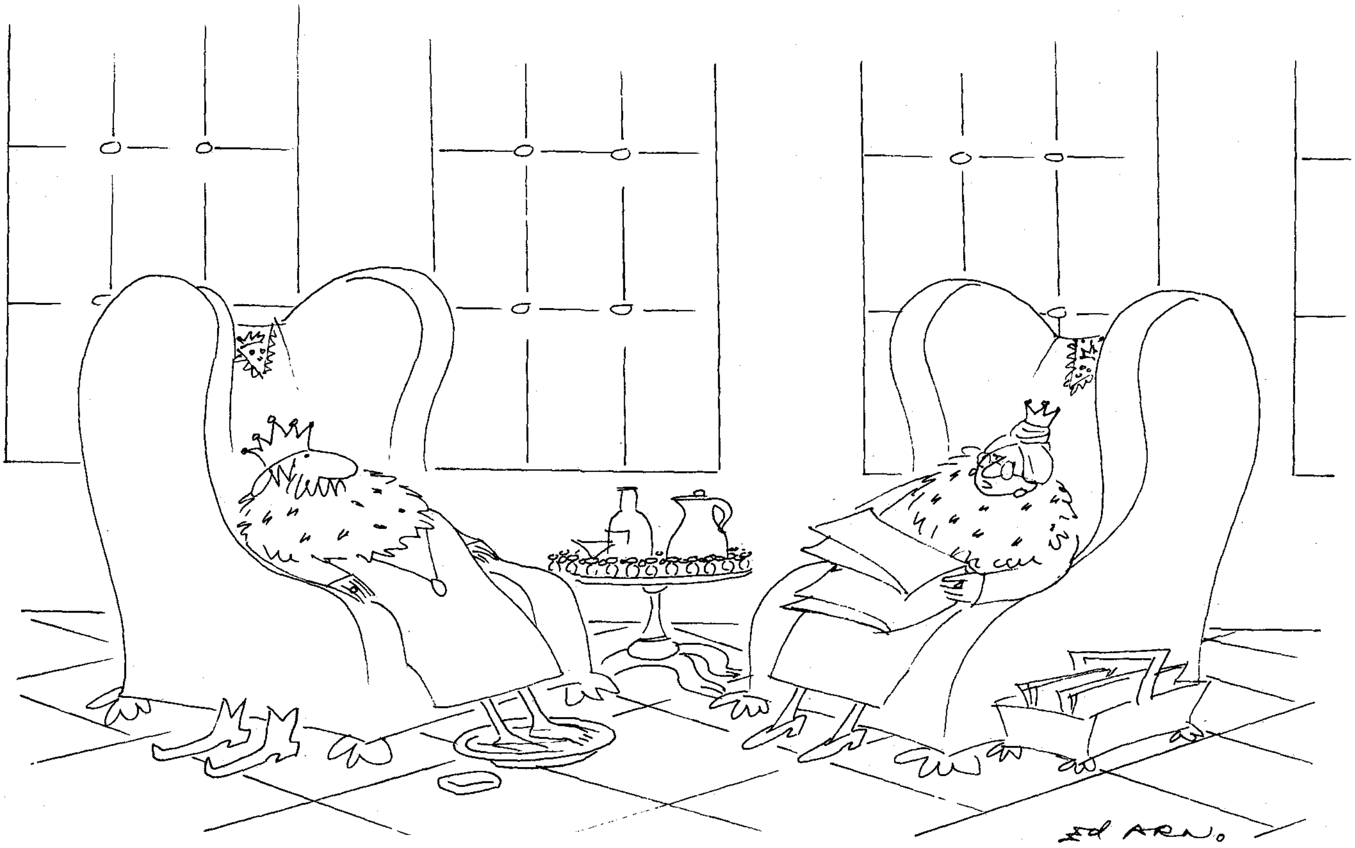
Disaster. Met today with the editor of *Urbanite*. Went well until she asked, "Didn't I see you at Squark City the other night?" For the first time in my career, I felt the twinges that dancers and athletes must feel when age starts to catch up with them. I'd never heard of the place.

She figured this from my pause and smiled. "Who are the readers of *Urbanite*? People who pride themselves on staying ahead of subscribers to *New York*, the *Voice*, *Manhattan*, *Inc*., *Spy*, and all the other zillion journals in this city. At *Urbanite*, we tell people what *will* happen, so they know what they're missing out on as they miss out on it. Are you writer enough for us?"

Walked home in a panic. What will I do when I get too old to write about trends? I can't go back to my nov-



"I've never seen him pause next to anyone longer!"



"The kingdom is down four and a quarter today."

• •

el. I've lost the ability to describe things people can't buy.

•

"Why does every place get swamped with people after we eat there a few times?" James, a thirty-six-year-old law librarian, wonders.

"Have you noticed that woman following us?" his friend David asks.

I'm not certain, but I think I detect a social trend: The New Paranoiacs.

•

Worked hard all day trying to figure out what's going to be happening next month. I can't afford to be beaten to print again by the other writers.

Fajitas will be stuffed not only with meat, fish, and baby goat but ice cream, pâté, and trail mix. Tortillas will go beyond flour and blue corn to chocolate chip, blueberry, and hazelnut. But people won't be going to Mexican restaurants for the food. They'll be going to find out what kind of shoes other people are wearing because they just threw out their Reeboks.

I can't let myself get too sociological, or I might get stuck mid-trend.

•

There's a half-block area in Brooklyn where you can still get a one-bedroom apartment for a third the price of a comparable one in Manhattan. That's because it was a neighborhood in transition when you began reading this article, but by now over half the apartments have been sold and the price has gone up to $250,000. It's twenty-two minutes by subway—can you possibly get there ahead of the other people about to make offers on the remaining four apartments, or should you splurge on the $16 cab ride?

I think I need more description. My readers will want to know what the place was like before my article on it appeared.

. . . $300,000 . . . $450,000. . . . (Start breathing exercises here.)

Unlike many of the younger writers on trends, I feel a responsibility to keep my readers from hyperventilating.

•

I must not let any magazine touch my writing. My style must be a reassuring constant in this ever-changing world.

•

In order to compete with other journalists, I have had to hurl myself further and further into the future. This has taken its toll on my love life—always a difficult thing for a writer.

FRED: How about dinner tonight?
ME: I just ate it for lunch.
FRED: What about a film?
ME: I did that last week.
FRED: What I'm trying to say is . . . I think I like you.
ME: I liked you, too, but that was before we met.

•

I think I am onto something: space/time/change.

•

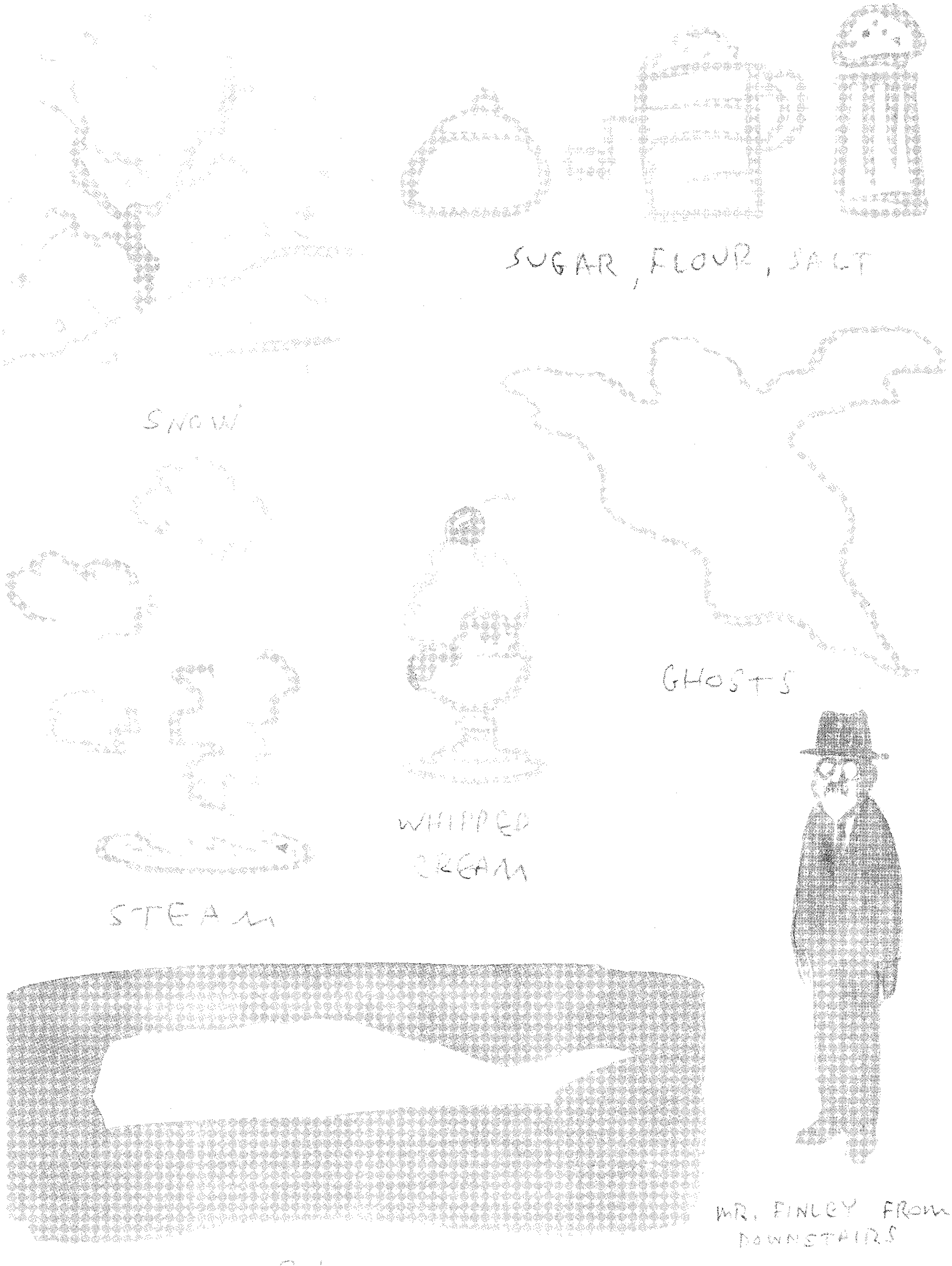
I have to find the next place where New Yorkers are going to buy weekend houses. Here in Kansas there are still bargains available. New Yorkers don't think they'll commute this far, but they will. Yet I am drawn farther West. I feel an idea for a piece coming on:

BEYOND THE GREAT DIVIDE:
THE NEXT HOT COUNTY

As I approach Wyoming, I want to imagine it in its pure state before I reach it. Once I have been someplace it is never again the same.

—POLLY FROST

FUTURE CANDIDATES FOR "COLORIZATION"


SUGAR, FLOUR, SALT
SNOW
GHOSTS
WHIPPED CREAM
STEAM
MOBY DICK
MR. FINLEY FROM DOWNSTAIRS

—JAMES STEVENSON

WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST

Gordie likes to say he can read the writing on the wall: Soon armies of upscale D.C. couples will be buying second homes in quaint Monterey County, driving property values sky high. They've already *done* the Blue Ridge. Janet rents a farmhouse in Monterey and trucks in antiques, which Gordie sells at American Beauty, his Georgetown shop. Gordie says that renters in Monterey will soon be dinosaurs in museums. Janet can't quite believe that the moving finger is writing about real estate, but she knows that with Gordie prophecy is a form of advice: lately, he has been saying that she should buy some failing cracker-barrel mom-and-pop store and turn it into American Beauty West.

They have just smoked a joint in Gordie's bedroom, in the basement of his shop. They are sitting cross-legged on his carved fourposter bed, amid the Chinese knickknacks, the Oscar Wilde bearskin rug, the moth-eaten taxidermy that Gordie says is illegal even to own, and looking through a carton of antique nursery-rhyme illustrations—the remnants of some disintegrated kids' book that someone recognized as beautiful and worth saving. Janet found it yesterday at an estate sale in Slate Mills.

Janet turns a cardboard wheel, and beneath a cutout window a cow jumps over the moon. Next comes the laughing dog, the hand-in-hand dish and spoon. Gordie says, "These are a gold mine. I can frame them—the perfect new-baby gift. Sure you don't want to steal a couple for Kevin's room?"

"Kevin?" says Janet. "Gordie, this is 'Hey Diddle Diddle.' Kevin's got Tina Turner on his wall."

"*I* had Tina Turner on *my* wall," Gordie says. "Well, anyway, Ike."

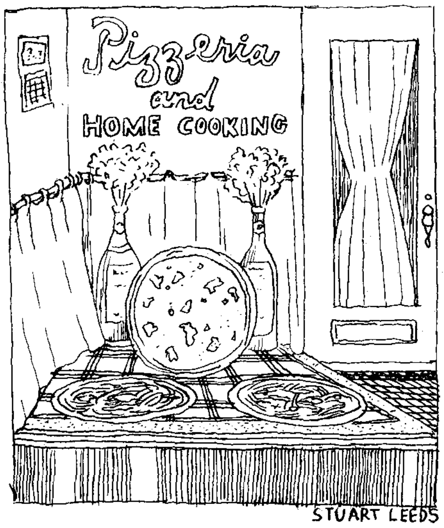
Janet would like to keep the page she is holding, but her work gives her daily instruction in letting go. It would be easy for her to accumulate objects, to be buried beneath them. Yesterday she wondered how the elderly brother and sister who had come to supervise the estate sale, the disposal of their parents' things, could sell these pictures at all: their childhood fantasy images, a dollar for the whole box. She kept reminding herself that there was a lesson here—that basically they were right.

"I'll tell you something weird," she says. "Last night I was spinning this 'Hey Diddle Diddle' wheel, just looking at it. Kevin was upstairs asleep. After a while I heard him come down. He said he'd had a great dream about a flying cow."

Gordie says, "Could he have seen the picture?," and when Janet shakes her head he says, "You really should get this checked out." This sounds like medical advice, which in a way it is. Gordie says he has a friend at Georgetown Medical School who told him that someone there has gotten a small grant to study family ESP. What friend, wonders Janet. Gordie often uses the word to mean some guy he found attractive and maybe even had a long conversation with at a bar.

Janet says she'll ask Kevin; she knows he'll never agree. Kevin takes it for granted that he and Janet have the same thoughts; he can't understand why Janet gets so excited about it. Maybe he worries that thinking like a girl means you are one. He says that all kids and parents think alike; it's just from living in the same house, and if it doesn't happen with his father it's only because Will doesn't live with them but in D.C. When Janet asks Kevin if he has talked to other kids about this, he says, "Are you crazy?" What, then, would he think of scientists getting grants to ask other parents and kids? He'd think it was weird, and, worse, he'd know that it would involve every kind of attention he hates.

Just before Janet leaves Georgetown, Gordie asks if she doesn't at least want to keep the cow jumping over the moon. Janet makes a little sweep with her hand. "Gordie," she says, "I'm just a conduit. Hear the wind blowing through?"



On the drive back to Monterey, Janet keeps looking in her rearview mirror, imagining Gordie's armies—convoys of house-hunting Volvos and Saabs bearing down on her. Nearly home, she stops for a couple of hitchhikers—local characters, old hippies Kevin refers to as Mr. Time Travel and his wife. Janet has picked them up a few times before and does so again today, because Mrs. Time Travel appears to be hugely pregnant. When the man helps his wife into the cab of the truck, Janet smells patchouli. The woman is overweight to begin with, but her husband is very bony; it averages out, and they fit fairly comfortably on the front seat. As Janet drives them into Staunton, Mr. Time Travel tells her how their welfare worker is threatening to cut them off if his wife doesn't get to a doctor. He talks very softly about the horrors of hospital birth—women trussed up and drugged, bright lights shining in babies' eyes—and every time he says "trussed up" Janet feels his wife flinch.

Something about this conversation makes Janet determined to bring Kevin in for the ESP experiments. Maybe it's the impulse to distinguish herself from *these* dinosaurs, to identify herself as the modern, if downwardly mobile, former wife of a surgeon and the mother of a perfectly healthy hospital-born kid. Partly, she just longs for something new. When she and Will split up, and she found this way to live out here and make money, she'd thought that the rest of her life would be a treasure hunt. The auctions, the sales, checking the local obits—how quickly it all came to seem like a job! It's got so her heart sinks at the sight of another beautiful oak hutch. Also she wonders if this new desire to be a famous ESP guinea pig is just that old dream of specialness, of celebrity and revenge: mind-reading mom and kid amazing talk-show hosts, written up by Oliver Sacks, so even Will will read about it.

She wants to just do it—just go there for the experiments and not argue—so that night at dinner she tells Kevin that if he comes with her, no questions asked, he can have a new baseball mitt and two computer games.

"Medical school?" Kevin says.

"Trust me," says Janet, and they

"Don't you think after thirty years of marriage you could stop referring to me as 'the military'?"

both smile, because this is Kevin's expression. "No doctors," she says. "Looking at pictures. ESP experiments. That kind of thing. O.K., listen. They'll pay us ten dollars an hour, you get to keep the money."

"Ten dollars an hour?" he repeats, and when Janet nods he says, "That and the ant farm." Lately he has been asking for an ant farm; she should have thought of that right away. Where did he hear about ant farms? And where in the world do you get one? Tracking down items from science-museum shops is not the kind of thing either she or Will does well, especially not now, with Will spending every free minute with his new girlfriend. And the way Kevin takes care of things there's a good chance that dirt, broken glass, and a million ants will wind up on his bedroom floor. Still, she says, "O.K., the ant farm."

Janet makes an appointment at the medical school for a Wednesday; she tells Kevin he'll learn as much as he would have from two days at school. At one time he liked missing school, no matter what. But now he's clearly torn, and on the day of the appointment Janet feels so guilty that she stops, without his even asking, for a takeout McDonald's breakfast. As they merge with a stream of trucks on Route 74, she says, "In a few years, you'll be driving. It seems impossible—you were just this little baby."

After a long silence, Kevin says, "Do you have to catch the ants, or can you just buy them somewhere?"

"I don't know," Janet says. "I'll find out."

And that's it for conversation. For most of the drive, Kevin stares out the window. Glancing over at him, Janet thinks how soon he will be a teen-ager; now he is right on the edge. It occurs to her that being so handsome may make it easier for him, but she can't tell him this; it is already too late.

She pulls into the Park 'n' Ride Lot, where Gordie is already waiting. His emerald '56 Buick gleams like a giant eight-cylinder scarab. Janet is glad to see him, glad that he offered to close the store and come with them. She loves riding in Gordie's car: everyone turns to look at you as you sink into the deep sofa-like seats and breathe in the stuffy, indescribable smell of your childhood. Gordie said he wanted to expedite their trip, to free their minds for higher things, but Janet suspects that he'd like to run into his friend at the medical school.

The waiting room reminds her of an expensive obstetrician's—in fact, of the office of the old man Will knew who delivered Kevin for free. It's smaller, of course, and empty, but even so Janet has that waiting-room self-consciousness as she sits between Kevin, with his punky baseball cap pulled over his eyes, and Gordie, with his ginger mustache and leather bomber jacket; as if there were someone there watching, she feels proud to be sitting between them. Kevin likes Gordie, though he spends too much time with Will and his doctor/intellectual friends to give Gordie much credit as a full-scale human adult. Gordie has brought Kevin treasures—special marbles, a rooster-shaped tin bank, a revolving lamp with a scene of Niagara Falls—which Kevin seems to like but leaves all over his room.

After a while, a receptionist calls Janet and Kevin. Gordie says, "Adios and good luck. If I'm not here, I'm taking a walk. I'll be back." The receptionist, a barrel-like young woman, takes off down the scratchy-industrial-carpeted hall; Janet and Kevin fly after her, and so have to brake sharply when she motions them through an office door.

Inside, a woman sits behind a desk, a man in a chair beside her. The woman is wearing a lab coat. Janet wonders why she needs it; she'd always thought lab coats were to guard against spraying mouse blood. The man and the woman stand to shake hands. They are both around Janet's age—a fact that horrifies her, and convinces her that she shouldn't have come. She feels humiliated, as if being on the opposite side of this scientific investigation is an admission of failure in life.

The woman introduces herself as

Dr. Wilmot. She is tall, a light-skinned black, with huge, stylish eyeglasses, a clear, lively smile, and unruly half-straight hair. She introduces the man as Dr. Becker, and he laughs and says, "Eric." He is good-looking in that clean, academic way that can make jeans and rolled shirtsleeves look like a lab coat—not clinical, exactly, just terribly pressed and neat. When Eric shakes Janet's hand, he smiles and looks at her closely. She focusses on a postcard tacked to the corkboard on the wall behind him—a vintage anthropological photograph of two Pygmy women playing Ping-Pong.

Dr. Wilmot says she'd like to say a little about their study. She says they are lucky—there's really no money around for this kind of project these days. She says the experiment is simply the classic model: they'll be put in separate rooms and asked to look at pictures. She asks if they have any questions. Janet can't think of one. Kevin looks too bored to speak.

They leave Dr. Wilmot's office and walk awkwardly down the hall; no one knows whom to walk with. After a while they reach two open doors. Dr. Wilmot motions Janet and Eric into one room, and she and Kevin take the other. Janet realizes how glad she is that it's not the other way round, and she wonders if this arrangement is accidental or if research has discovered that ESP gets sharper around a slight sexual buzz.

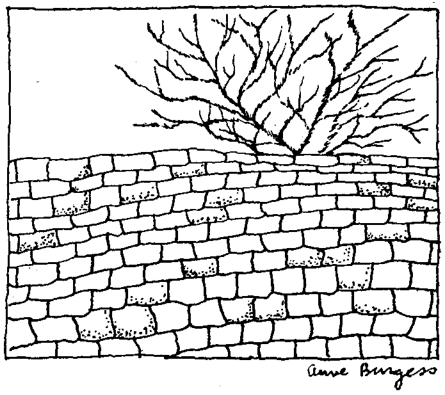
As Kevin disappears through the door, Dr. Wilmot smiles encouragingly but with a certain strain, so that it comes out almost a leer. Janet feels strange, as if she were involving her child in something scandalous, like some Victorian father introducing his son to the local bordello.

The room Eric takes her into is dimly lit, bare but for two wooden chairs and a wooden table, rather like the set of a low-budget avant-garde play. On the table is a deck of cards, face down, and a clipboard and pen. Eric picks up the clipboard and says he is sorry, he has to take a history. Again Janet has a flash of the obstetrician's, more panicky now, but at least he doesn't ask when she got chicken pox or her first period—facts she has long since forgotten and so always has to reinvent. He asks about traumatic childhood illnesses or experiences, hers and Kevin's. Janet says, "Normal. . . . Normal. . . . Normal." Finally he asks, "When was the first time you sensed some special connection with your son?"

"Special connection?" she says.

Eric's gesture takes in the room. "You know," he says.

"Do you have kids?" asks Janet. Eric jumps slightly, then says, "Three. They live with their mother. I get them alternate weekends." He says this with some bewilderment, as if he hadn't yet figured out why it should be. Janet finds that encouraging, and goes back to considering his question. Special connection? There was that night just before she went into labor, when the baby's kicking woke her up and she knew—she just knew—he was miserable, he didn't want to be born. But maybe mentioning this will label her right from the start as an unreliable subject.



So she tells him about the first incident actually witnessed by bona-fide-scientist Will. "This is a crazy story," she says. Eric moves his chair nearer hers. "I was breaking up with my husband. At that time I thought I'd stay in D.C. For Kevin. Will was helping me find an apartment. The first place we saw was full of eyeballs. Everywhere—the kitchen counter, the toilet tank, every surface was covered with Plasticine eyeballs. It turned out that the woman who lived there made models for a medical-supply house and she'd gotten a big order. My husband is a doctor; they'd used models like that in medical school, so they had lots

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TWO POEMS

WINTER ORANGES

We sit, strangers, at the familiar table
Set with winter oranges, your mother's moon-shaped cup,
Picture of three sisters embracing between wars,
& the plate with flamboyants flowering over Mediterranean blue.
Now the mandarin politeness,
Pouring of coffee, breaking of Lindt,
Icy tick of a dead man's clock echoing the solitude
We share &, overlying it all,
That perturbed, pearl-in-the-oyster quality about you
As, phrase by phrase, I recite
The never-ending sentence from which we erase ourselves.
How difficult, my love, to separate
The silence of what need not be said from the silence
Of what cannot.

BABEL

In Pernod glow of the gasworks
Ashen wings drift the updraft;
Over the black fosse of the harbor
Stars pulse, disappear.
The Commissar has ordered new weather for tomorrow.
Then we shall breakfast on red caviar
& ecstatic light
Shot from the eagle's beak
High on horseback above the Caucasus.
But for now, here, in Odessa,
The future shines from tin windows,
Velocity of fractured dice
In the sunset of production,
& history, Comrade, is a laughing Cossack
Machine-gunned backward into the ditch.

—L. S. Asekoff

• •

"Larry never gains an ounce!"

• •

to talk about. I knew I couldn't live there, even though she was taking the eyeballs with her, and on the way home my husband and I had a fight, because otherwise it was a perfectly good apartment, and why was I being so squeamish? We picked Kevin up at my friend's. And *she* was in a bad mood because her kid was Kevin's age and couldn't draw a straight line and Kevin had spent the whole afternoon drawing these perfect eyeballs."

"Wow," Eric says. "Is that really true?"

"Every word," says Janet, though she's left out the fact that the eyeball-apartment woman was young and pretty.

"How did your husband feel about it?" Eric asks.

"He hated it. He acted like I did it on purpose—coached Kevin. I stopped telling him when things like that happened, but sometimes, when they happened in front of him, he used to say he felt like an actor in one of those disaster movies with the Titanic sinking and everyone yelling 'Women and children first!,' except that his wife and kid had already gone and left him standing on deck, watching their lifeboat float off."

Janet realizes she has never told even Gordie about Will's saying this. She mentioned it only once, drunk, at a D.C. party. Someone was talking about the actual Titanic, and she stopped the whole conversation by quoting Will. There was a terrible silence, till finally some lefty lawyer type said something lame and solemn—meant nonetheless as a halfhearted come-on—about the whole male sex being stuck on a sinking ship.

"I used to feel awful when he'd say that," Janet says. "I'd think, Hey, he's a doctor, he has enough in his life without envying me and Kevin. But I don't know. I guess he felt left out; I guess everybody wants everything."

Janet pauses, slightly embarrassed and pleased that saying "everybody wants everything" may have made her sound like a greedy slave of appetite. She doubts that it's even true. One night last fall, when Kevin was in D.C., Janet went home with a man—a candlemaker—she met at a Charlottesville crafts fair. After a while, he showed her into his bedroom; he'd lit mushroom candles all over. Though touched by his attempt at romance, she was appalled by those hideous glowing mushrooms, and she couldn't go through with it; she excused herself and left.

What she wants to tell Eric is how, in the end, Will was really the prescient one. Because finally, wasn't he right? Janet and Kevin in one boat, Will in another, an ocean—all right, a highway—between them. Sometimes it astonishes her that her strongest—her only—connection is with a child; it's common enough, she knows, but not what she expected. And now, when she imagines those disaster films, it's the women's faces she sees, the looks on their faces as they climb down into the boats: fear mixed with amazement that when the order came they so readily, so instinctively, complied. But saying this might make her life with Kevin sound impenetrable, closed off, full up. It's why, she sometimes thinks, she's so adamant about not accumulating lots of stuff. What man wouldn't hesitate in the doorway of a house where a woman and child live surrounded by perfect antiques?

Eric says, "Was that part of what came between you?"

"The tiniest part," she says. Then they both fall silent. Janet remembers a magazine article that claimed that one sign of sexual interest is the reflected gesture: she picks up a glass, he picks up a glass, he crosses his legs, so does she. She hopes that shared silence counts. She thinks about Kevin and Dr. Wilmot on the other side of the wall: if she asked Kevin for history, they would have finished long ago. Then a red darkroom light blinks on the wall, and Eric says, "Here's the story. Simple geometric images—triangles, squares. We're trying to eliminate the variables."

Janet is disappointed: the experiments she has read about used images like camels in the desert, the Alamo, rockets in outer space. But maybe that's why they never got conclusive results. Eric explains that in the first round Kevin will send, Janet receive. He tells Janet to close her eyes and concentrate, and call out whatever comes to mind. Janet imagines triangles, squares. They all seem equally likely. None of them flash on and off or in any other way signal her as beaming from Kevin's brain.

Her only thoughts are of Eric, how conscious she is of him awaiting her answer; she desperately wants to do well. She thinks that everything is backward: Here she is, going through this with her kid, and the only telepathy she cares about is with the guy running the test. It's hopelessly distracting, but when it's her turn to send, things seem somewhat easier. She fixes her eyes on the triangle and wonders if Kevin will blame her for making him do yet another boring thing that she'd thought would be fun.

Finally Eric says, "Well, that's it." They look at each other a moment too long. Janet looks away. There's some complicated timing here, much more finely tuned than who picks up the wineglass first. They leave the room together; Dr. Wilmot and Kevin are already in the hall. When Kevin pouts, as he's doing now, he looks like a much younger kid. Janet has a moment of hating herself for the disloyalty of dragging Kevin here, making him sit through this, and, on top of all that, wishing he would act friendlier for some guy she has just met.

Dr. Wilmot asks if Janet and Kevin will bear with them for just a few more minutes in the waiting room. Janet and Eric exchange a quick, heavy look, embarrassingly reminiscent of suburban-adultery movies. Janet says, "No problem."

Gordie glances up when they enter, and, for a moment, Janet wonders what he's doing there. He looks so out of context, so far from the Victorian burgundy reds of his bedroom. "How was it?" he says.

"Tons of fun," says Kevin.

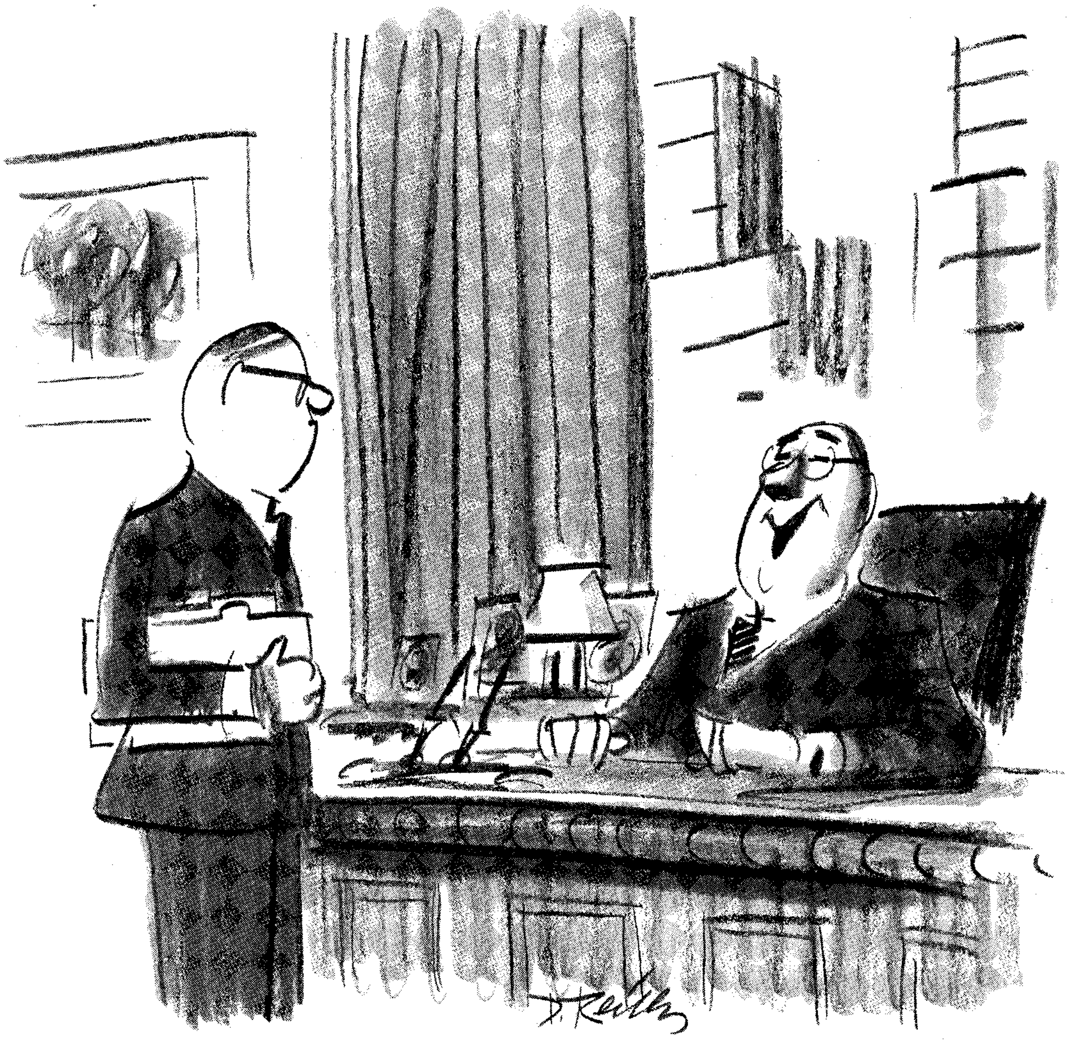
Janet is about to ask Gordie if he met up with his friend when Dr. Wilmot and Eric walk in.

"Eric," says Gordie.

Eric looks a little blankly at Gordie, then says, "Oh, hi."

"You guys know each other?" says Janet. Eric looks from Janet to Gordie, somehow managing to pay them both that same serious attention Janet felt from him back in the room. Well, you can never tell. Janet reminds herself not to jump to conclusions. Eric might not even be gay; Gordie is always developing these sudden impossible crushes.

Dr. Wilmot tells them that the final results aren't in yet but right now the quick matchups indicate an unusually high score, at least in one direction—Janet sending, Kevin re-



"I guess no man's a hero to his comptroller—right, Higgins?"

ceiving. Janet feels wronged: in fact she knows Kevin's thoughts as often as he knows hers. She has a childish desire to say that it's Eric's fault, for ruining her concentration. But she can only smile lamely as Dr. Wilmot says she'll be in touch with them about followup tests, and can expect payment shortly. "The check's in the mail," she says, and they all laugh. Everyone says goodbye and shakes hands except Kevin, who stands in the doorway, impatiently rolling his eyes.

ON the way to the car, Kevin walks up ahead. "Watch out, it's a parking lot," calls Janet.

Gordie says, "What do you think about Eric?"

"Very cute," says Janet.

"No," says Gordie. "I mean, you're the one with ESP. Do you think he's gay?"

Janet should be cheered by this. Maybe there is some basis to whatever she felt in that room—maybe Eric will call, maybe anything else is in Gordie's mind. Then she remembers how Eric looked at them—both of them. She thinks, Maybe Eric is just your basic compulsive seducer. Suddenly she feels exhausted. It occurs to her that if you heard what was said in any hospital parking lot, on any average day, you would hear lots of bad news. And now she can't bring herself to give Gordie one bit more. "Yes," she says. "I do. He couldn't keep his eyes off you."

"Really?" says Gordie.

"Trust me," says Janet.

They find Kevin sitting on the hood of Gordie's car, his long legs dangling. He gets in back, and Janet slides in beside Gordie.

A block from the hospital, Gordie stops at a crosswalk and waves some pedestrians across—an Italian or Hispanic family, formally dressed, walking slowly so as to wait for a little girl in a white Communion dress who is limping, straggling behind, stopping every few minutes to pop her little white pump off her heel and lift her foot and examine it. Even from the car, Janet can see the angry red blister on the girl's heel. Suddenly she wishes Will were there—or maybe not Will, just someone, a husband or lover she trusted to know what she couldn't begin to say about that little girl, that white dress, that blister.

From the back seat, Kevin says, "What's the point of having ESP if you can't tell when girls like you?"

He sounds furious, and this surprises Janet more than what he has said, or that he should have said it at all. There's a silence. Finally Gordie says, "Good question."

Janet knows she could blow the moment completely by asking "Like who? Like which girl?" She takes a deep breath before she says, "Well, you can. A lot of times you can. You just learn how, that's all."

"How?" Kevin says.

"Take your father," Janet says. "We were eating in a restaurant with these friends who were introducing us—"

"Who?" asks Kevin.

"You didn't know them," she says. "They moved when you were little. They had a kid they let run *everything*—he even got to pick the restaurant. So we ate at a diner he liked because it had mirrored walls. But that night he didn't care about the walls. He wouldn't sit in his chair; he ran around, getting under the waitresses' feet, and our friends kept having to jump up and drag him back. Each time, one of them would say, 'You go, I went last time,' so things were a little tense. From time to time they'd tease Will about having a kid, having to do what *they* were doing; I guess he had a reputation for not liking kids. Finally Will called the kid over and sat him down between us—we were on the same side of the booth. Will cut the kid's hamburger up for him, in little pieces; the kid was so surprised that he quieted down and ate his whole meal. Our friends didn't say a word. They must have been wondering what had come over your dad. But I knew he was doing it for me—to show me he was the kind of guy who could be nice to kids."

"Right," says Kevin.

Janet thinks, Right about what?, but lets it go. Will was always nice to Kevin, or, anyway, an acceptable balance of nice and not nice, no more or less nice than she was. Anyway, she just wants to sit and remember that night in the restaurant—not the noisy kid or the bickering parents but this: how Will's hands shook as he sawed away at that burger, and how she had thought here was a surgeon, a man with steady hands, and look, look what power she had.

"Aren't you ever wrong?" Kevin says.

Gordie says, "Not about that. If there's one thing your mom's psychic about, it's that."

Janet looks out the window. They're almost at the Park 'n' Ride, where she left the truck; she wishes she'd used the bathroom in the medical school. There are only gas stations from here on out. She has always been a little scared of public bathrooms—except when she was pregnant with Kevin. Nothing scared her then. She had company.

They say goodbye to Gordie and drive off. A few miles past the beltway, Kevin says, "Could you pull over somewhere?"

Janet drives onto the shoulder, and Kevin climbs down from the truck. As he heads toward the edge of the woods, he keeps stopping, crouching down. It takes her a while to figure out: he's looking for ants. She watches till he's hidden by trees and she can no longer see him.

It seems like a long time till he reappears, and though she tells herself that nothing could have happened, she is beginning to get anxious when she spots his blue baseball cap. Emerging from the woods, he waves at her—a broad, enthusiastic wave, as if from miles away.

—FRANCINE PROSE

•

SUNDAYS

This is Fame: Sundays,
an emptiness
as in Balthus,

cobbled alleys,
sunlit, aureate,
a wall, a brown tower

at the end of a street,
a blue without bells,
like a dead canvas

set in its white
frame, and flowers:
gladioli, lame

gladioli, stone petals
in a vase. The choir's
sky-high praise

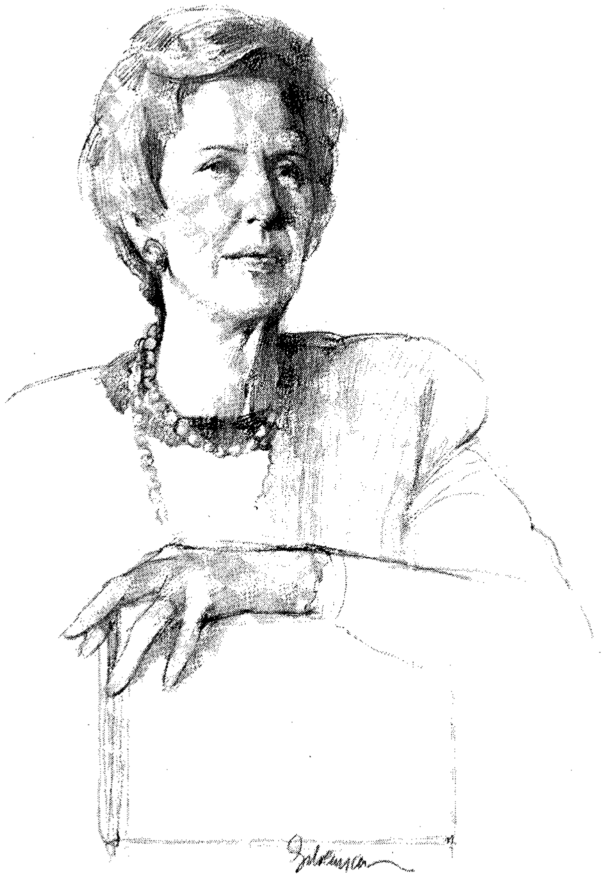
turned off. A book
of prints that turns
by itself. The tick tock

of high heels on a sidewalk.
A crawling clock.
A craving for work.

—DEREK WALCOTT

PROFILES

STAGE PICTURES



Rosamond Bernier

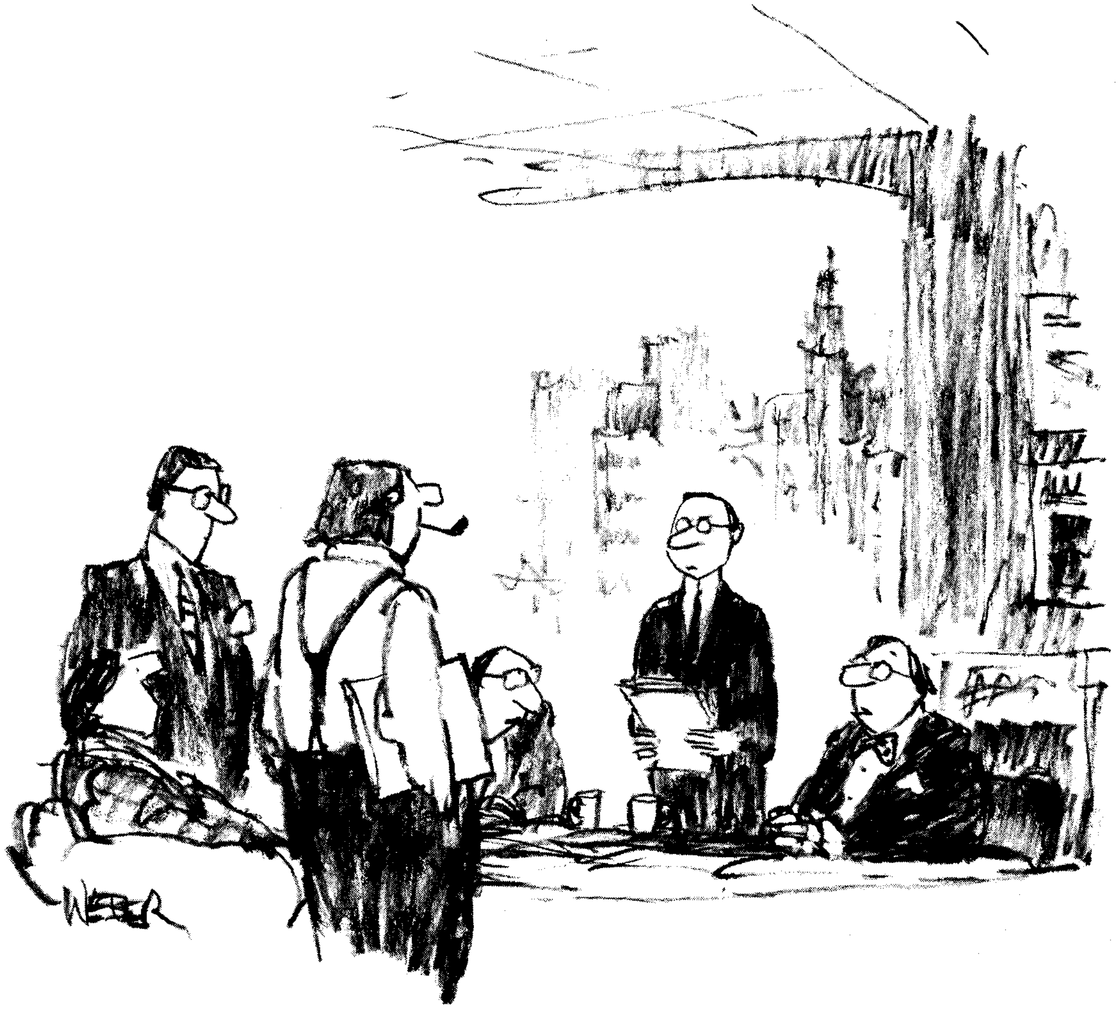
ON the dot of eight, she walks out briskly from the wings to center stage, a slender woman in a stunning long gown. Her gracious smile acknowledges the applause without prolonging it, and a moment later she is *in medias res:* "Édouard Manet was out. He hadn't been able to let his daily visitor know that he would be a little late. But a tea had been left for him, in plain sight. There was a fortune on the other side of that front door, but there was no need to worry that anybody was going to walk off with that fortune in 1876. It might be worth an enormous treasure now, but that year, once again, the jurors of the Salon turned down what is the pride of great museums and great collectors today."

Rosamond Bernier has the lecturer's equivalent of perfect pitch. Forty or fifty times a year, she sails into her subject for the evening with a confidence and brio that rule out any possibility of boredom. When she talks about Manet, Mallarmé (Manet's daily visitor), and the Impressionists, it sounds as though she had known them well. When she talks about Picasso, Matisse, Miró, and the other twentieth-century masters whom she did know well, the details are piquant but never breathless. She mixes anecdote, history, gossip, wit, and aesthetics in finely calibrated measure, being careful neither to talk down to her listeners nor to tax them unduly with ponderous thoughts. Now and then, she may offer them a little nudge, saying, "You'll remember that Necker, the Finance Minister under Louis XVI, was the father of Mme. de Staël, whom we see in this portrait by Vigée-Lebrun," after which she will go on to discuss Mme. de Staël's phenomenal activities in her house at 102 Rue du Bac, in Paris—which happens also to be the house where, a century later, Rosamond Bernier herself lived. But her tone is never didactic. We all know about these matters, she seems to imply, but here is something that interests me a lot which you may not recall. Her lectures are really conversations—intimate chats about artists, their friends, their society, and their work. She has transformed one of the more dubious events of our time—the art lecture illustrated with slides—into something scintillating and, so far, unique to her: a performance, a star turn.

Her annual lectures at the Metropolitan Museum of Art are sold out six months in advance. A year ago, a benefit gala for the Met's Concerts and Lectures Series featured Rosamond Bernier talking about the collections of the princes of Liechtenstein, at a hundred dollars a ticket; that sold out months in advance, too. The National Gallery, in Washington, D.C., the Minneapolis Institute of Arts, the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, and many other well-known institutions invite her back year after year, and she receives many more invitations than she can accept from corporate, educational, and social bodies as far afield as Flint, Michigan, and Yakima, Washington. For this backbreaking lecture schedule she is well rewarded. She doesn't open her mouth these days, as she puts it, for less than five thousand dollars (except at the Met, which pays her much less). The summer before last, the DeBeers Corporation asked her to speak at an awards banquet, in Westchester County, at a time when she was already overbooked and about to leave for Europe. She didn't really want to do it, so she named a figure nearly double her usual fee. The DeBeers people agreed instantly, and then told her that they wanted only a half-hour talk instead of an hour. She adapted her prepared one-hour lecture on jewels and art to a half-hour talk about diamonds and art, and appeared at the Rye Town Hilton an hour before she was scheduled to go on. Rosamond Bernier needs a period of complete solitude before she talks, to review her material and to sharpen her concentration, but the most private place that could be found for her at the hotel was a corner of the ladies' room. Cocktails were being served outside, and there was a good deal of traffic around her corner. "Don't worry, dearie," one corporate wife told her. "They're all sloshed—nobody will hear a word you say." The real diamonds that her sponsors insisted she wear during the lecture were about a fifth the size of the fake stones she uses for her regular "jewels" lecture (bought for twenty dollars in a tiny shop in Valencia, Spain, that specializes in making tiaras for the local beauties), but, with her customary aplomb, she pinned them on. In spite of these handicaps, her talk, delivered during dinner, was so mesmerizing that the sound of flatware on china ceased entirely after five minutes, and she received a standing ovation afterward from the several hundred assembled diners.

Rosamond Bernier speaks without notes. Usually, she memorizes her opening and closing remarks, but everything in between is more or less ad lib, and keyed to the slides. She uses two projectors, so that there are always two images visible when she talks, and the rapid progression of slides—as many as two hundred and forty during an hour's talk, each one carefully selected to show some particular and often quite novel aspect of her subject—sets the pace of the lecture. She bowls along at a tremendous clip, barely pausing for laughs. Her voice is remarkable—the enunciation so clear that not a syllable goes astray, the accent unplaceable but definitely upper class, with reserves of British heartiness when discussing, for example, Mme. de Staël's erotic prowess. There is a quality of animation in her voice which keeps audiences alert. Life is great, the message reads, and even when it's not so great there are these people, artists and others, who make it seem better—or, at least, more surprising—for the rest of us. Surprise is one of the keys to her *métier*. Speaking of Miró, she reports that when he was eighty-six he said to her, "I draw a great deal these days, and I feel more and more violent." She refers to her old friend Max Ernst's "ability to take a paradox and brandish it like a cat-o'-nine-tails." Her delight in the unexpected and the unpredictable is contagious; her listeners keep wondering what this fragile creature in the Grès or the Oscar de la Renta or the Zandra Rhodes dress is really like. After one of her early lectures at the Met, a friend of hers overheard a woman in the audience say, "Well, she's obviously slept with Léger. I wonder what she'll have to say next week about Braque." (Her response to this was "I never slept with any of them, worse luck.") She is simultaneously ethereal and earthy, colloquial and scholarly, droll and serious. "I just project my thoughts up there, and it seems to work," she tells me, somewhat disingenuously. What she projects, with great finesse, is pure theatre.

She receives many letters from women who say they have drawn hope from her example. The story of her great misfortune—divorced by her husband, the journalist Georges Bernier, after twenty years of marriage, suddenly cut off from everything that mattered to her: Paris apartment, country house and garden, and, worst of all, the magazine *L'Œil*, which they had founded and edited together, and into which she had poured her energy and imagination for fifteen years—and of her miraculous comeback into a new career, as a lecturer, and a new marriage, to a man who had loved her secretly for ages, has been repeated in so many feature articles by now that most of her listeners know it by heart. It is the stuff of romantic fiction, but it is also largely true, and any number of women who have suffered similar misfortunes tell her that she is their role model. Feminists admire her for having taken charge of her own life in middle age, for not becoming a victim, and they do not hold it against her that her new marriage, to John Russell, the chief art critic for the *Times*, has been such a happy one. She and Russell had known one another since 1956, when she got him to write the first of many articles for *L'Œil*—he was working then for the London *Sunday Times*. They have a small apartment in New York, which was her pied-à-terre when she was living in Paris and coming over frequently on business; they also rent a house in Connecticut, where they both do most of their writing. Four years ago, she became editor-at-large for *House & Garden*—a job that involves developing ideas for articles and picture layouts, and lending her highly trained eye to the visual makeup of the entire magazine. Sometimes her two careers coalesce; for example, two visits to Liechtenstein served as the basis for an article in *House & Garden* as well as for the benefit lecture at the Met. As a rule, though, the new job just means additional work—more travel, more hours spent digging up new material and new slides, more use of past experience and present curiosity. Luckily, she loves to travel, remembers in detail most of the places she has ever been and the things she has seen there, and is by nature insatiably curious. "I love to learn," she told me. "That's probably my fifty-per-cent-Jewish side. It



"Snipes is our in-house Chicken Little, and he says the sky is falling."

"Katharine, I'm going to be completely frank about the film, even though you bought the tickets."

• •

may also help to explain why I married Bernier—he liked to teach me things."

ALL this effervescent *joie de vivre* makes it hard to believe that Rosamond Bernier was prostrated for nearly two years by the breakup of her marriage. She readily admits that she spent most of that time crying. Philip Johnson, the architect, could hardly believe it. "How anybody that *up* could be so down was beyond me," he said. "I always knew she was a winner, and that she'd be a success at anything she tried." The friend who pulled her out of that depression was Michael Mahoney, an art historian, whom she had met at a country house in the South of France ten years earlier, and who had become, like so many people she meets, an immediate friend for life. Mahoney had just left his job as a curator at the National Gallery in Washington to become head of the fine-arts department at Trinity College in Hartford. That summer—the summer of 1969—he and a friend of his and Rosamond were sitting on a beach at the Lido, in Venice, and someone else asked "one of those terrible questions that make you cringe," as Mahoney puts it. The question was "What is Surrealism?" While Mahoney pretended to be asleep, "Rosamond launched into this bright, brittle, obviously firsthand account of the movement, and I thought, *I must remember this.*" He did remember it a few months later, and without telling her what he was up to he booked Rosamond Bernier for a series of fourteen lectures on modern art at Trinity College. Unbelieving at first, then terrified, she pulled herself together and did it. For seven weeks in 1970, she lectured to the Trinity students twice a week, giving them a conversational history of the modern movement. She showed slides, and she carried a stack of note cards to help her remember titles and dates (it wasn't long before she found she could do without the cards), but she had no prepared scripts. All the qualities that have made her so successful were there in the first lecture, according to Mahoney: enthusiasm for her subject, well-told anecdotes, succinct descriptions, perfect timing, a riveting stage presence. "It was a little embarrassing," Mahoney recalls. "The students wondered why the rest of us didn't lecture like that."

Another friend, Dominique de Menil, who ran the fine-arts program at Rice University, in Houston, heard about the Trinity College lectures and invited Rosamond to lecture at Rice. She spent a month there, staying in John and Dominique de Menil's guesthouse and lecturing twice a week. The de Menils had a magnificent art library, which she used extensively. The Rice graduate students made slides of all the art works Rosamond wanted to show—this became the nucleus of her voluminous slide collection. More and more people began coming to her lectures: students, faculty, and the public—so many that another room was provided for the overflow, with closed-circuit TV and duplicate slides. Roberto Rossellini, the Italian film director, who was also staying with the de Menils then, came up to her after the first lecture and said, "You've got it." The essential thing, he meant—theatrical magic.

The Metropolitan Museum was next—four lectures in the fall of 1971, on Matisse, Picasso, Miró, and Ernst. "Paris: Four Masters," as this series was called, became the backbone of a repertoire that by now includes thirty-four separate lectures. She varies the artists so as to keep from boring herself, substituting Henry Moore, Giacometti, Léger, or Gris for one of the original big four. Leonard and Felicia Bernstein gave a party for her after the first Met lecture. "If they hadn't, I don't think anyone would have come," Rosamond says. "The auditorium was two-thirds empty as it was." (What she may not have known then was that the auditorium was hardly ever more than two-thirds full for art lectures.) Michael Mahoney was on hand backstage, to lend support and to oversee the lighting. At Trinity College, Mahoney had arranged for a pinpoint spotlight to be on her while she lectured; he realized that if she spoke in the dark, as lecturers usually did when they were projecting slides,

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something important would be lost. This was theatre, he told her. The stage picture was more important than the slides. By her fourth lecture at the Met, the seven-hundred-seat Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium was full, as it has been for her lectures there ever since.

In the spring of 1972, she gave four lectures at the Grand Palais in Paris. It was a fierce rite of passage, lecturing in French in the city that had been her home for twenty-two years, with her divorce pending in a French court. A heavy all-day rain plagued the preparations for her first lecture. She was frantically busy until late that afternoon, checking the sound and projection equipment at the Grand Palais (it was primitive), taking care of a hundred other details, getting thoroughly drenched several times, and when she rushed back to Max and Dorothea Ernst's apartment on the Left Bank, where she was staying, to bathe and get dressed she couldn't get in. The Ernsts were out of town, and their concierge, who had the only key, had gone out and could not be found. Rosamond decided to rise above it. Two hours later, she came out on the stage at the Grand Palais in the beige wool dress she had been wearing all day, and told the audience what had happened. They would simply have to imagine her, she said, in the strawberry-pink cashmere skirt and white chiffon blouse she had intended to wear, with her hair washed and properly set and her makeup in order. The lecture itself, on Matisse, was a triumph. Afterward, Teeny Duchamp, who had once been married to Matisse's son Pierre, came up to her and said, "I thought I heard the old man talking." The novelist Mary McCarthy came to all four lectures, and wrote an appreciation of them in which she said that Rosamond Bernier had brought something new to the art lecture: "A freshness and effervescent gayety that made one feel one was listening to a conversation during which the speaker would interrupt herself from time to time to point to this or that object . . . She was showing us her collection, of experiences, memories of great artists, visual impressions, here a letter, there a family photo, like a generous-spirited owner showing visitors around a marvelous house he lives in." More than one old friend was persuaded that Rosamond's whole life, with its theatrical ups and downs, had been preparing her for what she was now doing so superbly.

OF course, many friends had thought the same thing about her ten years earlier, when she was still married to Bernier. The Berniers occupied two floors in Mme. de Staël's beautiful eighteenth-century house in the Rue du Bac, with a view that stretched from the Invalides to Notre Dame. They gave meticulously planned dinner parties for sixteen or twenty people, in a gray, white, and coral dining room decorated with Tiepolo drawings. The upstairs living room, the room with the view, had no paintings; instead, there were two six-foot-high New Hebrides figures made from tree fern (Giacometti admired them extravagantly), a small Arp sculpture, some Etruscan bronzes, and other objects that changed frequently. The Berniers ran an art gallery on the Rue Séguier, where *L'Œil* had its offices, and important paintings and sculptures came and went. They also had a weekend house in the Château district, between Orléans and Blois, where Peggy—she was called Peggy then, although she used the name Rosamond Bernier in her capacity as co-

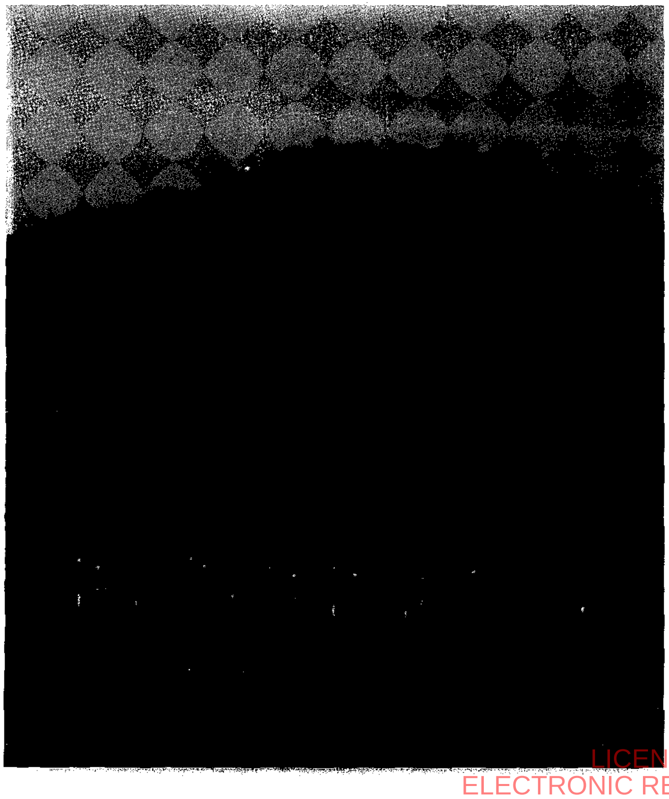
Give us two weeks anc

editor of and frequent contributor to *L'Œil*—had designed and planted a garden that was her greatest pleasure. It was modelled on an early Renaissance garden, with geometrically shaped beds, a fountain, a walled garden, an herb garden, and a picking garden. She spent every weekend working in it. Stephen Spender brought her plants and bushes from Roland Penrose's garden in England, including the rare and ancient species of rose called *Rosa mundi*. "How will you live without your garden?" the old gardener asked when she came there for the last time.

Georges Bernier had been a diplomatic correspondent for French newspapers, but he knew a lot about art, music, and literature, and he had a keen eye for aesthetic quality. He was very good company. Eugene V. Thaw, the art dealer, remembers that when he and his wife, Clare, used to travel around Europe with the Berniers he and Peggy would sit in the back seat of the car and study the maps and guidebooks while Clare Thaw and Georges sat in front gossiping and joking and having a hilarious time. "The Berniers always knew the best places—the châteaus nobody visited, the particular things you should see in provincial museums," he told me. Later, when the Berniers went into business with Thaw, buying paintings jointly, it became clear that Peggy was the effective partner. She was the one who tracked down the works of art and negotiated with the owners. She got a Cézanne watercolor of the Mont Sainte-Victoire from the widow of the dealer Paul Guillaume (she eventually sold it to David Rockefeller), and a Tiepolo from Philippe de Rothschild, who was married to Peggy's great friend Pauline Fairfax-Potter, a Baltimore woman who had once been a top fashion designer for Hattie Carnegie. Over the years, she bought a number of fine early Picassos from Roland Penrose, who was a great friend of hers and of Picasso's. In public, however, she was perfectly content to let Bernier have the spotlight. Truman Capote, who knew them slightly, said once that he never heard her say anything but "Yes, Georges."

The Berniers shared many interests, starting with *L'Œil*. For a number of years, *L'Œil* was the most interesting art monthly anywhere. There was nothing like it in France at the time, or in America, either. Its motto was "*Tous les arts, tous les pays, tous les temps*," but the emphasis leaned slightly toward twentieth-century European art and artists, presented in highly imaginative ways. The Berniers' original aim had been a magazine that would be serious, readable, and relatively inexpensive—a magazine for the intelligent general reader. They started it on a shoestring, with minimal financing and no staff, in two small rooms on the Rue des Saints-Pères. There was no dummy issue, no market test, no dry run. The first issue simply appeared, on January 15, 1955, carrying an article by Douglas Cooper on "La Grande Parade," Léger's last major painting; a piece on Giacometti by James Lord; and—Rosamond's dash of the unexpected—a study by Charles Terrasse, curator of the Château de Fontainebleau, of the then little-known sixteenth-century École de Fontainebleau.

For the first two years, the Berniers and a part-time secretary did all the work themselves. Rosamond had persuaded the Lausanne printer who did the Skira art books to install a special offset press for them; *L'Œil* was printed there, but the Berniers handled



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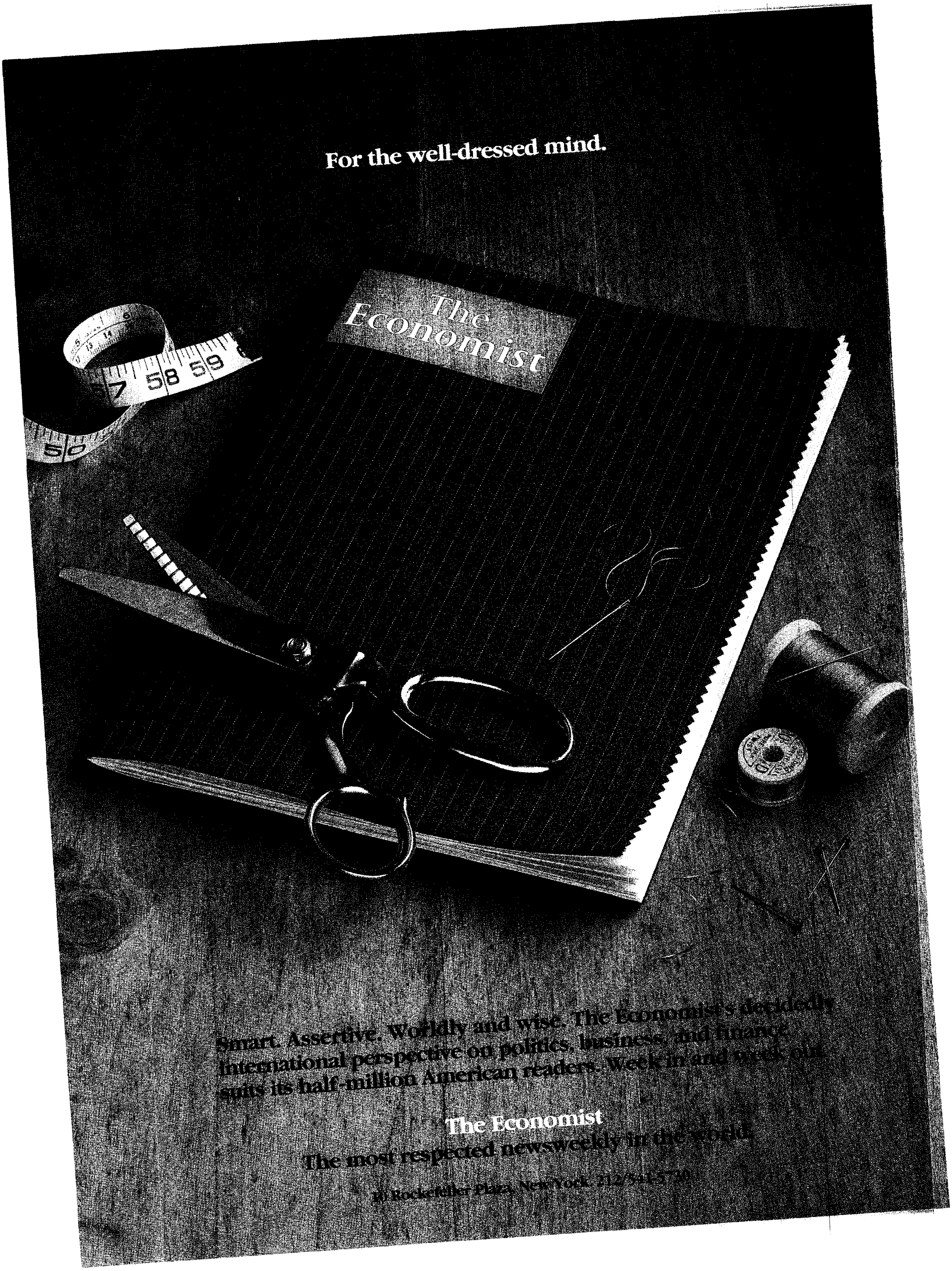

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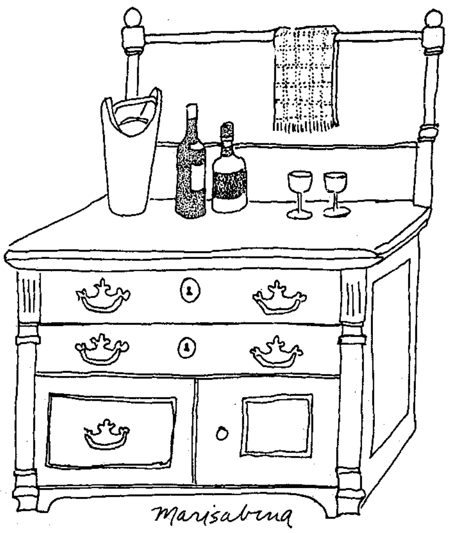
everything else. Some of their artist friends undertook to help. On the day the first issue came out, Léger went around to eleven Paris newsstands asking for it. If a dealer hadn't heard of *L'Œil*, he made a great fuss and said, "Get it! I'll be back." Picasso was photographed reading the magazine, and let them use the photographs for publicity. Rosamond wrote so many of the articles in the early issues that she took to using different names to sign them. Often she would do the interviewing and reporting for an article that someone else then wrote. From the start, though, the Berniers were able to commission pieces by writers they admired—Cyril Connolly, John Russell, Roland Penrose, Michel Seuphor, Janet Flanner—and illustrate them with photographs by Brassai, Inge Morath, Robert Doisneau, and other first-rate photographers. The magazine found its audience very quickly. Although the circulation never exceeded fifty thousand copies, it became must reading for the international art world in Paris, London, and New York, and its success led to a dozen collections of *L'Œil* articles in book form and several other art books, all issued under the imprint of G. and R. Bernier.

L'Œil was very much a joint effort, but there is no doubt that its success flowed in large measure from Rosamond's friendships with the leading artists of the School of Paris. Picasso dug up for her, and let her publish, a group of drawings he had made some time earlier, after Albrecht Altdorfer's "The Burial of Saint Sebastian." He also sent her to Barcelona for a story about some early paintings of his that were in his sister's house there—nobody else even knew about them. While she was in Barcelona on that trip, Miró took her and the architect José-Luis Sert to see Gaudí's amazing Park Güell, which was featured in a subsequent *L'Œil* article by Sert.

Rosamond had met most of her artist friends during her first years in Paris, in the late forties. Arriving in 1946 as European features editor of *Vogue*—a job she originated—she must have seemed, in drab postwar Paris, like a breath of spring. She was extremely pretty, with fine red-gold hair and a radiant complexion. Alexander Liberman, *Vogue's* art director then (he is now the editorial director of Condé Nast), remembers that her apparent self-confidence went hand in hand with a great timidity. "She was the way some people are who are timid," he said, "in that she could also be very daring. She was gay and humorous, as she is now, but there was also a great earnestness about her. She would look you right in the eye and make you take her seriously."

One day in the spring of 1947, Albert Skira, the Swiss art-book publisher, whom she had met while working on a *Vogue* story, took her to Picasso's studio on the Rue des Grands-Augustins. Skira had warned her not to wear a hat and not to ask for anything, but when Picasso made his appearance in the large upstairs atelier, where numerous people (all men) were waiting to see him, he noticed her and came over to be introduced. She spoke to him in Spanish, a language in which she is fluent. Delighted, he took her aside and began showing her things: a set of illustrations he had just done for Louis Aragon's translation of Petrarch; a copy of Matisse's black-and-white illustrations for a book by Tristan Tzara, to which Picasso had wickedly added some color. Their friendship was immediate and lasting. Two months later, Picasso invited her down to visit him in Antibes, where he was working on a series of large paintings of nymphs, centaurs, fauns, and mermaids—his first postwar paintings, which few people had seen, and which celebrated his new love affair with Françoise Gilot. When some of these Antibes pictures were reproduced soon afterward in *Vogue*, it was big news throughout the art world.

She met Matisse for the first time on that trip to visit Picasso. A friend had arranged for her to call on Matisse in Vence, where he had moved to escape the Allied bombings of Nice toward the end of the war. Her taxi-driver got lost, and she arrived an hour late—at one o'clock instead of at noon. Both Matisse and Lydia Delectorskaya, the woman who lived with him, were extremely cross about this, but they let her come in, whereupon Matisse said peremptorily, "Before we go any further, Madame, let me point out that you owe me thirty-eight dollars." Shortly before the war, he said, *Vogue* had published a work of his without paying for the rights. Horribly embarrassed, Rosamond was obliged to say that she did not have that much cash with her. "A check will do," said the master. She did not have a check. Matisse went out of the room and brought back one of his own. He had to show her how to make it out; she had never written a check in French before. While she was doing so, she noticed that Matisse was looking at her fountain pen, a new Parker that she had brought from New York. She asked him if he would like to try it, and when he seemed to like the way it wrote she said he must keep it. "*Un instant*," he said, grumpy as ever. He walked out again, and came back with his own pen. "I'll keep it on condition that you keep mine," he said. "So then I knew the ice was broken," she told me. She saw Matisse a number of times after that. He was unfailingly cordial, and he remembered the color of the dress she had worn at each of their meetings. When he was working on the designs for the Chapelle du Rosaire in Vence, she was the first journalist invited to see them.



Miró, who mistrusted journalists and usually refused to be interviewed, would talk to her for hours at a time. Max Ernst, Giacometti, Léger, even Braque—taciturn, reclusive Braque—opened up to her and became her friends. It was not hard to see why. She was very pretty, very intelligent, and obviously very much interested in what they were doing. She spoke fluent, idiomatic French. In addition, she had a real gift for friendship—a spontaneous generosity of spirit that often extended itself to relative strangers. When the duo pianists Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale, whom she had met only once or twice, came to Paris for their first European concert, in 1949, the Berniers gave a cocktail party for them a week or so before the concert, and Rosamond saw to it that everyone who counted in Paris musical circles was there. As a result, a large and highly receptive audience came to the concert, and that gave a great boost to their subsequent European career.

From the moment she arrived in Paris, Rosamond seems to have sought out and befriended the people who would later figure prominently in her lectures. She called on Nadia Boulanger, the legendary teacher of concert musicians, and she got to know Julie Manet, the elderly daughter of Berthe Morisot, the painter who had been Manet's great friend and frequent model. (Morisot married Eugène Manet, the painter's brother.) She visited the Russian émigré painters Natalya Goncharova and Mikhail Larionov, who were living in extreme poverty in a tiny Left Bank apartment, and who talked to her at length about Diaghilev and the early days of the Constructivist movement in Russia. Paul Eluard, Jean-Paul Sartre, Simone de Beauvoir, and most of the Parisian intellectuals; Cyril Connolly, Dylan Thomas, Stephen Spender in England—the list of her famous friends is endless, although at the time she met them many were not yet famous. She led a tremendously active, interesting life, and she loved every minute of the life—the dinner parties, the friends, the garden, and, especially, the magazine. And then, on the day before Christmas, 1968, when she was in New York on business, Bernier flew in from Paris and said that he was leaving her. She was never allowed to set foot in the *L'Œil* office again.

A SURLY fellow has interrupted this narrative, to ask tasteless questions. Did Mme. Bernier have any friends who were not famous? What about her brief career as a television interviewer, which looked for a time, in the nineteen-seventies, as though it might blossom even more lavishly than her career as a lecturer? Hadn't it come a cropper because of a feeling that her personality, as it came through on the tube, seemed a trifle stagy? The fellow seems inclined to answer his own questions, and in a manner that will infuriate a host of Mme. Bernier's friends. I have told him to shut up.

LET us go back a few decades—to another life, in another country. She is Peggy Riley at this point—Mrs. Lewis A. Riley, of Acapulco. She speaks fluent Spanish, which she has taught herself mainly by translating "The Boston Cook Book" for the Mexican woman who tends her kitchen. As a result, the Rileys have, by North American standards, virtually the only decent food in Acapulco. This seaside village has not yet become a famous resort. There is only one hotel, and if you want to dance you go to the local whorehouse, which has the only band. The first time the Rileys went there, a man was shot dead because he took someone else's beer.

Peggy fell in love with Mexico when she was still a student at Sarah Lawrence. At the end of her sophomore year, the art historian René d'Harnoncourt and his wife took a group of students down during the summer vacation, and Peggy liked the country so much that she vowed to get back somehow. The opportunity presented itself almost immediately. Lewis A. Riley, a young man she had met there (born in New York, he had inherited some money and put it into land development in Acapulco), showed up at Sarah Lawrence a couple of months later and asked her to marry him. He was twenty-one, she was nineteen. She said yes. "I just dropped everything, in the middle of the school year. I never even took my things from my room at college. We were married in the garden of my father's house in Philadelphia, and off we went to Europe for six months." Riley was very good-looking. He played the guitar, spoke Spanish like a Mexican, flew his own airplane, and sailed his own boat. For a year or so, they had a wonderful time together. They built a house in Acapulco, and Peggy, who had never been allowed pets as a child, collected a menagerie of local fauna—ocelots, coatimundis, parrots, macaws, foxes, all tame and running around the house and grounds. *Norteamericanos* who visited Acapulco were usually invited to the Rileys' for dinner. Errol Flynn came, and Bette Davis. The novelist Malcolm Lowry lived with them for a month.

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The marriage deteriorated, but Lew and Peggy stayed on friendly terms. Later, he married Yvonne de Heekeren, a Belgian girl who soon divorced him and moved to France, where she eventually married Sir Charles Mendl, the English diplomat, dilettante, and party-giver. Peggy was living in Paris by that time, and whenever she and Yvonne saw each other Yvonne would ask, "Any news of our husband?" Riley's third marriage was to Dolores del Rio, and it lasted a long time—as one of his friends remarked, it was like marrying the Mexican flag. Peggy stayed on in Mexico for a year after the split, living in the Acapulco house. She got interested in archeology, and went on a dig in the region sponsored by the American Museum of Natural History. She had every intention of returning to Mexico after a visit to New York in 1945, but while she was there three different *Vogue* editors offered her a job. The one that interested her was as assistant features editor, under Allene Talmey, but Edna Woolman Chase, the editor-in-chief, would not let Talmey have her. "I know a fashion editor when I see one," said Mrs. Chase, when Peggy tried to explain to her that she knew nothing about fashion. Peggy meekly acquiesced. She never went back to Mexico. Her younger sister, Heather, who was staying there, closed the Acapulco house and forwarded her belongings.

"I got no training whatsoever at *Vogue*," she remembers. "I was simply thrown in as an assistant to the fashion editor. And I was terrified of those women with their hats and veils and rhinestone jewelry at nine o'clock in the morning." After a few months, she was sent to cover the Paris collections (it was the second postwar showing in Paris), together with the photographer Horst and *Vogue's* top fashion illustrator, Eric. With the daring that concealed her timidity, she asked to be allowed to spend a month in Paris after the showings, so that she could see what was going on there in music, theatre, and the other arts, and Mrs. Chase agreed. Peggy stayed at the Crillon, one of the few hotels open in February, 1946. There was no public transportation to speak of, and very little heat in the buildings. She was very happy to be there. But when she went back to New York at the end of the month she told Mrs. Chase that she was quitting. Mrs. Chase wouldn't hear of it. Ira Patcevitch, the magazine's business manager, suggested that she become *Vogue's* European features editor. The magazine had never had one, he said, but they would try it and see. And so in October, 1946, she went back to Paris, and she stayed for the next twenty-two years.

BACK further still, this picture: A very young girl in a silk dress, with long white stockings and black patent-leather shoes, crossing the Atlantic on the Royal Mail Lines ship Orduna. She is eleven years old, and is travelling by herself. At the last minute, her French governess got sick and couldn't come, so her father made an arrangement with the purser and sent her off alone. She is returning after the Christmas holidays to her English boarding school, the Sherborne School for Girls, in Dorset. She hates the school, but crossing alone on the Orduna is an adventure. She has a big stateroom with three beds, and each night she sleeps in a different bed. She can order cold tongue, her favorite dish, at lunch and dinner. And in the evening she can gamble. They play a horse-race game in the main saloon, and so far she has won more than her allowance for the entire year.

Being by herself is hardly a new experience. At home, in Philadelphia, she was educated by English and French governesses—Sherborne is the first school she has attended. Her brother Hugh, two years younger than Peggy, died when she was six. "We were in England," she remembers, "my mother and Hugh and I, and Hugh suddenly got ill. My mother, who was very religious, said we must pray for Hugh, which I did, but he died. And then two years later my mother got cancer, and I prayed for her, but she died. So I decided that God wasn't interested in me. At age eight, I thought, I'm on my own."

Samuel R. Rosenbaum, her father, was a distant and rather forbidding presence. The eldest son of highly orthodox Hungarian Jews who had come to this country before he was born, he was a lawyer, an intellectual, and a very cultivated man whose main interest was in music. Eventually, he became a vice-president and member of the board of the Philadelphia Orchestra. In 1948, he settled the strike that had completely paralyzed broadcast music in America: it was Rosenbaum who came up with the formula under which the networks agreed to pay a royalty each time they broadcast a song written by a member of the musicians' union, and it was Rosenbaum who was put in charge of seeing that the formula was carried out. He had an office in New York, but he never wanted to sleep away from his large and comfortable house in the Germantown section of Philadelphia, so he commuted two days a week by train. Often he used the time he spent commuting to learn new languages. Already adept in French, German, Italian, and Spanish, he taught himself Russian and Hungarian. Rosenbaum knew all the famous conductors and concert soloists of his day. They dined at his house when they came to perform with the Philadelphia Orchestra, and many of them stayed overnight. Peggy remembers watching Otto Klemperer and his wife throw butter balls at each other across the table. Eugene Ormandy spent a whole summer in the house. He had been offered

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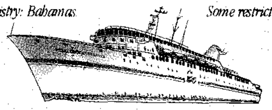

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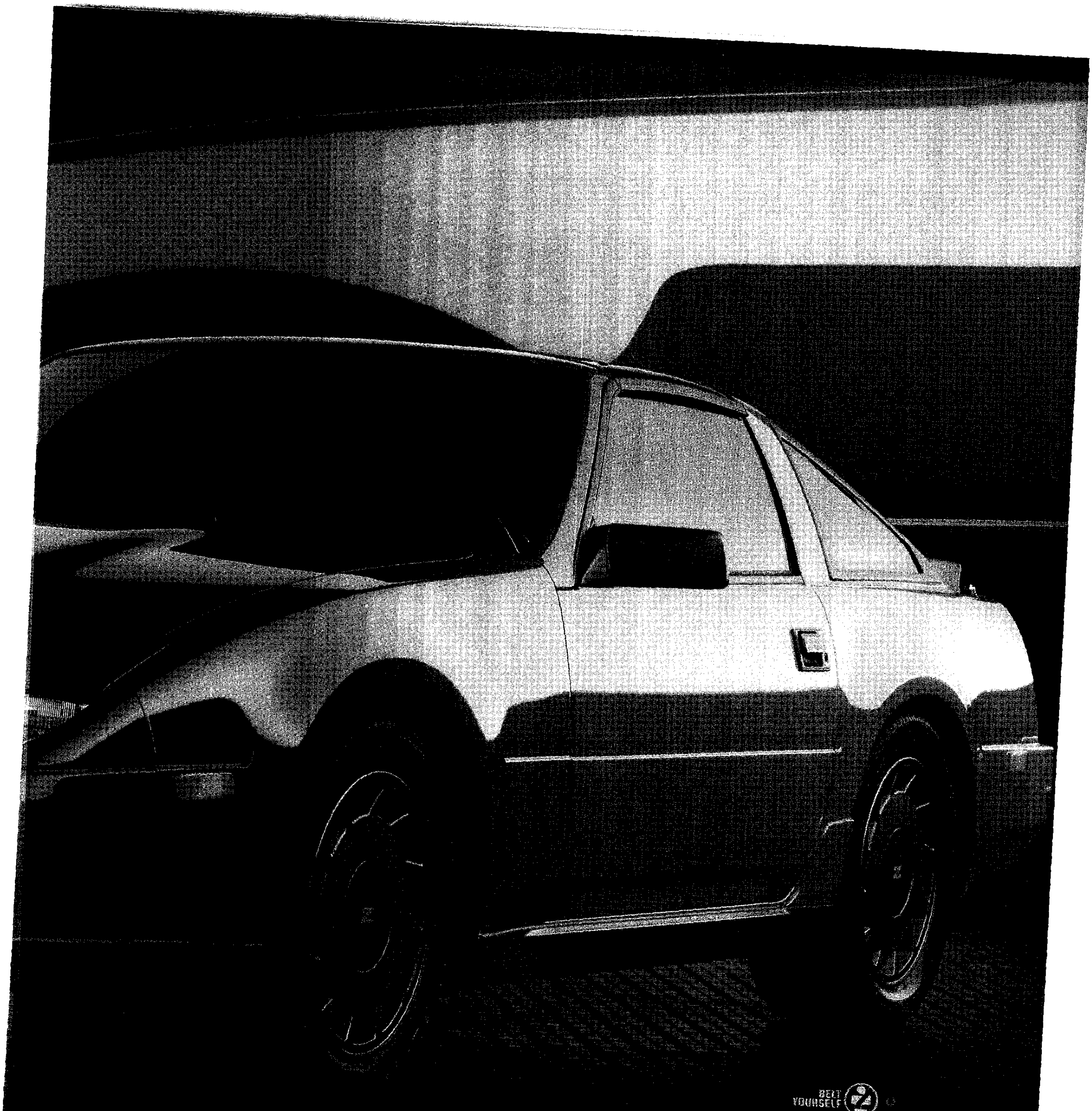

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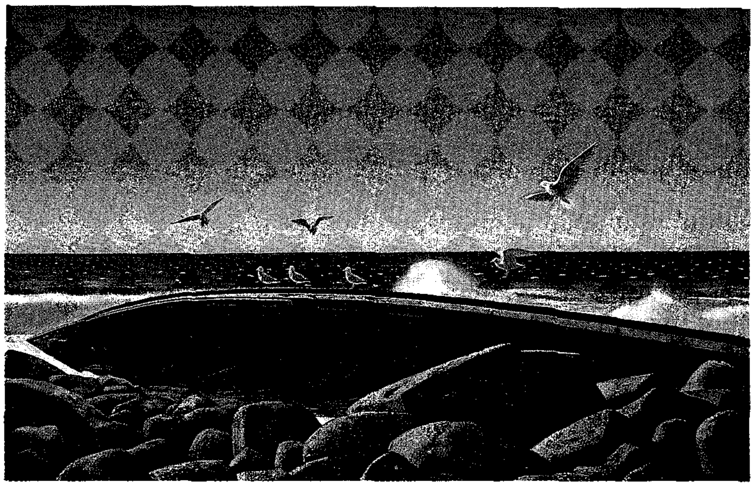

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the sleeping porch as a bedroom—it was the coolest room in the house—but he couldn't stand it; he said the birds woke him up singing out of tune.

It was Peggy's mother who wanted her to go to Sherborne. Her mother was English. She had gone to an American college—a Catholic college in New Rochelle, although her own family was Church of England—and while she was there she had met Samuel Rosenbaum, of Philadelphia, who fell in love with her. His parents never forgave him for marrying outside his faith. They read him out of the family—read the Prayer of the Dead, and did not speak to him for many years. Peggy barely knew her Jewish grandparents. "But my mother's English family received my father with open arms," she says, "and he loved everything English. He went to the Inns of Court, he became an expert on English law. We had English nannies when we were growing up, and English cooks—awful food, of course. It was a totally English setup, in a lovely eighteenth-century house with a twenty-acre garden in Germantown, and I was brought up like a little English girl, with riding lessons and all that. But my mother never really got used to this country. So when she was alive we shuttled back and forth to England a lot.

"I suppose I'd been registered at the Sherborne School since birth. And my father had absolutely worshipped my mother, so he wouldn't have gone against anything she wanted. Anyway, off I went at the age of ten. It was very rigorous, and quite terrifying. I was always doing the wrong thing without meaning to. I had long hair, and I didn't know how to braid it correctly, because the governess had always done that. The only silver lining was that I'd come home to America twice a year, for the Christmas holidays and the summer holidays. At school, I very sensibly didn't eat, because the food was so appalling, so I got thinner and thinner. I was continually running a fever. They would put me in the infirmary, but because it didn't turn into chicken pox or measles they'd send me right out again. When I came back for Christmas during my third year there, my father took one look at me and had me X-rayed, and it turned out I had tuberculosis. Which was a great relief, because then I didn't have to go back to school. I was in bed for a long time, being fed lots of milk and eggs—this was before streptomycin. My father had a very good library, and I just read all the time, all sorts of things, without any taste or direction."

She also studied the harp. At that time, the harp was a popular instrument among young women of good families, and through her father's connections in the music world she took private lessons from Carlos Salzedo, the world's leading harp teacher, who taught at the Curtis Institute of Music, in Philadelphia. The particular connection in this case was Edna Phillips, the harpist of the Philadelphia Orchestra, who had recently become the second Mrs. Samuel Rosenbaum. Although Peggy may not have been especially talented musically, she practiced the harp with diligence, and at the age of sixteen, her convalescence nearly complete, she was invited to play in one of the Youth Concerts of the Philadelphia Orchestra, conducted by Leopold Stokowski. "As a publicity stunt, they had some kids playing in those concerts," she told me, "and I think I was the only harpist they could find who was the right age." Talented or not, she made quite an impression on Stokowski. He invited her back to play in more than a dozen Youth Concerts, and he gave her a number of gifts—jewelry and luggage, for the most part, inscribed with a monogram that he had designed himself. On the night she was going with her father to hear him conduct "Der Rosenkavalier," Stokowski had insisted that she come to his apartment beforehand. Her father waited in the car, having warned her that if she wasn't downstairs in ten minutes he was coming up, but there was no need for that. The maestro simply wanted to give her one perfect rose, to hold during the performance. (A snorting sound indicates the return of the surly fellow. I send him packing.)

NO doubt about it, the name Rosamond suits her much better than Peggy. She was christened Rosamond Margaret, and was called Peggy to avoid being confused with her mother, whose name was also Rosamond. She always disliked the name Peggy. But her old friends found it very difficult to make the changeover when she insisted on it, after the divorce from Bernier. And in some sense she *is* a Peggy. Alexander Liberman, remembering how she struck people when she first came to work for *Vogue*, said the impression she gave was not so much aristocratic as openhearted; she was "a good sport." Aaron Copland, whom she met on her first trip to Mexico (her father had given her an introduction to Carlos Chávez, and Chávez had invited her to a rehearsal at which Copland was playing one of his compositions with the Mexican symphony orchestra)—Copland, who for years and years has been one of her closest and most beloved confidants—wrote to a friend of his just before her marriage to Lew Riley, "My Peggy has gotten herself engaged—the only girl I could have married. *This* will confuse the biographers!" Peggy sounds right for certain aspects of her personality, but not, perhaps, for the essential ones. "As for Rosamond," John Russell writes to me (we have talked the day before, and he has this thought to add), "I wanted to say that her quality, universally and always effective, is that she makes people think she is having a wonderful time *because of them*, and that she alone has brought them completely to life. I see this every day."

Her father apparently did not see it. "He seemed utterly baffled by small children," she recalls. "There was absolutely no show of affection, ever—no hugs or kisses or anything like that. He wanted me to be grown up. He did take me abroad after Mother died, though. That was my first look at France, and my first taste of French food, which I can still remember. I remember things like *tomates farcies*, with French mayonnaise, and raspberries with *crème fraîche*. Delicious! I have what the French call *la mémoire du ventre*." She also remembers having black-currant ice at the Waldorf-Astoria, with her father, just before he put her on board the Orduna to go back to her English boarding school.

An eleven-year-old girl, very thin, with long red-gold hair, crossing alone on the Orduna. Each night, after dinner, she goes to the main lounge, in her silk dress and black patent-leather pumps, and gambles on the horse race. Everyone notices her. People gather to watch her play. She keeps winning and winning and winning.

—CALVIN TOMKINS

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"I found people are happy with the Constitution," Schjoth said. "After 200 years, it is still working effectively."

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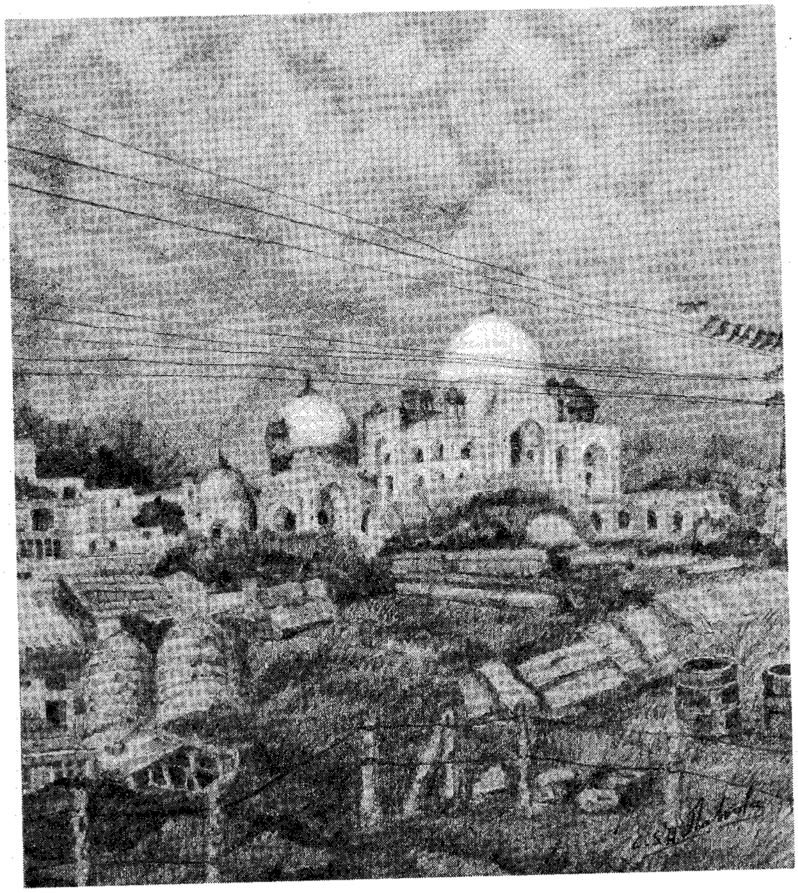


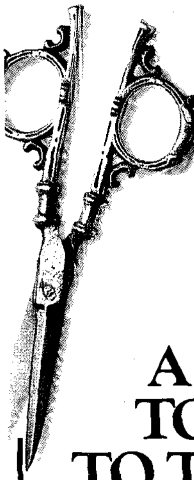
As my wife and I are getting ready to go to bed in our hotel room in New Delhi, the telephone rings. I pick it up. There's no one at the other end. I put it down, and it immediately rings again. I pick it up, but again there is no one there. Whenever I visit India, it seems, my life gets taken over by the telephone. Our baby daughter, whom my wife is nursing on the bed, starts to cry. The telephone rings repeatedly, but no one ever seems to be at the other end. I suddenly become aware that there is a continuous ringing of telephones all around—in the hall outside, in the adjacent rooms. I remove our telephone from its cradle and try to ignore the ringing elsewhere. It occurs to me that the continuous ringing may be the hotel switchboard's sophisticated way of announcing that it is out of order. Our telephone certainly looks high tech; in addition to the regular Touch-tone buttons it has an extra set, labelled A, B, C, D.

My wife, who has quieted the baby, begins looking through the directory of hotel services for a number to call to report the telephone problem. There seems to be a number for practically anything anyone would want—Beer, Breakfast, Churches, Doctor, Drinking Water, Electricity, Hospitality, Ice, Lost & Found, Packed Lunches & Dinners, Photographer, Safe-Deposit Lockers, Sewing Kit, Shoeshine Service—but there's nothing for Telephone Repair. Then she reads out this bit from the directory: "Please bear with us for a not-too-efficient Delhi city telephone service. All international calls are routed through Bombay, so connecting your call may take some time."

Eventually, the telephones stop ringing, and we're able to go to sleep. During our stay in New Delhi, the hotel telephones start ringing of their own accord every so often. The hotel management blames the Indian telephone equipment for this. We find the ringing unsettling, rather as the old people in Muriel Spark's novel "Memento Mori" get rattled because an anonymous caller rings them up at all hours and says, "Remember you must die." By coincidence, we are soon exposed to another telephone drama, this one enacted on a national scale.

One day soon after our arrival, in August, the front pages of the national English-language dailies carried such headlines as "P. C. SETHI GOES BERSERK" and "PHONE STRIKE AS SETHI 'ABUSES' OPERATORS." The Sethi episode quickly came to dominate not only the news but also casual conversation, for it gave people a new excuse to attack the political establishment, the telephone service, and the Army. It seems, from the newspaper accounts, that on the night of August 21st, at 11:05 P.M., an "urgent" telephone call, which has priority over pending "ordinary" calls, was placed from New Delhi to Bombay as a "V.I.P. booking," which has priority over other "urgent" calls. It was booked from the government residence of Prakash Chand Sethi, a Member of Parliament for the ruling Congress (or Congress Indira) Party and a former Minister of Home Affairs—an office second in importance only to that of Prime Minister. The night operator who handled the call said she reported back that there was no reply at the Bombay number. She said she had tried the call again five minutes later, as is customary with "urgent V.I.P. bookings," and had again reported back that there was no reply. A few minutes later, a new, "lightning" call, which has priority over all "urgent" calls, was placed as a "V.I.P. booking," from the Sethi residence to the same Bombay number. The night operator said that when she called back a third time to say that there was still no reply she spoke to Sethi himself. It seems that Sethi didn't believe that she had ever tried his call. According to her, he told her that he was coming down to the telephone exchange to "settle scores" with her; abused her in obscene language; and said he knew that girls like her could be had for five rupees, as if to say that she was cheaper than the cost of his call to Bombay. "I was hurt at what he was saying," the operator later told the Delhi *Sunday Mail*. "But what could I do? After all, it was a V.I.P. booking."

At around one-thirty in the morning, Sethi, who is sixty-six years old and the father of six children, arrived at the Delhi central telephone exchange carrying an automatic pistol. He was accompanied by one of his sons-in-law and by two bodyguards toting Sten guns. He forced his way past the security staff, stormed up to the ninth floor, where the night operators work, roundly abused all and sundry, and confronted the operator who had handled his call. "Mr. Sethi . . . abused me in front of my colleagues," the operator told the *Statesman*. "He was dead drunk and blew the smoke from his cigar at my face several times. He also brandished a pistol and threat-



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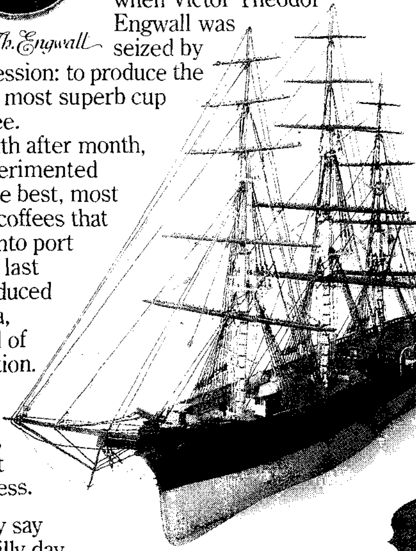

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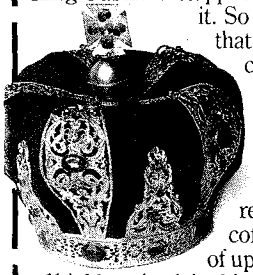

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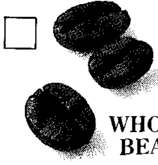
☐ 
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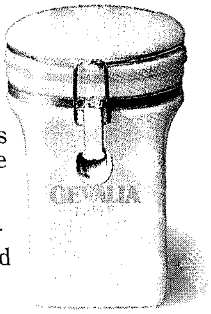

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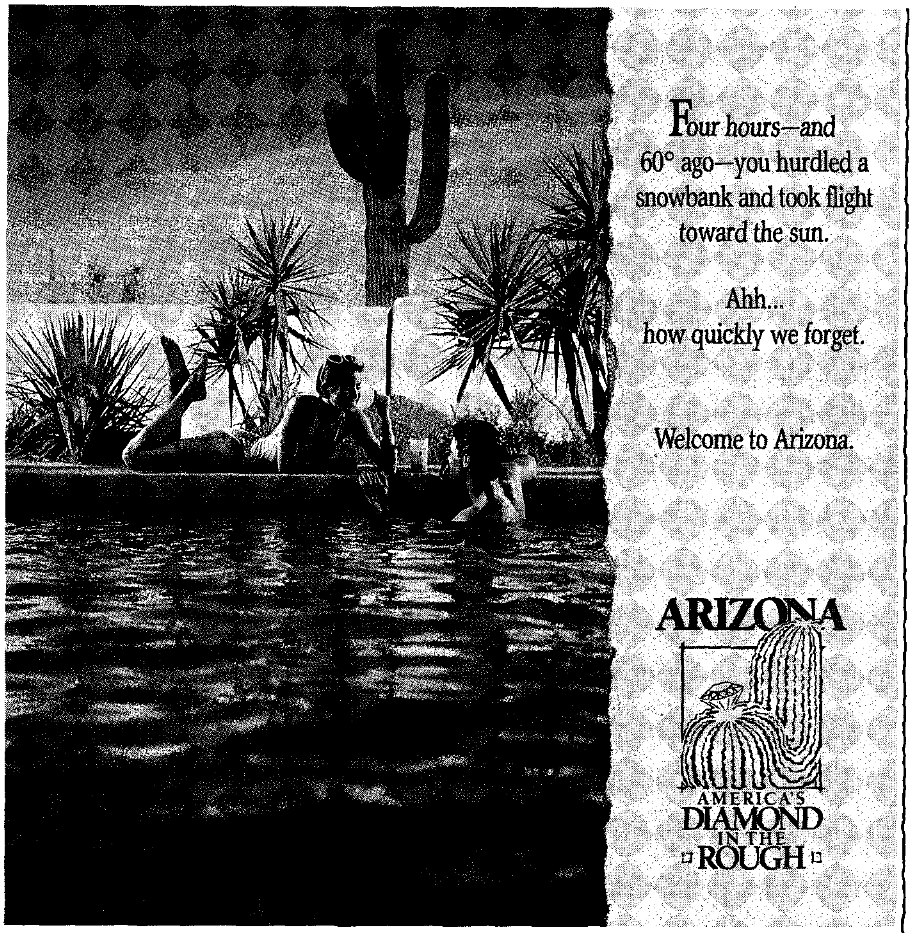
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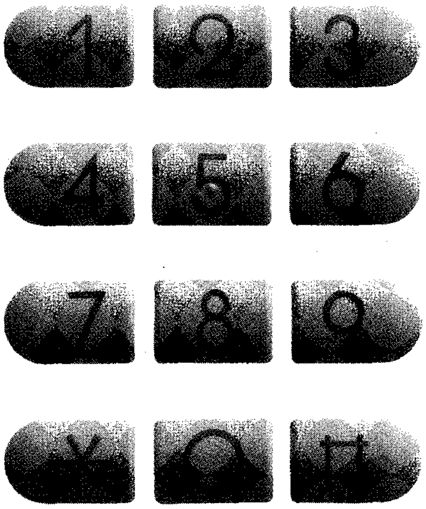
ened that he would kidnap me. When some of my colleagues came to my rescue he lay flat on the floor pretending to be innocent." Around the same time, he apparently got into a scuffle with a male supervisor and with another man, who had summoned the police. There was pandemonium at the exchange. The women operators jumped up onto the tables and squatted there, shouting for Sethi's arrest. The telephone workers called for a strike.

When the police arrived, they found Sethi lying on the floor with his pistol beside him and apparently carried him out of the building. In due course, three formal charges were lodged against him: assault to deter a public servant from performing his duty; trespassing in order to commit an offense punishable with imprisonment; and insult with intent to provoke a breach of the peace. They didn't, however, arrest him. It was immediately said that the charges were pro forma —that because of his high position nothing would ever come of them. In any event, Sethi gave the press a totally different account of what had happened.

According to Sethi, he had been trying to get through to a relative in Bombay for at least two and a half hours before the time reported in the newspapers, and he claimed that it was impossible that the Bombay relative would not have answered the ring, since that person must have been at home and his telephone was by his pillow. It was in order to examine the various reference tickets for his call—to establish for himself that the operator had not done what she said she'd done—that he had gone down to the exchange. He said that he was carrying a pistol and had armed bodyguards with him only because government regulations advised such precautions for people on the "hit list" of Sikh extremists, as he claimed he was. At the exchange, he had been set upon by the women operators. "It was they who abused me," he told the press. "These women formed a ring around me. I was pushed by their union secretary. I even fell down." He told the *Sunday Mail* that at no point had he been drunk or abused the night operators, adding, "If I wanted to . . . misbehave with women I know where I have to go. I wouldn't wander into a restricted [exchange] area." He told the *Statesman*, "I have not talked to [the] Prime Minister's house about this. Why should I bother him with this?" He all but threatened to dismiss the police commissioner and his deputy in the event that he became Home Affairs Minister again, and charged that "the whole episode has been manipulated to malign me in public." Indeed, in the press accounts he sounded unrepentant, saying that the operators were "fat, lazy ladies, every single one of them." (It happens that for years now there has been direct dialling between Delhi and Bombay, so Sethi could have avoided going through the operator altogether, but then he would have got no priority, though he might have got his call through.)

Sethi was not without his sympathizers. On the heels of his escapade, the *Indian Express* published an account of one New Delhi subscriber's frustrating experience with Indian telephones. One evening, at around 6 P.M., he found that his telephone had gone dead. He cursed, and called Complaints from a neighbor's house. The operator noted down his number and his address, and gave him a "ticket number." The next morning, at nine-thirty, his telephone was still dead. He called Complaints again, and was given three different numbers at which to try to ring the supervisor. He got no reply when he called the first two numbers but reached the supervisor at the third. The supervisor said that he would remind the repairmen. At 1:30 P.M., the telephone was still dead. The subscriber tried the three numbers for the supervisor again but now got no reply from any of them. When he did eventually get through to one of the numbers, he had to give the particulars to the supervisor all over again. This time, however, the subscriber pretended to be a high city official. The repairmen came immediately, traced the trouble to a squirrel's having chewed through wires in the junction box, and got his telephone working. The moral of the story seemed to be that if the subscriber had not used the ruse about his identity he might have been without a telephone not for twenty hours or so but for days.

"Why blame Mr. P. C. Sethi?" another telephone subscriber, this time from Calcutta, wrote to the *Telegraph*. "How many of your readers will swear, hand on heart, that they are not inclined to do the same to every telephone department functionary, minister downwards? It's just that it takes a former Union Home Minister to throw circumspection to the winds and act." And the New Delhi correspon-



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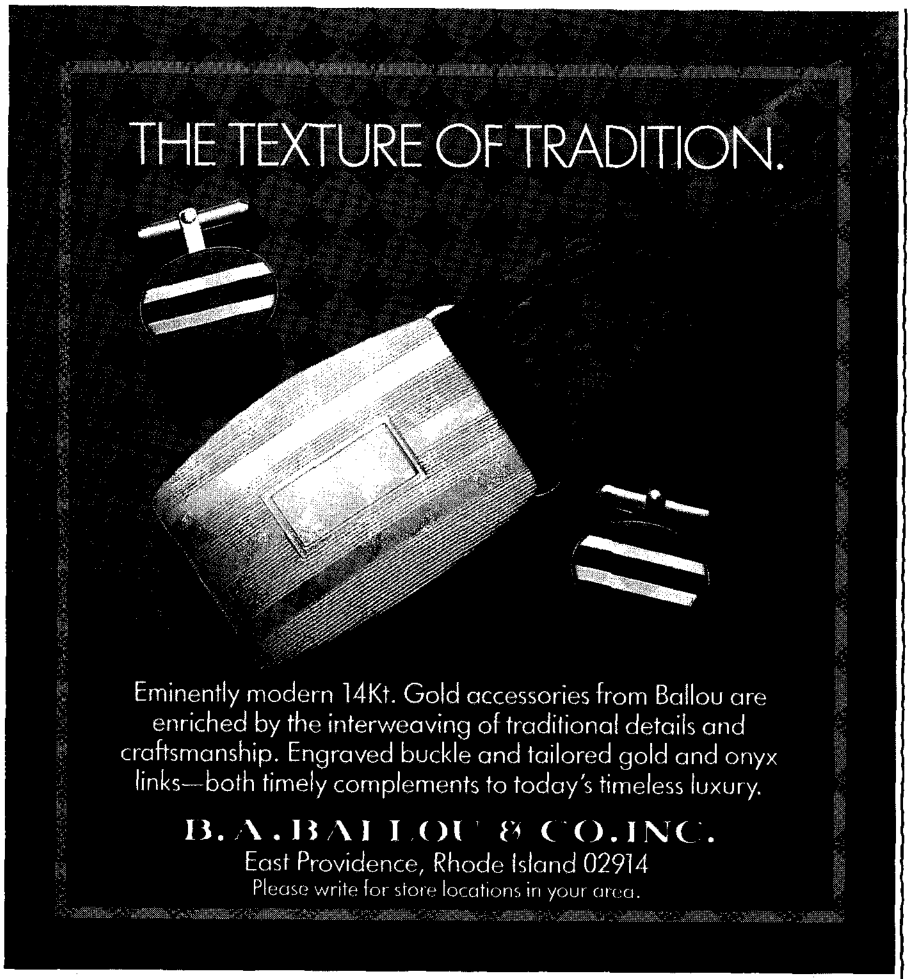
dent for the London *Times*, Michael Hamlyn, wrote in his paper, "Anyone who has dealt with the women of the central exchange will have a sneaking sympathy for Mr. P. C. Sethi." He went on to explain to his readers, "Communications are one of the most frustrating aspects of living and working in India. . . . The attitude of the exchange staff does not help. It is often off-hand, uncomprehending, and mulish. Horror stories abound, and many subscribers have felt like taking a pistol down to the exchange and sorting them out."

A friend of mine in Delhi used to say, "Telephones here look like the real thing until one tries to use them." Often, one finds it impossible to get a dial tone. If one does, the telephone may ring busy at the dialling of just the first digit of the number. It's so difficult to complete a call that some offices employ people whose only job is to keep dialling numbers. If one does succeed in completing a call, it may be only to reach a wrong number. If one reaches the right number, telephone conversation may be drowned out by cross talk or bursts of static, or the telephone may simply go dead. During the heavy monsoon rains, telephones in whole areas remain out of commission for days. There are other anomalies. Overseas calls are routed through the Indian space satellite, but local calls rely on equipment some of which is fifty or more years old. Consequently, a call to London may be put through within a couple of hours, but a call to Bombay may take a couple of days. Both the telephone service and the production of telephone equipment are in the public sector, and although the government has tried to modernize the system, its attempts have mostly misfired. (In the seventies, it bought new switching equipment, but by the time the equipment was installed it was outmoded.) The government has also tried to loosen its hold on the system by issuing licenses to local private manufacturers and by holding talks with foreign delegations interested in supplying materials to the Indian telephone industry. But these efforts, too, have bogged down—in disputes over how much telephone equipment should be imported, and what proportion of the manufacturing of equipment in India the government should turn over to private enterprise. On top of everything else, the telephone bureaucracy is notorious for being cumbersome, for widespread absenteeism, and for corruption. Bribes



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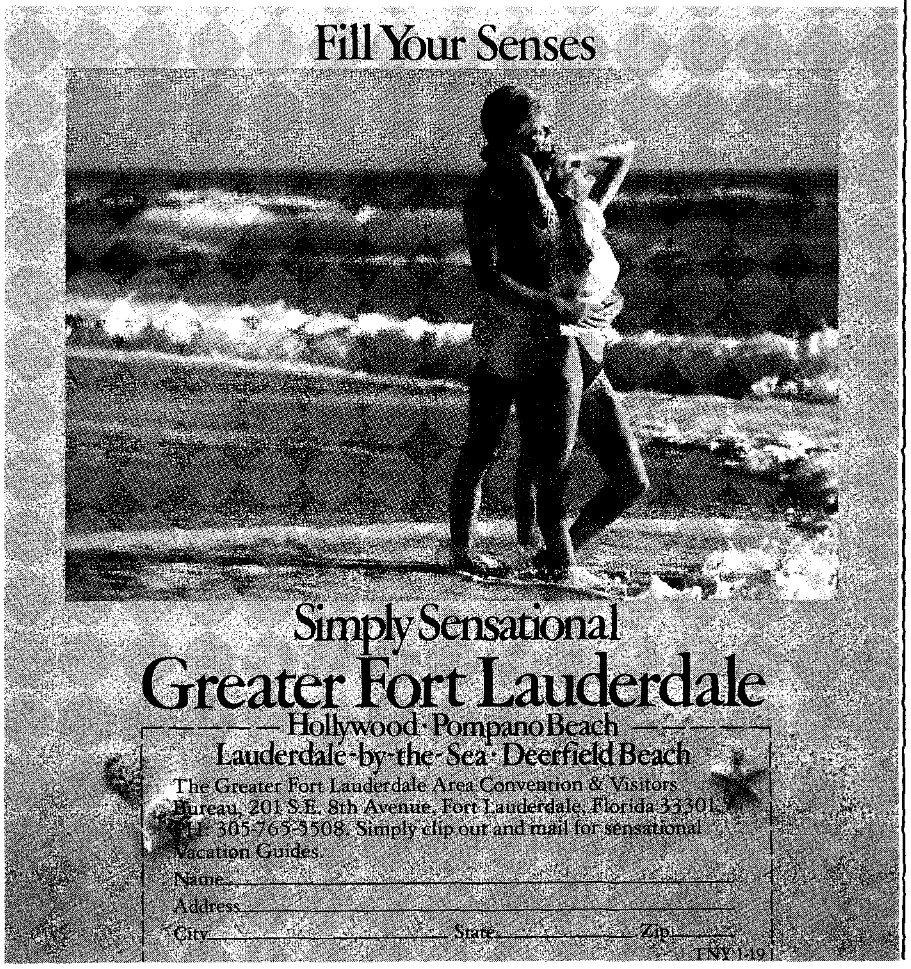

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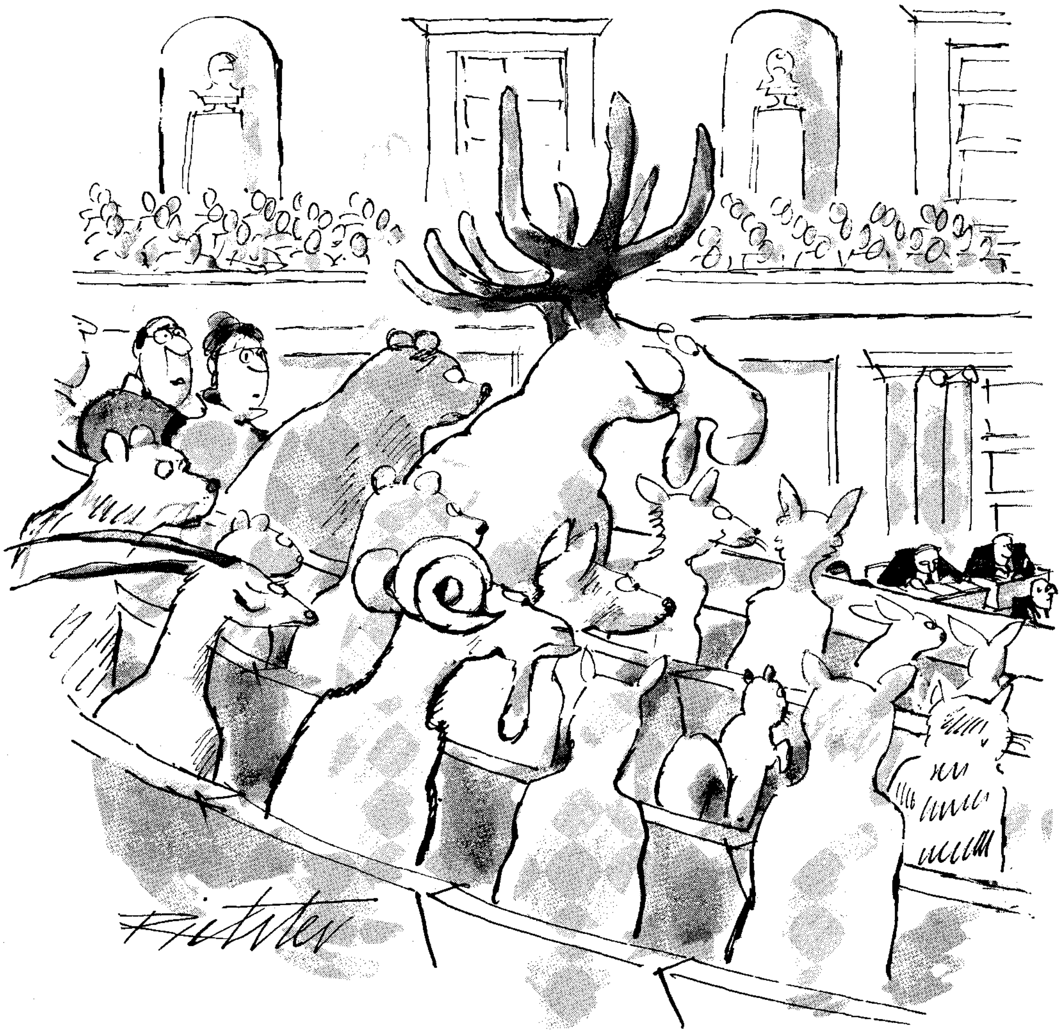
routinely have to be paid to get a telephone repaired; without official priority it generally takes five years to get a telephone. The government has committed itself to spending three billion two hundred million dollars between now and 1990 to upgrade the system, but the funds are probably not enough even to maintain it. The truth may be that in the country's scale of priorities telephones have to be near the bottom. There are three million telephones in the entire country and a million would-be subscribers on the waiting list. The people with telephones, of course, are the people with power and money, but they constitute less than half of one per cent of the population.

"I thought I had everything covered, but now she wants four-wheel drive."

WHATEVER the state of the telephone system as a whole, and whatever the truth about Sethi's particular experience with it, on the day of his escapade the workers at the exchange, who included three thousand women, wrecked some of the telephone equipment, went out on strike, and picketed the exchange, cutting New Delhi off from the rest of the country and from the rest of the world. They demanded Sethi's arrest and also better security and better working conditions. Leaders of the opposition parties and of organizations like the All-India Democratic Women's Association expressed their solidarity with the strikers and clamored for a high-level inquiry into the whole episode.

Sethi's escapade embarrassed the ruling party and the government of Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi. Sethi had been a loyal Congress politician, holding important posts almost continuously since 1962, in the governments of Prime Ministers Jawaharlal Nehru, Lal Bahadur Shastri, and Indira Gandhi. (Sethi was one of the few ministers in Mrs. Gandhi's Cabinet whom Rajiv had not appointed to a high office when he succeeded his mother, in 1984.) He had sat in Parliament for a total of twenty-one years, and, in addition to his job as Minister for Home Affairs, he had served in the Cabinet as Minister for Chemicals and Fertilizers, Minister for Works and Housing and Petroleum and Chemicals, Minister for Railways, and Minister for Planning and Irrigation. He had also been the Chief Minister of his home state of Madhya Pradesh for nearly four years. Now, to save face, Gandhi's government followed a policy toward the strikers which combined intimidation and appeasement. It surrounded the exchange with troops and police, tried to restore a modicum of service with the help of the Army's Corps of Signals operators, and threatened the workers with dismissal; at one point the police charged the pickets. At the same time, the Minister of State for Communications, R. N. Mirdha, met with deputations of strikers and listened to their grievances. Mirdha also made public a letter of apology from Sethi, in which Sethi said that he had been worried about a personal problem and had been distraught at not being able to reach his relative in Bombay; in his anxiety, he had gone to the exchange to try to get his call through, but he had had no intention of insulting or injuring the telephone staff, and was sorry that some "sisters" had felt "hurt" because of his behavior. After three or four days, the strike was broken, amid widespread complaints that the use of the Army at the exchange was yet another example of the government's resorting to military force to settle what were essentially social and political problems. (The spectre of a military coup haunts all poor countries. Political observers here, though,



"Looks as if the clean-air crowd turned out in force."

• •

maintain that the Indian Army is made up of too many diverse groups and interests to organize a coup, and that the country is too large to succumb to military rule.)

In the meantime, Sethi had repudiated the letter of apology almost as soon as it was made public. An emissary from Mirdha, a Mr. Bhajan Lal, had visited him in the middle of the night and "had brought a draft of [the] letter to Mr. Mirdha supposed to [have been] written by me," Sethi said. "I made some changes in the draft, and started writing it out by hand, as there is no typist in my house at night. Mr. Bhajan Lal said he would get the letter typed by someone else, so I put my signature on my blank letterhead on the understanding that my revised draft would be typed on it." He said that in the revised version he had not admitted to having done anything wrong at the exchange but had merely expressed the hope that the troops surrounding the building would be withdrawn, that the strikers would return to work, and that telephone subscribers' "suffering" would be ended.

Sethi's statement, like his account of events on the night of his call to Bombay, was received with considerable skepticism by the press. It was noted, for instance, that he was under doctors' care for depression, and also that his escapade at the exchange was but the latest example of increasingly erratic behavior on his part. The day before, on a visit to the Union Territory of Chandigarh, he had stayed at the official guesthouse and made a public spectacle of himself by standing on the balcony in his underwear in the middle of the night and berating the staff for not providing him with adequate security. Before that, at the festivities at the Red Fort on Independence Day, on August 15th, he had shouted at some security people because he wasn't allowed to sit in the front row, which was reserved for "Very, Very Important Persons." Later that day, he had created a similar rumpus at the President's house by taking a ten-year-old grandniece along to a reception where children were not invited. There he also got into an argument with Rajiv Gandhi when the Prime Minister chastised him for his behavior at the Red Fort.

Many leaders of the ruling party dismissed Sethi's doings as isolated examples of aberrant behavior by an attention-hungry political has-been. But his rough-and-ready style appears to be a hallmark of Indian politicians. It sometimes seems that all too many of the people who survive in politics—as in so many other areas of Indian life—are blustering, aggressive, corrupt types, people who trample on the rights of others. Every day during our stay, it seemed, there were reports of politicians engaging in outrageous behavior and sexual harassment. For instance, the capital was buzzing with the latest revelations about J. B. Patnaik, who had been the Chief Minister of the state of Orissa since 1980. A cover story in *The Illustrated Weekly of India*, datelined May 18-24 and entitled "SHOCKING! THE STRANGE ESCAPADES OF J. B. PATNAIK," detailed Patnaik's alleged "nepotism," "corruption," and "systematic sexual exploitation of vulnerable men and women." In newspapers and drawing rooms, Patnaik's doings were a lively topic of conversation.

A story in the *Times of India* about a women's conference in New Delhi read:

> The incident involving Mr. P. C. Sethi is only the symptom of a malaise which has gripped the higher echelons of society. People in high places, with their money and power, treat human beings as their property and debase the dignity of women especially. . . . Women belonging to multifarious organisations expressed anguish at the fact that in spite of his "indefensible" behaviour, Mr. Sethi had not been arrested. . . . Another disturbing trend was that mostly in the cases involving assault on the dignity of women, political leaders holding high offices were involved and in spite of exposures of their misbehaviour no

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> action was taken by the higher ups, they said. . . .
>
> The meeting also deplored the activities of the chief minister of Orissa, who reportedly exploited women sexually. The speakers demanded the immediate resignation of Mr. Patnaik.
>
> The fact that the Prime Minister had not issued any statement so far on the conduct of Mr. Sethi invited the ire of all women present. It only meant his silent approval, they said.

And women's organizations were by no means alone in deploring immorality in high places. The travails of the Indian political establishment may be only a reflection of the problems of contemporary India, in which a patina of modernity overlays what is essentially a medieval society.

EARLY in 1978, in the town of Indore in Madhya Pradesh, an indigent, unlettered Muslim woman, Shah Bano Begum, filed a claim with the local magistrate against her husband, Mohammed Ahmed Khan, who, she said, had thrown her out of their house. Her application demanded that Khan provide her with a living-maintenance allowance, as required by Indian law. She was about sixty-two years old, had been married to Khan for about forty-six years, and had borne him five children. Then, in November, in the course of the legal controversy between them, Khan announced that he was divorcing her. Subsequently, he contended that since she was no longer his wife the courts had no jurisdiction in the matter—that, as a divorced woman, she was entitled to a maintenance allowance for only three months, as was prescribed by Muslim personal law. (According to the same law, to effect the divorce he was required to do nothing more than to pronounce "I divorce you" three times.) In August, 1979, however, the magistrate decided in favor of Shah Bano, and ordered Khan to pay her a monthly living-maintenance allowance of twenty-five rupees, or about two dollars. (In recent years, the exchange rate has fluctuated between ten and thirteen rupees to the dollar.) Shah Bano appealed the amount of the award, and eventually the high court of the state raised it to 179.20 rupees, or about fifteen dollars. (What the formula was for arriving at this odd figure is presumably known only to legal scholars.) Although Khan was a lawyer and was earning perhaps as much as five thousand rupees a month, he refused to pay and appealed the decision to the Supreme Court. In April, 1985, the court, in Mohammed Ahmed Khan v. Shah Bano Begum and others, ruled in favor of Shah Bano, holding that divorced Muslim women, like other Indian women, were entitled to maintenance. The judges based their opinion primarily on the Criminal Procedure Code of 1898—more specifically, as revised in 1973—and, like the revised code, they set the maximum maintenance a husband would have to pay at five hundred rupees a month, and made payment of any amount conditional on the wife's having no other means of support and on her husband's having sufficient means to pay it. Even so, the opinion touched off a huge religious and political controversy: Were Muslims to be governed by the secular laws of modern India or by the canonical laws of their ancient religion, which were based on Allah's commandments and on words and deeds of Muhammad, of which Muslim personal law was a part? (In theory, at least, the canonical laws were supposed to govern all the political, economic, civil, criminal, ethical, social, and domestic affairs of Muslims.) In other words, were Muslims Indians first or Muslims first? The controversy is still going on.

Muslim clerics, leaders of Muslim organizations, and fundamentalist Muslim politicians attacked the decision as meddling in Muslim personal law, and accused the judges of setting themselves up as interpreters of Islam. The Supreme Court judges had buttressed their arguments with references to the Koran, to Islamic canonical law, and to a host of Islamic scholars, and Supreme Court apologists now pointed out that the defendant's side was the one that had first introduced the religious arguments, and the judges had only responded to them—but the rebuttal was in vain. Some Muslim liberals hailed the decision as a step toward bringing Muslim women into the modern world, but even some of those liberals seemed to speak from both sides of their mouths. For example, a Supreme Court lawyer, Agha Fazal, said, "If maintenance is against the . . . Islamic laws, let our women not ask for it. But if they go to court, then the court is bound to go by the law of the land." G. M. Banatwala, the general secretary of the Indian Union Muslim League, put forward a private member's bill in Parliament to amend the Criminal Procedure Code so as to deny maintenance to divorced Muslim women. When Parliament had originally drafted the revisions to the code, there had been such an outcry from Muslims about a provision in it that gave the courts the right to issue orders for the maintenance of all divorced women that Prime Minister Indira Gandhi's government had added a second—contradictory—provision, to the effect that the courts, in granting maintenance, should first consider whether the woman was receiving the amount due to her from her husband under whatever religious personal law applied to the parties involved. (The provision did not address the question of what would happen if she was.) This contradiction had bedevilled subsequent legal disputes, but in a series of judgments since 1974 the courts had resolved it in favor of a provision giving maintenance to all divorced women. In the Shah Bano case, the Supreme Court was only reaffirming what the courts had held. The Banatwala bill was intended specifically to bar the courts from granting maintenance to Muslim women, and to insure that Muslim women had no right to claim maintenance beyond the prescribed three months.

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Arun Shourie, perhaps the leading newspaperman in the country today (he is now the executive editor of the *Indian Express*), reported in the *Times of India* that in August of 1985—about four months after the Supreme Court's ruling—Arif Muhammad Khan, a Muslim and a junior minister, ran into Rajiv Gandhi at a reception and told him that he would like to speak on the Banatwala bill. Gandhi said no, since he, Khan, would only be repeating what other proponents of the bill would be saying. Khan said that, on the contrary, he wanted to speak against the bill, because he was convinced that asking a husband to support an indigent divorced woman was in accord with the spirit of the Koran and Islamic canonical law. Gandhi walked away to talk to other guests but later returned and said that he approved the idea of Khan's speaking on the bill. Khan apparently interpreted this to mean that Gandhi's government would oppose the Banatwala bill.

Shourie's account, which apparently was based on what Khan told him, continued. When, a couple of weeks later, Khan made his speech on the floor of Parliament, he received a letter of congratulation from Gandhi himself. Subsequently, Gandhi praised him in the Cabinet, saying that one could find many liberals in the Muslim community, but seldom did one come across a man of such courage. Then, however, it became clear that in the state of Assam, where an election was about to be held, Congress Indira candidates were losing Muslim support, partly because of the Shah Bano judgment, and also because of an accord that Gandhi had signed with Assam student leaders. The accord was intended to disfranchise or expel the predominantly Muslim refugees who had been pouring into the state from East Pakistan—and from Bangladesh—since 1961. In the middle of the Assam campaign, another junior minister, Z. R. Ansari, made a speech in Parliament denouncing the Shah Bano judgment and the Supreme Court as well. Khan apparently felt that the speech could have been made only with Gandhi's approval, and that the rug had been pulled out from under him. He had second thoughts when he was told that Gandhi had personally substituted his name for that of another minister to accompany Gandhi on a trip he was making to Oman. (Indian politics have acquired all the trappings of a royal court.) In the course of the trip, Khan was led to believe that Ansari's speech was only a bit of campaign propaganda for consumption in Assam. But then, in December of 1985, Congress Indira was routed there.

All along, Muslim leaders had been spreading the word that the Shah Bano judgment made every Muslim in the Indian Union insecure. (Of India's population of about seven hundred and fifty million, about eighty million are Muslims.) In one city, nearly a hundred thousand Muslims demonstrated against the Shah Bano judgment. In another city, a mob of ten thousand Muslims stoned some fellow-Muslims who advocated religious reform. Here the All-India Muslim Personal Law Board announced plans to set up religious courts; there other Muslim organizations met to plan their strategy. The atmosphere became so highly charged that Shah Bano herself petitioned the Supreme Court to rescind the judgment. Gandhi was shaken. Muslim voters had been one of his family's most dependable constituencies during the more than thirty years that his grandfather, his mother, and he had ruled India, since Independence, in 1947. At one point, Gandhi asked four influential journalists, including Shourie, to meet privately with him and his ministers to discuss the Banatwala bill. In describing the meeting to me, Shourie said, "The ministers were telling Rajiv in front of us that in India religious law had always been sacrosanct and the government had never interfered with the practices of the personal law of any religion. Rajiv seemed to believe them. I said, 'Sir, your ministers are lying to you. They are bowing to political expediency. The British never hesitated to interfere with religious law when it conflicted with their civil or criminal law.' I cited Lord William Bentinck's famous abolition of suttee in 1829. I quoted other examples going back a hundred years, mentioning the fact that Muslim criminal law had been replaced by the Indian Penal Code of 1860, not to mention the Criminal Procedure Code. I told Rajiv that, similarly, Hindu practices had been curtailed by laws like the Caste Disabilities Removal Act of 1850. I brought up acts like the Married Women's Property Act of 1874 which, one by one, had extended the reach of the modern, secular state. The ministers looked very embarrassed. Their faces got red, and Rajiv didn't seem to know what to do or say. But it was clear to me that Rajiv had succumbed to the hysteria whipped up by Muslim fundamentalists and to fear of the consequences of losing the vote in Assam. I came away feeling that he was well-meaning but didn't have the experience or the background to deal with the duplicitous ministers. Nor did he have a lot of advisers. As far as anyone knows, he's had only two close advisers, Arun Nehru and Arun Singh, and one is a cousin and the other a school chum."

In late February of 1986, Gandhi's government introduced the Muslim Women's (Protection of Rights on Divorce) bill, which superseded the Banatwala bill. It put the responsibility for supporting indigent divorced women not on their husbands but on their parents and other relatives, and on *wakfs*, or Muslim charitable trusts. In introducing the bill, the Law Minister said that it had been consistent government policy to defer to the leaders of a community in matters pertaining to its interests. Arif Muhammad Khan immediately sent in his resignation. Arun Singh, Arun Nehru, and Gandhi, in turn, tried to prevail upon him to retract it, for the sake of Party unity, but he refused, feeling that the bill was inimical both to the progressive elements of his religion and to the secular principles of the Party and the country; indeed, he felt that the bill put India behind many Muslim countries, which in recent years had been modernizing Muslim personal law.

Gandhi's bill, which became law in May, was seen as a terrible blunder all around. For example, even the Muslims dismissed as impractical the idea of *wakfs'* supporting indigent divorced women. In the Muslim tradition, a believer can create a *wakf* for charitable purposes, but he can retain its profits for his own subsistence, and also for the subsistence of his descendants and relatives, as long as his family line continues. Although there are perhaps a hundred thousand *wakfs* in India, and each state has a governmental *wakf* board to oversee those within its boundaries, the system has been so misused that a governmental commission that looked into it reported, in 1976, "With the lowering of the general standards of morality and integrity in all sections of society, the increasing tempo of materialism, and dilution of spiritual values, the number of black sheep among the [*wakf* managers] has naturally grown enormously during the past few decades." (Many of the same Muslims who were saying that the government shouldn't meddle with Muslim personal law are now clamoring for the government to clean up the *wakfs* and the *wakf* boards.)

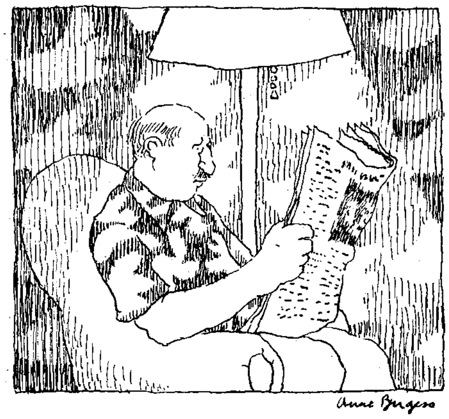
The bill seems to have turned a civil

issue into explosive material for religious strife. Everywhere there are signs of a Hindu backlash against the bill, of anti-Muslim feeling, and of a resurgence of Hindu fundamentalism, whose adherents would like to turn the secular Indian state into an out-and-out Hindu state. Gandhi's own grandfather, Nehru, was responsible for the Hindu Code bills, in the nineteen-fifties, which reformed many of the old Hindu practices. For instance, Hindus had discriminated against women, while the Constitution guaranteed equal rights for men and women. In one of the bills—which was intensely resisted by Hindu traditionalists—Hindu daughters, who had been barred from inheriting ancestral property, were put on an equal footing with Hindu sons in matters of inheritance. The fact that Hindu practices were reformed despite widespread Hindu opposition had since colored Hindu attitudes toward Muslim personal law. Some Hindu fundamentalists have all along charged that behind the defense of Muslim personal law is a Muslim scheme to encourage the practice of polygamy and produce more children, in order to raise the proportion of Muslims in the country. Ominously, the Muslim-women's bill may have given a signal to the Sikhs that they can fight for a Sikh personal law. It has been said that Gandhi may have set the stage for the eventual destruction of the secular state, which his grandfather and his mother labored so mightily to guard and nurture. But then they grew up under the shadow of Partition and were haunted by the threat of religious war. At the time of Partition, Rajiv was just three years old.

WHEN Rajiv Gandhi came to office, after his mother's assassination, in October, 1984, one of the clouds in his political sky was that he had inherited, not earned, his position. He swiftly and boldly called a general election, in which he ran as "Mr. Clean," a powerful symbol in a society mired in political corruption and poverty. In the campaign, he was sometimes portrayed holding a broom, the broom being associated with the ancient institution of Untouchability and with the sweepers who for thousands of years have swept up human filth and muck. He garnered the greatest electoral victory for the Congress Party since Independence, receiving for the party a greater number of votes than his mother or his grandfather ever did. It left no doubt that he had been given a national mandate.

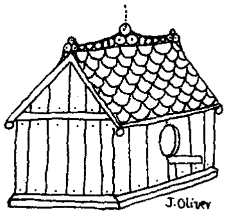
From the very beginning, Gandhi seemed to be interested in new departures. Unlike his predecessors, he seemed to believe that rapid economic development was a matter not merely of devising good socialist programs but of improving the management of the programs and of creating a more hospitable atmosphere for private industry. Over the years, he must have heard from many of his boarding-school friends who had gone into private business how socialist-inspired government controls made private industry inefficient; he himself had been a pilot for fourteen years with Indian Airlines, the government-owned domestic air carrier, which was notorious for its inefficiencies. Whereas his mother had tried to advance the economy mostly by means of Soviet-style planning, he seemed determined to get faster results by using the technological achievements of the West. Whereas during much of her rule she, in the service of socialist principles, had tightened governmental controls—she had nationalized banks, abolished the privy purses of the princes, taken over the coal mines, and tried to guarantee prices for farmers and establish a nationwide distribution system for grain—he set about loosening the controls. And in contrast to his mother's aggressive public-relations style his had a certain softness. His youthful looks and aristocratic bearing attracted national and international publicity. (In photographs of international conferences, such as the Commonwealth conferences, he stood out among the Asian and African leaders almost like an Englishman, and the photographs were reprinted widely in India.) Above all, he abandoned his mother's policy of confrontation and emphasized reconciliation.

The problem of the Sikhs, perhaps his mother's worst legacy, is a case in point. In Mrs. Gandhi's last three years, the Sikh extremists in Punjab, many of whom are fundamentalists, had been fighting a sort of guerrilla war, in order to try to establish there a theocratic Sikh government, or even a separate Sikh nation. Ten million of the country's fourteen million Sikhs live in Punjab, but so do some seven million Hindus. Sikh extremists began to murder Hindus and burn their houses and shops, and then take refuge in Sikh temples, where they could be sure of not being pursued. A majority of the officials and police in the state were Sikhs, and the Punjab government was not able to control the violence. In any case, moderate Sikhs everywhere, torn between loyalty to their religion and a wish to live and work in a secular state in which they enjoyed all the rights of the majority, did not denounce the extremists or dissociate themselves from them. (Their silence has remained a lasting grievance among the Hindus.) Mrs. Gandhi allowed the Punjab situation to deteriorate, and finally, in October of 1983, she dismissed the state government and put the state under the authority of the central government—something she was constitutionally permitted to do when a state government could not maintain law and order. Then, in June, 1984, she launched Operation Blue Star, sending troops into the holiest of the Sikh shrines, the Golden Temple, in Amritsar. Some of the most prominent Sikh extremists had taken sanctuary there, turning it into a virtual military fortress. In the attack, some of the temple buildings were extensively damaged, and more than a thousand Sikhs died, including the popular leader Jarnail Singh Bhindranwale. The attack had the unintended effect of making martyrs of the Sikh extremists and uniting Sikhs everywhere against Mrs. Gandhi. She was assassinated by her own Sikh security guards, who thought they were avenging her sacrilege. The assassination touched off anti-Sikh riots in Delhi and several other cities, in which thousands of Sikhs were killed. Many Hindu politicians, who had no use for the spirit of religious toleration that Mrs. Gandhi, her father, and other Congress leaders had been trying to cultivate since Partition, actively promoted the riots. They were a portent of what could happen to Sikhs living outside Punjab if a Sikh nation came into being and a full-scale exodus of Hindus from Punjab occurred: those Sikhs, who were among



the most prosperous people in the country, would lose everything.

Almost the first act of Rajiv Gandhi as Prime Minister was to stop the anti-Sikh riots from spreading, by quick and forceful government response. He set in motion the machinery for investigating and punishing the instigators, and he followed that up by holding talks with Harchand Singh Longowal, the president of the Akali Dal, a Sikh extremist who had been in the Golden Temple at the time of Mrs. Gandhi's attack. In July, 1985, Gandhi concluded an accord with Longowal in which he acceded to many of the political demands of the Sikh extremists. These were all demands that his mother had resisted, seeing in them the first step toward a Sikh nation, which would unravel the Union. The extremists, for instance, had been clamoring for control over Chandigarh, a city that seemed to hold a certain exotic glamour for them, because it had been designed by the French architect Le Corbusier. They seemed to feel that Punjab was less of a state, because Chandigarh, its capital, was also the capital of the neighboring, predominantly Hindu state of Haryana. (This situation had resulted from the central government's division of East Punjab into Punjab and Haryana, in 1966, so that the Sikhs could have a state in which they constituted a majority. Over the years, the government had similarly created states for other ethnic or cultural minorities in order to defuse their movements for autonomy or independence, only to see the movements reappear, sometimes in more virulent forms.) Gandhi agreed to hand Chandigarh over to Punjab in six months, and referred the issue of territorial compensation for Haryana to a commission. Longowal seemed to make some concessions, too. He stated that the Akali Dal's Anandpur Sahib Resolutions of 1981 and 1983—the basis of the Sikh-extremist movement in Punjab—were not intended to undermine the Union. In the words of the accord, "The purpose of the Resolution is to provide greater autonomy to the State with a view to strengthening the unity and integrity of the country, since unity in diversity forms the cornerstone of our national entity." Although, in a sense, the accord settled nothing—both sides seemed to take refuge in commissions and rhetorical formulas—Gandhi had still parleyed with a private citizen and extremist almost as if he represented a government. The parley was conciliatory in spirit and obviously preferable to his mother's military solution.



Right after the accord, Gandhi hurriedly called elections in Punjab, doing so against the advice of Longowal, who had risked repudiation by the Sikhs there for merely holding talks with Gandhi and wanted time to sell the accord to them. Gandhi, however, apparently couldn't wait to hand over the administration of Punjab to the Sikhs and make them responsible for dealing with the extremists. That August, Longowal was assassinated by Sikh extremists. The elections went forward, bringing to power a new Akali Dal government, which, under Chief Minister Surjit Singh Barnala, was faction-ridden from the start. Some of its most important members soon defected, and Prakash Singh Badal, a former Chief Minister of Punjab, formed a breakaway Akali Dal Party, with himself as its president. Each member of the government tried to appear more devout than the next, and therefore none of them were able to act against the extremists, who had had allies among the Sikh priests all along. Perhaps the greatest repository of Sikh priestly power is the temple-management committee, which controls the purse strings of the Sikh temples, and whose recently reëlected president, Gurcharan Singh Tohra, has, like Badal, been busy undermining the Barnala government. (Both are at present in jail.)

Barnala himself has had very little room to maneuver—caught, as he is, between the demands of Gandhi's government and those of his own religion. The Golden Temple was once again occupied by Sikh extremists, who remained through April. On April 29th, they formally proclaimed their aim of establishing an independent Sikh nation. The Barnala government had no choice but to use the state police to clear them out. This created such a backlash from Sikhs of every stripe that Barnala had to do penance by visiting various Sikh temples for a week and, like an Untouchable, cleaning the shoes of every worshipper who came and went. The accord is a dead letter; Chandigarh continues to be the capital of both states, the question of compensation for Haryana being stuck in Sikh-Hindu politics. Meanwhile, cas-

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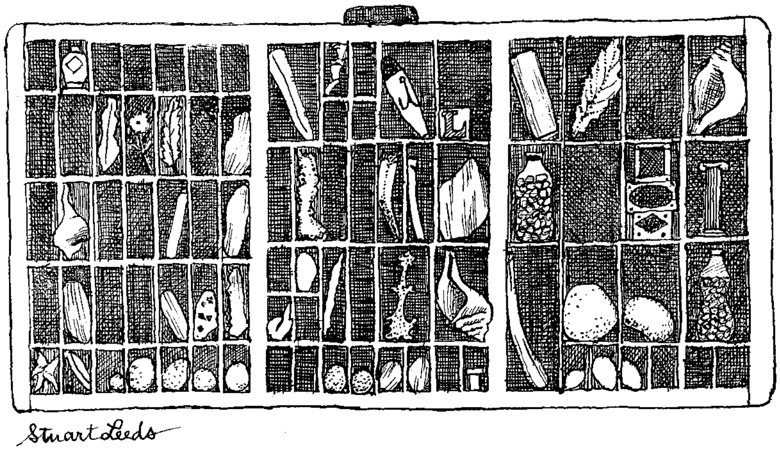
settes recounting in song and verse the heroic deeds of Bhindranwale and other martyred Sikh extremists are openly being sold around Sikh temples for fifteen to twenty rupees, or one-third the price of cassettes in the marketplace. These cassettes, which also include homilies and verses from Sikh scriptures recited by priests, have the authority of religious appeal, and the extremists are disseminating them from village to village in Punjab. Gandhi seems to be losing the propaganda battle almost without having joined it.

There have been daily reports of Sikh extremists rampaging through Punjab, killing Hindus and hiding in temples; of Hindus in Punjab being unable to sell their property and go to live elsewhere, as if the Sikhs thought it only a matter of time before the property would be theirs; of Hindu refugees arriving in neighboring states. There are also frequent reports of extremists shooting down important Punjab officials, hijacking buses and killing the Hindu passengers, and randomly firing into Hindu and Sikh crowds—all acts intended to create mass terror. In October, some extremists wore police uniforms to get past security guards and fire at officials. The ruse created a new sense of panic, because anyone in uniform can get in practically anywhere in India. Likewise, the assassination in August of General Arun S. Vaidya, a retired Army chief of staff, who was India's most decorated soldier, and who had supervised the Golden Temple attack but had since retired to the city of Pune, some thousand miles from Punjab, raised the question of how anyone who has been a public person and has taken a public stand against the Sikh extremists can ever hope to live a normal private life. The extremists' strategy seems to be to provoke a Hindu backlash in the country at large in order to radicalize the rest of the Sikhs—to step up the level of violence and make all attempts at compromise futile. Their strategy is working. In August, they goaded Gandhi's government into passing legislation that gave the central government special military powers to deal with the "disturbed" areas. And now the assassins of Mrs. Gandhi, whom the Sikhs regard as heroes, have been sentenced to death. Her policy of confrontation has been reinstated with a vengeance.



Delhi itself gives the impression of being a city under siege. The south block of the Secretariat, where the most important government officials have their offices, is guarded by specially trained forces, and security guards now protect not only many politicians, officials, and ex-officials but also many journalists. There is a permanent post of security guards armed with Sten guns in front of the house of Khushwant Singh, the well-known Sikh writer, who was once an advocate of a Sikh homeland but is now outspoken in his opposition to it. He used to travel all over the world regularly, but now he goes hardly anywhere. Similarly, three other prominent journalists in Delhi who at one time or another have taken anti-Sikh-extremist stands are guarded around the clock, each being supplied with a contingent of about fifteen government security guards, also armed with Sten guns. One of them told me that there is such a climate of fear in the land now that journalists cannot do their work. "My life has been profoundly changed since I was told by the government that I was on the extremist hit list," he said. "I'm not allowed to drive my own car. Everywhere I go, I have one man with a Sten gun sitting in the front, beside the driver, looking to the right, and another man sitting in the back with me, looking to the left. My driver has been given strict instructions not to allow any car to come near us. Since General Vaidya was assassinated, I have had to have a car tailing me all the time, too. It sometimes seems to me that the only freedom we journalists can safely exercise now is the freedom to criticize the government." But of course all security guards are government employees, and the government decides which journalists need—or deserve—protection. So far, the government has extended protection to the most influential journalists; some less influential journalists have been murdered.

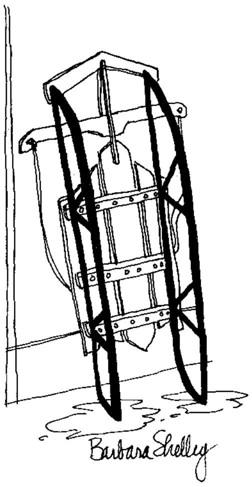
Until recently, the only weapons that people ever carried were sticks. Now carrying guns and trafficking in guns has become epidemic. People ask, If the government cannot make the Hindus in Punjab safe in a preponderantly Hindu country, how can it protect other religious and ethnic minorities? No wonder communities that do not as yet have states of their own now want them. The latest group to agitate for statehood, the Gurkhas, soon will be asking for independence, it is said.

Ironically, Punjab is probably one of the two states that have made the most economic progress since Independence; the other is Gujarat, which continues to have the worst outbreaks of Hindu-Muslim violence. Both states seem to have been victims of a new urban class of educated unemployed, cut loose from the moorings of traditional village life on the land, who, with no work but with high economic expectations, have been wheeling around towns and cities and attaching themselves to demagogic, fanatic religious leaders, as if they had found in religious ideals salvation from their economic plight. Indeed, events in Punjab have revived the old fear that the country might be Balkanized, reverting to an earlier period of small warring nations. One of the keenest observers of the Indian scene thinks that if the Union is to be saved the country may have to fight an American-type civil war in Punjab. But perhaps as much as one-tenth of the Indian Army is made up of Sikhs, and even if such a war could be fought and won it would only exacerbate the religious hatred.

The odd thing is that Sikhism was long considered a sect—indeed, the "sword arm"—of Hinduism. Historically, it seemed always to be at war with Islam, but now the Sikhs are emphasizing their monotheistic beliefs, and saying that their religion has less in common with polytheistic Hinduism than with monotheistic Islam. (In fact, they are receiving arms from Muslim Pakistan.) Sikh extremists are indulging in excesses like those of the followers of Ayatollah Khomeini in Iran. Some Hindus, especially the fundamentalists, have committed such excesses themselves. In the new, fanatical atmosphere of violence and intimidation, civil liberties, which have never had much meaning for the poor, now have less and less meaning for the well-off.

Rajiv Gandhi was born on August 20, 1944, in Bombay. When he was small, Mrs. Gandhi and her husband, Feroze, began living separately, and Mrs. Gandhi moved in with her father, in the Prime Minister's residence. It was there that Rajiv grew up, under the care of a Danish nurse. He went to Doon School, in Dehra Dun, in the foothills of the Himalayas. Doon School, which is modelled on British public schools, is one of the two or three most expensive private schools in the country. At school, Rajiv was known more for taking part in sports and going on hikes than for his studies, but he was accepted into Trinity College, Cambridge—Nehru's alma mater—to study mechanical sciences. He was there for almost three years, between 1962 and 1965, but the authorities apparently informed his family that he was not a suitable candidate for a degree. The family, using its influence, got him admitted into Imperial College, of London University, to study mechanical engineering. But the authorities there reached the same conclusion as those at Cambridge, and after a year he returned home without taking an examination or receiving a degree. Official biographies, however, routinely list him as having received a Bachelor of Science and a Master of Arts from Cambridge. In the British *Who's Who*, he is listed as having received both these degrees in the very year the Trinity College records show him to have enrolled there. In New Delhi, he joined the local flying club, eventually obtained a commercial pilot's license, and then became a pilot with Indian Airlines.

In 1968, Gandhi married Sonia Maino, an Italian woman he had met in Cambridge, where she had been taking an English-language course for foreign students at a local school. They have two teen-age children—a son, Rahul, and a daughter, Priyanka. (Official biographies disagree on their birth dates.) Rajiv seems to be the first member of the Gandhi-Nehru clan to have a happy family life, and observers say that this has some bearing on why he kept out of politics for most of his adult life, even though he and his family lived with his mother in the Prime Minister's residence. (It is known, however, that he opposed the Emergency—which was proclaimed by Mrs. Gandhi in 1975 and continued until 1977, and during which she suspended civil liberties and made her younger son, Sanjay, her heir apparent—and that he also objected to Sanjay's ruthless political methods.) After Sanjay was killed, in a crash of a sports plane, in 1980, Rajiv Gandhi entered politics almost as a family duty. He ran for Sanjay's old seat, in Amethi, and won, but he was so inept at making speeches and presiding at public occasions that few thought he had the mettle to become a national leader in his own right. He mastered public speaking quickly, however, and even learned to work the crowds. And when he became Prime Minister there was general euphoria. For one thing, when the Party leaders elected him to fill his mother's office, within hours of her death, he conducted himself with grace and dignity, which helped make the transition to his rule smooth and peaceful. For another, he was young, and, unlike so many other politicians, was not hostage to any regional or other special-interest groups, and, unlike his mother, was at ease with himself and with the world. Politicians who went to see him were struck by the quiet, quick way he did business. Everyone who had dealings with him found him to be decent, direct, unassuming, and modest, and remarked on how courteous he was—he called his mother's old advisers "Sir" and escorted visitors to the door. Such courtesy stood out in a political atmosphere of unbridled arrogance and abject sycophancy.



As a person, he seems to have a taste for good living. Certainly he has a passion for fine clothes. Until he entered politics and had to appear to be a man of the people, he was often seen wearing designer jeans, Gucci shoes, a Cartier watch, and imported sunglasses. He does not wear a cloth cap, shuns garlands, and eschews many other things that are the stock-in-trade of Indian politicians. (Sonia is known for her elegant shoes and bags and for her interest in fashion.) He also enjoys good food. Before he became Prime Minister, he and Sonia were often seen eating at Casa Medici, a restaurant serving Continental fare in the luxurious Taj Hotel, or at the Orient Express, in the newer and even more luxurious Taj Palace Hotel. At home, they eat Indian and Continental food. He has a sweet tooth and a taste for colas; on his travels, he is apt to stop his cavalcade of cars to pick up some sweets or a soft drink. He likes target-shooting; he has had a gun license for years, and one of his prized possessions is his father's gun. Some of his other hobbies are photography, electronics, and ham radio. He also keeps parrots that talk. But perhaps his greatest love is music, of all varieties; he is known to have one of the best stereo systems in the country.

Since becoming Prime Minister, Gandhi has moved out of his mother's house (it has become the Indira Gandhi Memorial Museum) and into two heavily guarded government bungalows nearby. Just a few years ago, Prime Ministers used to go about in open cars, mix freely with crowds, and disdain all forms of security as being natural to dictatorships but unnatural to democracies. The Gandhis, however, are kept cordoned off; except for a close circle of trusted friends, they see hardly anybody socially. Gandhi wears a bulletproof vest, and makes his trips in one of a group of identical cars, so that no one will know which car he is travelling in. And every time he goes out, it is said, hundreds of policemen in the city are alerted. Even so, security measures are not immune to Indian inefficiency; in October, there was a nearly successful attempt on Gandhi's life when he was at Mahatma Gandhi's cremation ground attending a prayer ceremony to mark the Mahatma's hundred-and-seventeenth birthday. A would-be assassin fired two or three times from the bushes—Gandhi's security guards dismissed the first shot as the backfiring of a scooter.

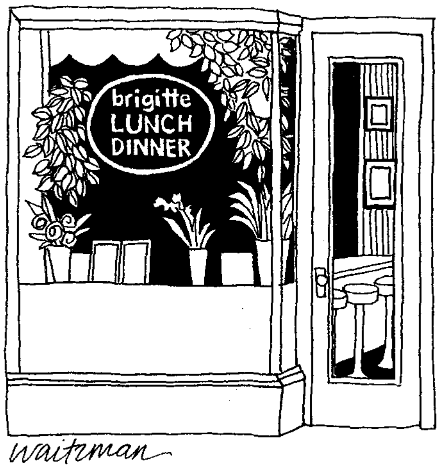
People say that since Mrs. Gandhi's attack on the Golden Temple the Gandhi name has become anathema to Sikh extremists, and no one bearing that name will ever be safe again—

that if Rajiv Gandhi were not the Prime Minister, with the entire power of the state protecting him, he and his family might already have been eliminated. Immediately after the attack, it was reported that the Gandhi children were on the extremists' hit list. At the time, Rahul was at Doon School, and Priyanka was at Welham, its sister school. They were taken out of school and brought back to Delhi, and have been studying at home ever since, seeing only the children of the family friends who are allowed inside the Prime Minister's residence. They seem to be growing up in near-total isolation, in an abnormal, claustrophobic environment, without the benefit of team sports or the emotional nourishment provided by informal social contacts. Both are approaching college age, and that can only exacerbate the problem of their education, for it is taken for granted that they would be no more safe from Sikh vengeance in a college in the West than in a college in India.

WHATEVER Gandhi does he seems to do in a hurry. Part of his hurry, one suspects, has to do with his not knowing how long he might live. Part of it may have to do with the impatience of a young leader. (In the two years of his rule, he has changed the composition of his Cabinet eight times, with the result that before ministers could settle into their jobs and get to know their portfolios they were shifted to new positions or were out of office.) Part of it may also have to do with his lack of political experience. (One has to bear in mind that he never expected to go into politics, to say nothing of becoming Prime Minister.)

Recently, the Congress Party, of which he is now the president, celebrated its centenary. The commemorative volume prepared and issued by the All-India Congress Committee created something of a scandal. On the cover it had pictures of Rajiv Gandhi's mother, grandfather, and great-grandfather, and many other Congress leaders, but, surprisingly, no picture of Mahatma Gandhi, the soul of the Party, the founding father of independent India, the man with whom the Indians' struggle for independence is most identified and whom the poor most venerate. Rajiv Gandhi gave the opening address for the centennial celebration. Everyone in the Party expected him to pump up the Party workers with enthusiasm and pride. Instead, he attacked everyone, reserving some of his harshest words for the Party, and all but robbing the celebrations of their festive spirit.

> As the proverb says, there can be no protection if the fence starts eating the crop [he said at one point]. This is what has happened. The fence has started eating [the] crop. We have government servants who do not serve but oppress the poor and the helpless, police who do not uphold the law but shield the guilty, tax collectors who do not collect taxes but connive with those who cheat the state, and whole legions whose only concern is their private welfare at the cost of society. They have no work ethic, no feeling for the public cause, no involvement in the future of the nation, no comprehension of national goals, no commitment to the values of modern India. They have only a grasping, mercenary outlook, devoid of competence, integrity, and commitment. . . . Instead of a party that fired the imagination of the masses throughout the length and breadth of India, we have shrunk, losing touch with the toiling millions. It is not a question of victories and defeats in elections. For a democratic party, victories and defeats are part of its continuing political existence. But what does matter is whether or not we work among the masses, whether or not we are in tune with their struggles, their hopes and aspirations. We are a party of social transformation, but in our preoccupation with governance we are drifting away from the people. Thereby, we have weakened ourselves and fallen prey to the ills that the loss of invigorating mass contact brings.
>
> Millions of ordinary Congress workers throughout the country are full of enthusiasm for the Congress policies and programmes. But they are handicapped, for on their backs ride the brokers of power and influence, who dispense patronage to convert a mass movement into a feudal oligarchy. They are self-perpetuating cliques who thrive by invoking the slogans of caste and religion and by enmeshing the living body of the Congress in their net of avarice.
>
> For such persons, the masses do not count. Their life style, their thinking—or lack of it, their self-aggrandisement, their corrupt ways, their linkages with the vested interests in society, and their sanctimonious posturing are wholly incompatible with work among the people. They are reducing the Congress organisation to [a] shell from which the spirit of service and sacrifice has been emptied. . . .
>
> We talk of the high principles and lofty ideals needed to build a strong and prosperous India. But we obey no discipline, no rule, follow no principle of public morality, display no sense of social awareness, show no concern for the public weal. Corruption is not only tolerated but even regarded as the hallmark of leadership.

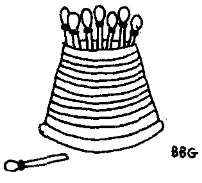


Lately, the government has been losing momentum. There is overcentralization in the Prime Minister's office, and Rajiv doesn't seem to know what his priorities are. Moreover, he has not been able to restructure and revitalize the Congress Party, or make the civil service more efficient and responsive to his will—and the party in power and the bureaucracy are the country's two main instruments of government. Consequently, the early promise of his succession remains unfulfilled. Although he and the Congress Party still enjoy solid support in the country, he knows as well as anyone that if they are to stay in power they have to accelerate economic development. He is now tilting toward a new economic course—one in which governmental controls are being relaxed in order to give an incentive to the affluent entrepreneurial class. But as a result he is finding himself trapped between giving entrepreneurs greater freedom to make investments and money, and keeping the loyalty of voters who are poor, and whose situation is not going to improve, at least in the short term. Indeed, any economic benefits for the country at large will be a long time in coming. Meanwhile, he and his party have to face national elections, and the opposition is already taunting his regime as a government "by and for the rich." No characterization could be more politically damaging in a poor democracy.

Ever since Independence, India has functioned under a mixed economy, with, however, the public sector constantly encroaching on the domain of private enterprise. But a wave of political conservatism, like that which has engulfed America and England in recent years, seems to be sweeping India now. Vasant Sathe, the Minister of Energy, recently wrote a series of articles for a national English-language daily in which he argued that the whole concept of the public sector—and, by extension, of socialism, which, until Rajiv, had guided government policies—might have been a mistake. The articles were seen as a sort of trial balloon sent up by the government, since it was assumed that one of

Gandhi's ministers could not have voiced views so contrary to the socialist policies of his mother and grandfather without at least his tacit approval. Sathe's basic contention was that industry run by the government is inherently inefficient, because it attains high employment at the expense of productivity, and because the basic principle of efficiency is competition, which tends to be eliminated in the public sector. He maintained, for instance, that about six hundred thousand workers in socialist India produced less coal than thirty thousand workers in capitalist Australia. Similarly, one hundred and twenty-five thousand workers in India produced less finished steel than fourteen thousand workers in South Korea. Since Independence, India had invested about fifty billion dollars in electricity and as a result now had an installed capacity of about forty-eight thousand megawatts, or a hundred and seventy billion kilowatt-hours, yet the actual per-capita availability of electricity in the country was only about a hundred and eighty kilowatt-hours, compared with about seven thousand kilowatt-hours in the developed countries. India produced finished steel for about six hundred and fifty dollars a ton, a very high cost when one considered the pool of cheap labor; per-capita income was two hundred and sixty dollars, in contrast to between ten thousand and fourteen thousand dollars in the developed countries. The domestic market for steel was limited in a poor country, and so India needed to sell its steel in the foreign market, but foreign companies found it much cheaper to simply buy Indian iron ore and make their own steel, with the result that India earned only seventy-five rupees in foreign exchange for a ton of iron ore when it could earn four thousand rupees for a ton of finished steel. Furthermore, India produced only nine million tons of steel a year, when it could produce many times that. And the production of steel could provide huge direct and indirect employment, while the mining of iron ore could not. In colonial times, Indians complained that the British would take raw material out of India, create with it a finished product in their factories, give their own people employment, and sell it back to Indians at a profit. Something similar was going on now, except that this time the Indians were doing it to themselves. The idea of socialism was to do the greatest good for the greatest number, but its effect had been to bring into being a whole new class of contractors and businessmen, who had grown rich on profits they made from government contracts. "Thus, in the name of Indian socialism," Sathe wrote, "all that we have achieved is a stagnant, high-cost, inefficient, noncompetitive, irresponsible, and unaccountable system of production."

Many people feel that Sathe's diatribe against the public sector and socialism was influenced by Reaganism and Thatcherism, and was simply dressing up Gandhi's predilection for private enterprise. They argue, for instance, that nowhere did he show why, under Indian conditions, private enterprise would be able to perform better than public enterprise. They contend that the inefficiency of the Indian public sector may have less to do with the failings of socialism than with political interference, with inattention to quality control and plant maintenance, with poor diet, poor housing, and poor transportation for workers—conditions that also obtain in the private sector. They say that even Gandhi's advisers acknowledge that socialism, whatever its bureaucratic or political failings, at least has an animating vision; the idea of a free-enterprise system has only the vision of making more money. Whatever the rights and wrongs of the debate—and it is still at a very rudimentary stage—a general consensus seems to be forming in government and business circles that old socialist nostrums are no longer working. All the same, Gandhi's government cannot dismantle the socialist structure, nor has it tried to; it has only opened up the country to more private enterprise than existed before.



The people who stand to gain most from the new economic climate are a class of nouveaux riches who in recent years have emerged in New Delhi, Bombay, and Calcutta. They seem to have more money than any class of Indians ever had before, and they conduct themselves as a new "super" or "master" race. They are self-confident, energetic, ambitious, and cosmopolitan, and could be at home anywhere in the world. Many of them are consultants, factory owners, builders, or contractors. Anyway, they do not work in the Indian subsidiaries of established international companies,

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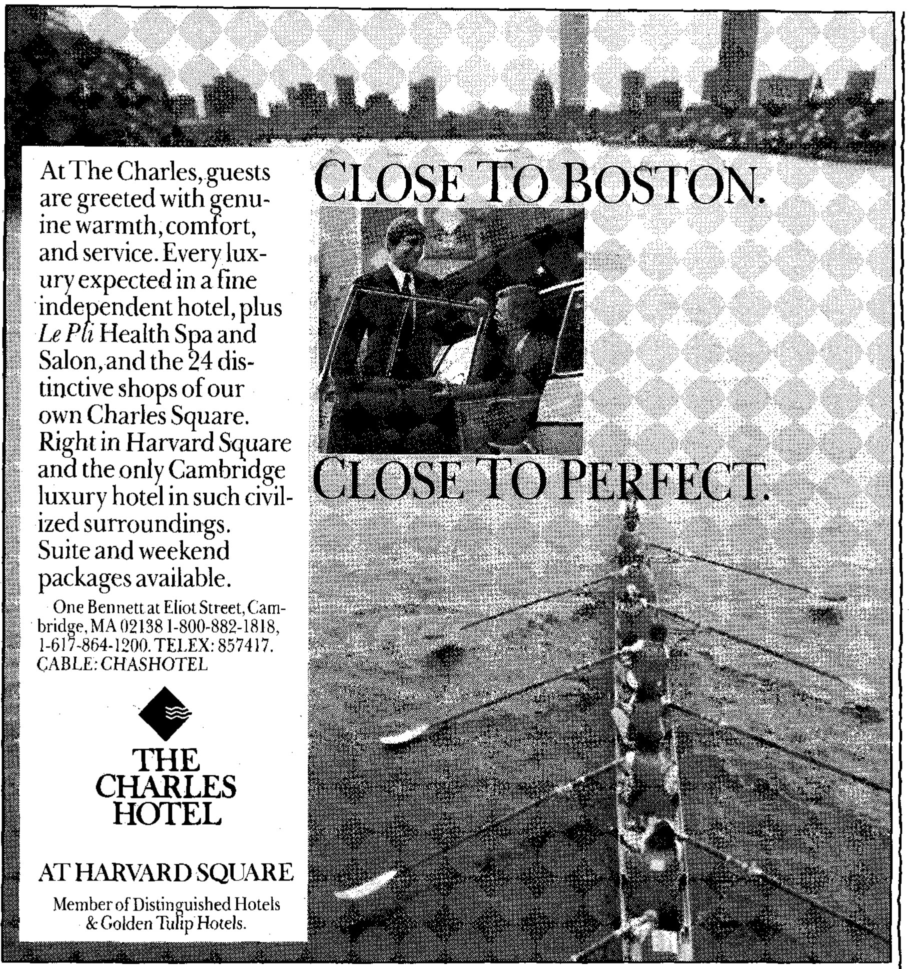
in which, traditionally, people who couldn't get good jobs in government tended to make their careers. Many of them are tax dodgers and black marketeers who contribute lavishly but surreptitiously to political campaigns and therefore enjoy enormous influence in government and among politicians. Many of them are conversant with computers and Western management techniques. Some of them live in houses or apartments that fetch prices almost equal to those in New York and London. Five-star hotels in New Delhi, Bombay, and Calcutta are full of their weddings, their parties, their luncheons. Some of them talk as if they lacked the guilt of the rich people who came before them. In any case, they don't see why they should feel any more guilty about the Indian poor than, say, the Americans or the British do, and they are apt to say things like "The Indian poor are not a national problem but a global problem." In conversations, they blame the poor for remaining poor, and speak of them as "extra human baggage" eating up the resources of the country *without contributing anything to it.* They say that if they are given free reign to invest and produce they will grow richer, but so will all the other people with entrepreneurial spirit, and the people who will go to the wall will have deserved to go to the wall. They hold up the model of capitalism as it is practiced in Japan and South Korea. They brush aside their critics, who say, for instance, that conditions in Japan are very different—that, unlike it, India could never become an export economy, because, given its huge population, it would always have enormous internal needs. B. K. Nehru, one of India's most distinguished civil servants, who has also served as Ambassador in Washington, High Commissioner in London, and governor of Jammu and Kashmir, explains the class's newfound dominance in this way: "During the Emergency, Sanjay traduced all the fragile institutions of our democracy—the civil service, the judiciary, the press, the civilian control of the military. He gave preference to this civil servant or that judge, intimidated this journalist or transferred that soldier. He therefore demoralized the whole apparatus of government. In his short life, he destroyed all the fragile democratic institutions that had been nurtured in independent India. Thus, he made possible the dawn of a totally ruthless, disillusioned period, where each man is for himself, for whatever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he can get out of the society." There are no accurate statistics, but the number of these people is small. (Like telephone subscribers, the income-tax payers in the country are relatively few, numbering perhaps only three million, but, of course, there is no way of computing the number of tax dodgers.)

The emphasis of the earlier Congress leaders was on improving conditions in the villages. Rajiv Gandhi's emphasis seems to be on the cities and towns, as if he believed that they are the engine of change, as if he believed in the trickle-down theory of economics—that in improving the lot of the urban middle class he will ultimately improve the lot of the village poor. Indeed, he is different from all his predecessors in that he is totally urban, with practically no experience in the rural regions of the country. (One of his favorite slogans is "A computer in every village school by the twenty-first century." But a substantial number of schools in villages don't yet have an adequate school building, a schoolteacher, a blackboard and chalk, or, for that matter, electricity.) The people who live in the cities and towns include government servants, elected officials, doctors, lawyers, business executives, artists, journalists, shopkeepers, laborers, and those engaged in a hundred little trades. They are the people who have some purchasing power, some disposable income—who make up the consuming sector of society. They are responsible for the extraordinary growth of this sector since Independence. Indeed, the whole expansion of productive capacity in the public and private sectors has been geared mainly toward them. Thanks to them, India ranks ninth among the world's industrial nations in gross national product.

But the second, village India is where seventy-six per cent of Indians live, and this causes the country to be ranked ninety-first among the nations of the world in per-capita income. Roughly five hundred and seventy million people live in half a million villages. They continue to scratch out a livelihood as best they can as hired hands and small landholders, subject to the vagaries of monsoon and harvest. While here and there some rich people may be found among them (farm income is exempt from income tax), most of them live in a poverty unsurpassed in history. Whatever economic strides have been made since Independence—through the building of dams, the excavation of canals, the introduction of electricity, the installation of tube wells, and the distribution of new strains of seeds—their effect has been mostly cancelled by the huge jump in the country's population, which has more than doubled. (Officials here say that so far science has not provided an effective birth-control method for a poor country—nothing less than a vaccine will do.) India, by and large, has still to discover the benefits of modern plumbing, modern medicine, and modern social revolutions.

Only religious loyalties ever united the villages and the cities, the poor and the rich—the two Indias. But the cohesive force that religion once provided is now dissolving with the resurgence of fundamentalism in the dominant religions, and the attendant reactionism, fascism, and intolerance.

—Ved Mehta

• •

SNOW GOAT

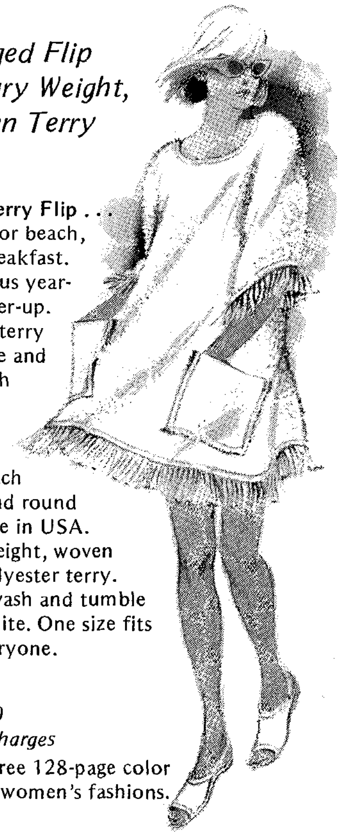
Stirred by the snow's rare erasure, my sister
hikes across back yards quiet as a bedroom
into the ruin-rich woods where Jack kissed her,
then disappeared beyond the briers and gloom.

Who cares? she says, skiing shallow ravines
behind the vacant sausage plant. *What a bore.*
I hope he gets killed in Korea with the Marines
or Army. Nothing could surprise me anymore.

Then the snow at her elbow says *bah* and there
he is, shocking as God, white, his slitted eye
golden with curiosity. He tongues the bare
salt lick of her hand, and she starts to cry,
fearing his cloven hooves and her desire
sharp as those horns whetted on the wire.

—Michael McFee

Fringed Flip
In Luxury Weight,
Woven Terry



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THE THEATRE

The Emperor's Clones

A. R. GURNEY, JR.,'s "Sweet Sue" (at the Music Box) is a sorry little waif of a play, which holds our interest for a time on the strength of our assumption that the playwright has hit upon a way of telling us something of importance by means of a clever feat of dramaturgy. He has succeeded in performing such feats in the past ("The Dining Room," "The Perfect Party"); in the present work, we listen hard for clues to whatever obscure literary prank is being played on us, because surely the prank is there—cannot *not* be there, unless, in Gertrude Stein's celebrated dictum, there is no there there. Which soon enough, to our dismay, proves to be the case. "Sweet Sue" is a two-character comedy with each of the characters played by two people. This device has often served playwrights well, for the purpose of revealing different aspects of characters, and in principle there is no reason that a single character could not be played simultaneously by four, eight, or twelve actors, but Gurney's two characters between them are in possession of so few aspects that a one-person play would have sufficed to contain them. (It would also have provided the playwright with a challenge worthy of his talent and skill.)

The two characters in "Sweet Sue" are a middle-aged commercial artist, named Susan, whose specialty is drawing soppy greeting cards for Hallmark, and a young man, named Jake, who is a roommate at Dartmouth of Susan's son, Ted. Susan is divorced, with two grown daughters, a couple of not very passionate male friends, and a sense of both growing old and losing her professional élan. Ted, who remains obdurately and unconvincingly offstage, has invited Jake to spend a summer vacation at the family house while the two of them earn some tuition money painting houses in the neighborhood. Ted has a girlfriend, with whom he spends most of his time. Jake is hoping to acquire a girlfriend; meanwhile, he and Susan are often thrown together, not without pleasure. Susan is determined to prove to herself during the summer that she is capable of producing an authentic work of art, even if it is something as trifling in the world's eyes as a pencil sketch of a tree. As the weeks pass, this goal transforms itself little by little from a sketch of a tree to a full-length study of a naked young man, for which she wishes Jake to serve as a model. And Jake uneasily does so.

A simple, conventional toy of a plot, which can be made interesting only if Susan and Jake are shaken by emotional conflicts that the two Susans and the two Jakes are able to embody for us on a level above that of soap opera, if not necessarily above that of "Anna

"Your assorted Danish cookies, sir. And may I have one?"

Karenina," which the playwright commits the curious error of referring to. The two Susans chatter back and forth to each other like the dreariest of suburban Siamese twins, and the two Jakes are dim jocks cut from the same cloth, which is all too plainly faded denim. Of true turmoil, of the awakening of a substantial sexual relationship, to say nothing of a relationship of love, there is scarcely a trace. At the end of the play (an end that may also be said to remain, like Ted, offstage), there is no need of a Tolstoyan suicide; though we are told that Susan and Jake get to make love, it does not matter, just as their failing to make love would not have mattered. They are, poor things, poor things and nothing more.

Susan and Susan Too (I regret to say that they are so listed in the program) are played by Mary Tyler Moore and Lynn Redgrave, and if Miss Redgrave seems able to find more in her role than Miss Moore finds in hers it is perhaps because she is better at conveying a certain touching helplessness; Miss Moore is obviously capable of running Hallmark instead of merely drawing for it, and it is difficult for us to believe that the bare skin and gee-whiz observations of a Dartmouth undergraduate would turn her mind to jelly. Jake and Jake Too are played by John K. Linton (dark-haired) and Barry Tubb (blond), and to judge by the thinness of their roles the Jakes are admirably employed in painting houses: in that occupation, four hands are better than two. The sunny, peekaboo set is by Santo Loquasto, the costumes are by Jess Goldstein, the lighting is by Ken Billington, and the direction is by John Tillinger, who must often have thought in rehearsals of the laughs he could have had directing "Hamlet." —BRENDAN GILL

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In a very quiet way, the University of Missouri-Kansas City is embarking on a project that may well be the critical variable in determining the speed and direction of Kansas City's economic growth in the 21st century.

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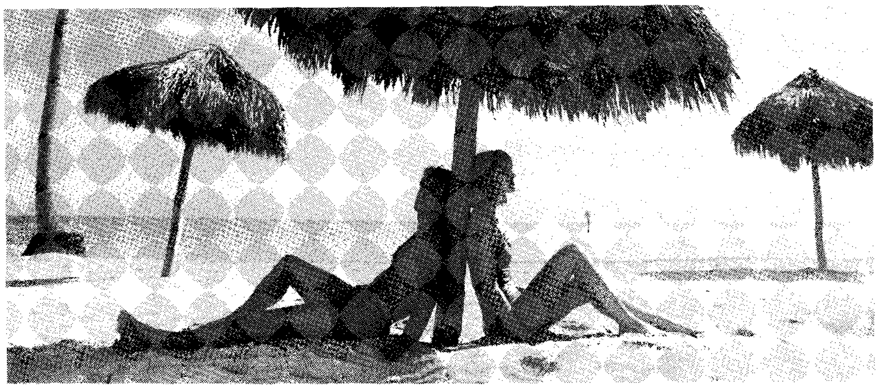
In other words, it is impossible to understate the importance of what is being considered for the north campus area of UMKC.—*Jerry Heaster in the Kansas City Star.*

Oh, for goodness' sake, *try!*



Sonesta's Island.
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$90.00*. Escape to a secluded tropical island just 20 minutes from Miami International Airport. Sonesta's Island—Key Biscayne. Enjoy your own private beach, tennis, golf, olympic pool and fitness center. About this time of year, it's everything winter isn't.

Sonesta Beach Hotel Key Biscayne

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For reservations call your travel agent or Sonesta toll-free at **800-343-7170**

*Per person, per day, double occupancy. Subject to availability. Effective December 18, 1986–April 30, 1987. Air fare, taxes and tips not included.
Sonesta means personal service in Boston (Cambridge), Key Biscayne (Miami), Orlando and Sanibel Harbour (Florida), New Orleans, Portland (Maine), Amsterdam, Bermuda, Egypt, Israel.

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SWITZERLAND • ENGLAND • FRANCE • GREECE

- Longest established independent American boarding/day school in Europe.
- Beautiful campuses near Lugano, London, Paris, and Athens.
- Small classes, AP courses, dedicated faculty, and family-style community.
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- Located on TASIS campuses in Switzerland, England, France.
- Intensive language study in French, German, Italian.
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- Ages 6-18.

TASIS NY Office,
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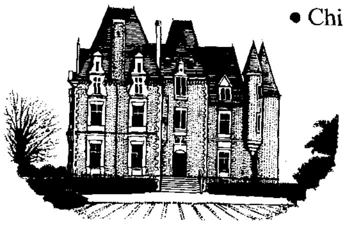
New York, NY 10021
(212) 570 1066

Please send me information on TASIS ☐ All-year ☐ Summer programs
in ☐ Switzerland, ☐ England, ☐ France, ☐ Greece
Parent's Name
Student's Name(s)/Age(s)
Address
Zip
NY/87



OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

A FRIEND ON THEIR SIDE

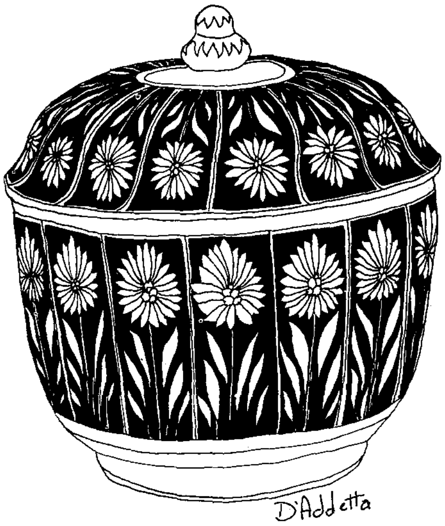
PITTSBURGH, PA.

"I NEED to lose 30 lbs! Can your formula guarantee I'll lose this, and if I follow instructions, without expensive foods to buy, before I'm an old woman? If not, don't waste either of our time sending me a useless money making fake. I have been taken by other companies in the past, so excuse me if I sound a bit nasty. It's just that I have been trying for the last two years to lose this without success. I need someone who *cares enough* to really *help me* instead of steal from me. Doctors won't help you unless you are OBESE! Well, I'm trying not to get that way. I'm 5′ 6″ and weigh 150 lbs. When I ask for help, they say I look fine. Just need to exercise and tighten up what I have. BULL! I know how I want to look and losing those pounds would help. So if you can help, *please* do! I need a friend on my side."

Thus went the imploring, if wary, response of a woman in rural western Pennsylvania—she did not give her age—to a one-inch classified ad she read a while ago in her local newspaper. The ad said, "European reducing formula now available. Lose weight like never before. Guaranteed results or your money back. Mail to Dept CPP, Box 264, Pittsburgh Pa 15230." She received a reply that may have disappointed her and must have surprised her. It was from a postal inspector, and it went, in part, "This advertisement is similar to other ads which the Postal Inspection Service has determined to be fraudulent. Those who responded learned too late that they had become a victim of a mail fraud scheme. The Postal Inspection Service wants to alert you to be cautious of this kind of a promotion. If you see an ad like this one which sounds 'too good to be true' report it to the Postal Inspection Service through your local postmaster." Enclosed were a first-class stamp ("This is to repay you for the postage you used in responding to our advertisement. We hope that we have saved you $5 to $10 as a result of this promotion") and a leaflet about medical frauds which said, "Unlike the pitchman who hawked 'magic cures' from the back of a horse-drawn wagon, today's quacks are highly sophisticated salespeople who use widespread deceptive advertising to offer 'miracles' they can't produce. The advertising is directed at the unfulfilled desires and vanities we all share to some degree. It promises with little or no effort what it can't deliver—health, beauty, vitality, and happiness."

It is the principal function of law-enforcement agencies—among which the Postal Inspection Service, though far smaller and far less celebrated than the F.B.I., has long been one of the most effective—to apprehend criminals. Anybody who commits any crime that involves use of the mails comes under the inspectors' jurisdiction, and people who have reason to believe they can beat a homicide rap are sometimes chagrined to find themselves convicted of mail fraud. (The penalty for placing a fraudulent ad that involves the mail system—an ad, that is, with intent to deceive—can be a thousand-dollar fine or five years in jail, or both.) In recent years, there has been a tendency for law-enforcement agencies to indulge in short-term subterfuges for, ostensibly, the long-term public good. In its Abscam operations, for instance, the F.B.I. was trying to seduce individuals with felonious impulses to act upon them and get caught in that act. The classified-ad caper was a variation on the entrapment theme—an attempt not to catch any malefactors but, rather, to prevent potential sheep from being fleeced. The kind of communication that the Pennsylvania woman got from Pittsburgh is informally known in Postal Inspection circles as a "Gotcha!" letter, though "Don't let them getcha" might be more precise.

Of the billions of dollars in mail-order business now annually conducted in the United States, many hundreds of millions of dollars are believed to be generated, and collected, by adventurers of dubious propriety. Work-at-home schemes—"The NEVER go to work again Easy Money Method" is the title of one recent operator's pamphlet—are exceedingly popular with this fraternity, because they require little capital to start up, and because they are apt to appeal most strongly to relatively poor, relatively uneducated rural folk, like some of those in, say, the hills of West Virginia. Popular among work-at-home come-ons are envelope-stuffing opportunities. You send somebody a dollar or five dollars or more (whatever the traffic is calculated to bear) on being beguiled by an ad that promises you a dazzling monthly income merely for circulating some literature; all that you may get is a how-to booklet exhorting you to place similar ads yourself—instructing *you*, that is, to do unto others what has just been done unto you. "Earn hundreds weekly stuffing envelopes. Guaranteed," reads a typical ad. ("Guaranteed" is a much-used word, sometimes preceded by "Satisfaction.") The anonymous sponsor of a Clarksburg, West Virginia, enterprise called Nature Control offered his clients—until the Postal Inspection Service put him out of business by returning, undelivered, all mail addressed to him—the chance, for a mere five dollars, to emulate his sparkling success. "I made a fortune in my own business after I learned God's secret way to do it," he confided to his communicants. "Yes, I made a fortune working with nature in my spare time. One day I am almost broke then God told me how to prosper. Nine months later I had a fortune and I am still making money by the hand full." Until he got stymied, he probably was.



The purveyors of baby-bootee-knitting or costume-jewelry-assembling kits are legion. You buy the raw materials and put them together. It is practically child's play. You hum along, dreaming of fortunes. But after you've shipped your finished goods to the distributor who will purportedly market them at a huge profit for you, that may be the last you ever hear about your handmade merchandise. Each year, postal inspectors shut down hundreds of work-at-home advertisers, and, predictably, some of the same rascals resurface, using new names and addresses. Among those indicted for mail fraud have been two pairs of persuasive Californians who, using such elegant organizational titles as American Heritage & Liberty Publishing, took six hundred and fifty thousand dollars in scarcely any time at all from fifty thousand people who, for a "registration fee" varying from twelve to twenty-two dollars each, expected to stuff envelopes at home and get rich quick. For even only a few thousand gullible Americans to be saved some day or other from lurking predators by spurious Postal Inspection Service classified ads and the "Gotcha!" letters they inspire could conceivably be as estimable a turning point in the history of public assistance to the afflicted as the first street-crossing escort service provided to a little old lady by a Boy Scout.

THE ads that requested their readers to reply to Box 264, Pittsburgh, were the handiwork of a then thirty-two-year-old postal inspector in Pittsburgh named Kacy R. McClelland (he has since been transferred to Santa Ana, California), who some time after being honorably retired from the Cub Scouts had done a stint in naval aviation (in his office, he tosses junk mail into a "Go Navy"-inscribed wastebasket) and had then got a job as a post-office clerk in his home town, Columbus, Ohio. McClelland applied to and was accepted by the Inspection Service in March, 1976, and—following tours of duty in Altoona, Pennsylvania; Charleston, West Virginia; and Brooklyn (where he spent three winter months vainly staking out the Mafia)—was assigned, in April, 1981, to Pittsburgh, the regional headquarters for a territory that embraced western Pennsylvania, West Virginia, and upstate New York. McClelland considers himself a fraud expert and so was happy, soon after he reached Pittsburgh, to help investigate a case that has since been tried, involving a clutch of confidence men who, largely by telephone solicitation, sold nearly two million dollars' worth of coal contracts to gullible investors. The victims were under the impression that they were buying so-and-so much unmined coal at such-and-such a price, and that they could sell it at an early future date, when it was dug up, at a substantial profit. Among the things they weren't told was that it would be their responsibility to personally pick up the coal, transport it away from the mine, and peddle it. (The prosecution and conviction of this cabal were much simplified, because the chief perpetrator, clearly unimpressed by Watergate, had taped and retained his oral instructions to his collaborating salesmen.)

"This reminds me of the day I first met you, coming up Madison—slicing through the crowd."

• •

Not long after arriving in Pittsburgh, McClelland was given new responsibilities. He was designated the area's consumer-protection specialist, and was also put in charge of mail bombs and child pornography. He did not immediately have to confront any piece of parcel post that ticks, but he did feel constrained to subscribe to a number of occult magazines that he would normally not have chosen to read. Once, he put an ad in one of these journals—"Sympathizers sought for possible club formation in Western Pa."—using as his organizational front a variation of the acronym of an actual group called NAMBLA, or the North American Man-Boy Love Association. The only reply McClelland received was a letter from a NAMBLA official warning him to be careful, because his ad had all the earmarks of "an entrapment ad by the U.S. Postal Service to entrap boy-lovers." In the padlocked filing cabinets containing his captive porn he also stashed away some of the mail-order items that he routinely bought in his consumer-protection role: a hunk of plastic foam, priced at $19.95, that will take pounds off you if you soak it in Epsom salts and then wrap it around yourself; a worthless contraption that, purchased for $14.95 and hitched to your carburetor, will allegedly give you two hundred miles to the gallon; a "solar clothes dryer," sold for $9.95 (a wooden clothespin and a short length of line); and, inevitably, the classic "pet baby rattler." People who send in $3.98, plus a dollar postage, in anticipation of getting a cute little ophidian get instead a cardboard box with a picture of a snake on the cover and a baby's plastic rattle inside.

National Consumer's Week is usually on the calendar at the end of April, and Consumer Protection Specialist McClelland naturally wanted to contribute his bit to its observance—indeed, even get the jump on it. One March, he thought it might be helpful if he placed classified ads, starting around Easter Sunday, in newspapers scattered around his tri-state territory. There have been similar instances—quite apart from anything concerned with child pornography—of strewing such bait. Other postal inspectors have done the same sort of thing, except that their ads—with texts on the order of "$300-$500 per month working at home, part time? Is it really possible? Fact or fiction? Write in and get free information on work-at-home business propositions"—have contained the name and address of an inspector to whom inquiries were invited. McClelland had misgivings about the effectiveness of such self-revealing tactics. He sent his superiors a memorandum proposing that he place some or all of five short classifieds he'd concocted, each resembling one he had seen and had responded to himself in the line of duty. One of his concoctions read "Rags to Riches. 100 Foolproof Methods which will absolutely guarantee you'll triple your investment in less than a month. Send for free details." Another read "Your fortune is waiting. Gold, silver, diamonds, coal or strategic metals. Choose your commodity. As little as 10% deposit required. Information free." A third read "Double your gas mileage with a new gas saving device. Plus information on how you can cut your utility bills in half." He had reason to believe that his scheme would be sympathetically received; after all, had not Kenneth H. Fletcher, the incumbent chief postal inspector, in Washington, earlier given his imprimatur to the California ads while he was running the service there? McClelland's boss in Pittsburgh was Roland J. Grannan, an inspector with twenty years' experience, and he liked the idea, too. "When I came into the service, everybody was mainly concerned about catching somebody," Grannan says. "Now we realize that we can't catch everybody, so we're trying to make people more aware than they used to be of possible pitfalls. We're increasingly trying to augment investigation with education. Inserting ads in papers was complementary to the appearances our inspectors now regularly make at service clubs and retirees' community centers."

Eventually, the Pittsburgh office decided to use only two of McClelland's proposed ads—the "European reducing formula" one and a work-at-home one that read "Earn $750 a month in your spare time from your own home. Be your own boss. Work your choice of hours. Guaranteed. For information reply to KC, Dept WAH, P.O. Box 264, Pittsburgh, Pa 15230." (The "KC" stood for Kacy McClelland, the "WAH" for work at home. The "Dept CPP" in the return address for the weight-losing ad stood for Consumer Protection Program.) One reason for choosing those two ads was that McClelland already had a stack of brochures on those subjects which he could mail to respondents.

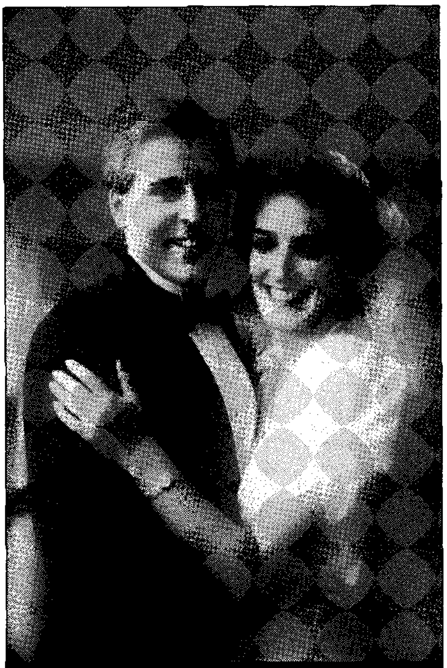
He made his weight-reducing formula a European one because, as he knew, much of the general public realizes that health authorities abroad permit the sale of some products that the Food and Drug Administration, in Washington, hasn't yet sanctioned for human use. "That was why I went ahead and threw 'em the European curve," McClelland says. "And I picked seven hundred and fifty a month for my work-at-home ad because a thousand seemed preposterous even in this field and five hundred seemed too round. I wanted an attractive figure, one that would catch the eye. Seven hundred and fifty had the right look to it."

Inspector McClelland mailed off his two ads—in a letter over the signature of his immediate superior, Inspector Richard D. McCarthy—not to the classified-ad departments but to the news editors of fifty papers in the tri-state region, ranging in size from the Pittsburgh *Press* (circulation: 239,283) to journals like the Williamson, West Virginia, *Daily News* (circulation: 11,218). The letter suggested that each ad—to be duly paid for on receipt of invoice—run seven times, daily or Sunday, and it went on, "In the past, the Postal Inspection Service has found that many ads which are similar to this one represent fraudulent promotions. The purpose of this advertisement is to identify the number of customer responses that are generated by this kind of ad. In response to customer inquiries, an informative brochure regarding mail fraud will be sent to the customer by this Service at no cost. It is our goal to bring this kind of bogus promotion to the attention of all customers and help prevent them from becoming future victims of other mail fraud schemes."

By inadvertence, the letter went also to the Pittsburgh bureau of the Associated Press, which, of course, does not deal in classified advertising. The A.P. put out a story about the government's gambit even before most of the papers that accepted the teasing ads had them in type. Ultimately, fourteen of the fifty said they wanted no part of the operation. Most of those informed the Postal Inspection Service that it was their unalterable policy to reject all submitted ads that were known to be phony, no matter how lofty the motives that might have prompted them. Several papers, by running the A.P. dispatch about McClelland's scam, gave it a publicity he hadn't dreamed of. Others, like the *Finger Lakes Times*, in Geneva, New York, did news stories of their own on it. (As a result of those, not to mention still another story in New York City's *Times*, McClelland was pleasantly surprised to find himself discussing his venture in front of the cameras of NBC's "Today" show and CBS's "Morning News.") The Pittsburgh *Press*, which planned initially to run the ads on seven successive Sundays, had come out with the first Sunday's before it belatedly became cognizant, through the A.P. story—that paper's proprietors had evidently just glanced at the text of the McCarthy letter—that the ads were not all they professed to be. The *Press* wouldn't run them again. It charged the Inspection Service sixty dollars, its standard rate, for what had slipped by. The Hancock, New York, *Herald* charged a bargain-basement three dollars for seven insertions of both ads. The total cost of all appearances in all papers—which, McClelland calculated, offered, when considered together with the news coverage, a potential readership of untold millions of souls that could be saved—came to $1,240.82. Two Parkersburg, West Virginia, dailies, the *Sentinel* and the *News*, not only welcomed the notion but inquired whether they themselves couldn't receive and respond to their readers' communications; the Inspection Service was happy to grant that wish. A number of the papers that shied away from participating in the pro-bono-publico deception ran editorials applauding it, but there were also dissenting voices. An editorial in the Johnstown, Pennsylvania, *Tribune-Democrat* said, "We resent our money being used in such an underhanded fashion. . . . It is the postal service's top priority to distribute the nation's mail quickly and in the most cost-efficient manner, not to inform customers of bilking practices. Most postal customers are more concerned about higher postage rates and reduced services than about a 'get-rich-quick' neighbor susceptible to being duped by a con man." The Washington, Pennsylvania, *Observer-Reporter* observed that the plan "may sound clever but it has some drawbacks," and added, "It may not even be cost-efficient. Who determines what is a fair cost for warning one person individually about the danger of being gulled by a fraudulent ad?" And the Elmira, New York, *Sunday Telegram* chimed in, saying, "There is something basically insulting about the method. While the letter"—from the service to the fish it hooked—"obviously will be politely worded, the message still will be, 'You've just been had, dummy.' "

McCLELLAND and his associates were not especially upset by such rebuffs. The more attention—even critical attention—that was paid to their endeavor, they reasoned, the more likely it was that somebody, somewhere, would think twice about making a dummy of himself. Meanwhile, the replies to their ads (except for thirty-one that went directly to the Parkersburg papers) were coming in. By the time the last stragglers had been accounted for, McClelland reckoned that the ads had elicited four hundred and twenty-five responses. He found it mildly surprising that his work-at-home lure had attracted ninety per cent of them—three hundred and eighty-six to only thirty-nine for his reducing formula. (Everybody who wrote in got a single first-class stamp for his or her—mostly her—pains.) A Clearfield, Pennsylvania, woman who hoped to be tapped as a sales representative for the formula wrote, "Please send me any information on cost, amount available, potency and the way it worked." From nearby Clearville, another woman wrote, "I starve myself most of the time and still lose very little." She had high hopes of redressing that imbalance. A Whitesboro, New York, man who had been employed in the health business for twenty years speculated that this might be his chance to strike out on his own. "If your plan is true I can be a big distributor for you," he said. One woman wrote to KC, Dept CPP from a motel in Brockway, Pennsylvania. "I'm not much for all the fad diets, but I'm always curious to hear about new ones," she said. "I am only about 10 lbs. overweight, but I keep gaining and losing all the time which I know is not healthy." She never had her curiosity appeased, and never got her refund, either. The letter (stamp and brochure enclosed) that the service sent to her at the motel came back stamped "Undeliverable—no forwarding address."

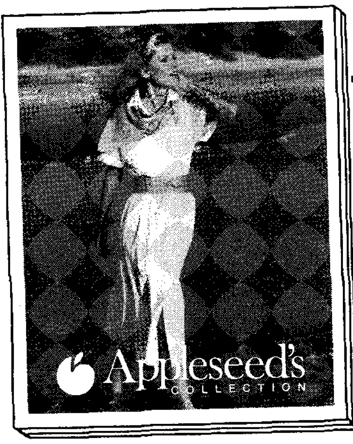
Among those who wrote in to learn more about the $750-a-month bonanza were several individuals who sent along detailed résumés. There was a Pennsylvania woman, excellent health, separated, one child, one car, two years' college, one year modelling school; a New York man, A.A. in



Wedding Candids $975.
Formals $175.
Family & Children's Sittings
Distinctive Professional Portraits
Black & White Publication Glossies

Bachrach
Photographers since 1868

Boston 617-536-4730
Chicago 312-236-1991
Morristown 201-267-2006
New York 212-755-6233
Philadelphia 215-563-0551



The Classic Woman

The Appleseed's Collection Catalog for Spring 1987...classically tailored dresses, sportswear and accessories in casual to elegant styles. Select from Evan Picone, David Brooks, Maggie London and more. Sizes range from 4-18. For your **FREE** catalog, write: Appleseed's Collection, 50 Dodge St., Dept. CO, Beverly, MA 01915 or call toll-free: **1-800-225-0786.** Mass. residents: **1-800-892-0838.**

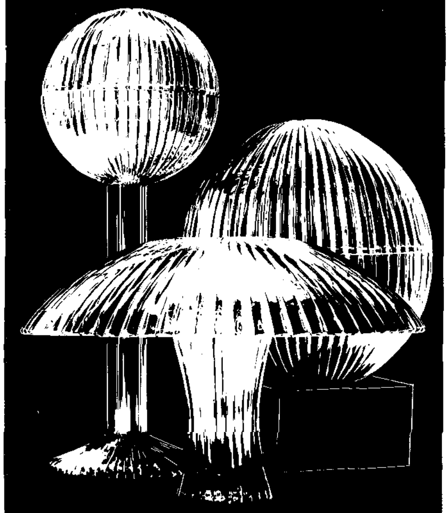
Appleseed's COLLECTION

liberal arts, mixologist's diploma from American Bartenders School, director of admissions for trade school, job objective "To excel in all phases of mass communications and attain an administrative position;" a West Virginia woman, secretarial-science degree, Bible-class teacher, and Brownie leader, who, according to an efficiency report she included from an erstwhile employer, "requires minimal guidance, usually works independently." Another West Virginia woman, who had been a legal secretary, submitted, along with references from two lawyers, a testimonial from an executive of a process-serving and investigative service, who proclaimed her character to be "of the highest moral standing." Among other West Virginia women were one from Ravenswood ("I may not have enough education for your work but it doesn't hurt to try"), one from North Matewan ("I want to start right away I am anxious to start what do I have to do let me get start soon ans real soon"), and one from Colfax ("I have no means of income. I have no job and no transportation so I am desperate for a job in my home. I am praying I can do it"). Among the respondents, women so far outnumbered men that in the few cases where writers to Box 264 neglected to give a hint of their sex McClelland arbitrarily addressed them as "Mrs." The youngest respondent to give his or her age was a sixteen-year-old girl from Forestport, New York; there was no way of ascertaining the oldest, but some of the handwriting was decidedly spidery. One letter of inquiry from an Elkins, West Virginia, woman of uncertain years may have been a spoof: "Yes I wood like to be interested if I cood fin more about it's if you woan mine to ass you to rite back to me and let me fin about the job? and I have been wan't a job so much. thank you by by." A postscript to a letter from a Weedville, Pennsylvania, woman revealed her to be a person who already entertained the doubts that McClelland was seeking to inculcate: "If this is just another one of those offers where you have to send money to find out what it is all about, forget it. If I had money to waste I wouldn't be looking for a job." The most puzzling response was from a Horseheads, New York, woman, who appeared to be able to read between lines: "In reference to your advertisement concerning the Post Office Service I am interested . . ."

In answer to the more than four hundred "Gotcha!" letters that McClelland posted, he received—perhaps because the addressees were embarrassed at having been fooled, perhaps because they were angry, perhaps because they were busy taking up other apparently gilt-edged offers—only one reply. That there was only one was surprising, considering how much hullabaloo there has been about the uses of entrapment, however benign its aims. "I am outraged that the government has again seen fit to interfere in the rights and privacy of its citizens using *their* hard-earned money to do it with to boot," wrote a Frankfort, New York, woman. "I have responded to many of these ads and consider myself intelligent enough to determine which offers are legitimate and which are hoaxes. If I lose money on an offer, then that is *my* responsibility, *not* the government's. Some people insist on being victims and no amount of government intervention will alter that fact. I do not wish to have the government as my conscience or my guide in my private dealings and it is nothing more than a bureaucratic waste of taxpayers' money for the government to deem itself more intelligent than those governed." To her envelope, along with orthodox postage, she affixed a "Help starve a feeding bureaucrat" stamp from the Center for the Defense of Free Enterprise.

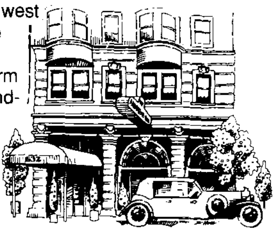
There were others, who had read of the Pittsburgh prank or heard about it on radio or television, whose reactions were also anything but friendly. In the *Times* article, McClelland had remarked offhand that one couldn't count on the chance that the sort of audience he hoped to enlighten—mainly older people, he guessed—could be easily educated through conventional means of communication. Why, he went on, instead of watching the evening news on television they were probably looking at a channel that showed Marlin Perkins wrestling a boa constrictor. That aside provoked a New York City man into demanding an apology from McClelland to the writer's grandfather. However, the incoming mail had its heartening aspects, too: a Narragansett, Rhode Island, high-school teacher requested thirty copies of warning brochures to pass out to her students, presumably in the hope of thereby inoculating them against a national adult malaise.

INSPECTOR McCLELLAND had no idea whether his classifieds would, in the long run, actually deter anyone



Ambiente. 24% full lead crystal, hand cut, polished and fully electrified to give a new meaning to room illumination. Write for the complete collection folio of internationally acclaimed RIEDEL, 41 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10010.

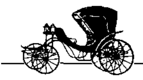
SINCE 1756
RIEDEL
AUSTRIA



IN SAN FRANCISCO

Just two blocks west of Union Square enjoy gracious simplicity in warm intimate surroundings. Home of the highly acclaimed Post St. Bar & Cafe. $66 to $96

THE ANDREWS HOTEL
624 Post St., San Francisco, CA 94109
Call for Brochure
(800) 227-4742 • (415) 563-6877
In California (800) 622-0557



The CHARLOTTE INN
MARTHA'S VINEYARD
FEATURED IN Country Inns and Back Roads
South Summer St., Edgartown, MA 02539 • 617 627-4751

NORTH POLE
Fly in small plane to the geographical pole. Toast the world below with arctic specialists.
SPECIAL ODYSSEYS
Box 37Y, Medina, WA 98039 USA (206) 455-1960

from giving any money to a fraudulent mail-order advertiser. "For a while, at least, we had quite a few people talking about our venture," he says. "In any event, it was fun, and it was my most satisfying experience in eighteen months of consumer-protection work." As a follow-up, he was contemplating sending his victims a questionnaire drawn up by an assistant professor in the Department of Psychology of the University of Pennsylvania. They would be invited to furnish information—strict anonymity guaranteed—about themselves and their life styles and their purchases, if any, of mail-order items. One question would be "The Postal Service placed an advertisement for the European Reducing Formula to warn consumers about mail fraud. Do you feel this is (circle one) a very bad idea, a bad idea, neutral, a good idea, an extremely good idea." Meanwhile, the notion of law-enforcement officers' approaching innocent citizens in a friendly manner seems to be catching on. Law-abiding motorists passing through Homewood, Illinois, a suburb of Chicago, for instance, have been startled to be flagged down by police cars with sirens wailing and emergency lights flashing, and even more startled when the officer who halted them said, "As far as I can ascertain, you've been driving in a very safe fashion," and then, as a reward for their good behavior, gave them a "ticket" redeemable for five dollars at the local police headquarters. For all anybody knows, the next step may be for a brace of F.B.I. agents to turn up at someone's front door, baseball bats menacingly in hand, and caution the householder never to get involved with loan sharks lest he end up with his legs broken.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

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THE MYSTERIOUS EAST

[*Adv. in the Tokyo Asahi Shimbun*]

Sake, a little warm is the best. Sakana, a toasted squid is fine. Ladies, the quiet type is the best. Lights softly burning would be fine. Shimijimi drinking, shimijimily. Only memories go on by. If a teardrop happens to fall, I start singing the boatman's song. Make offshore seagulls drink very much sake. And with the lovely lady. Sleep in the morning, danchone.

•

ACCURATLEY YOURS Professional word processing company. Open 24 hours every day.—*Adv. in the Eagle, newspaper of the American University.*

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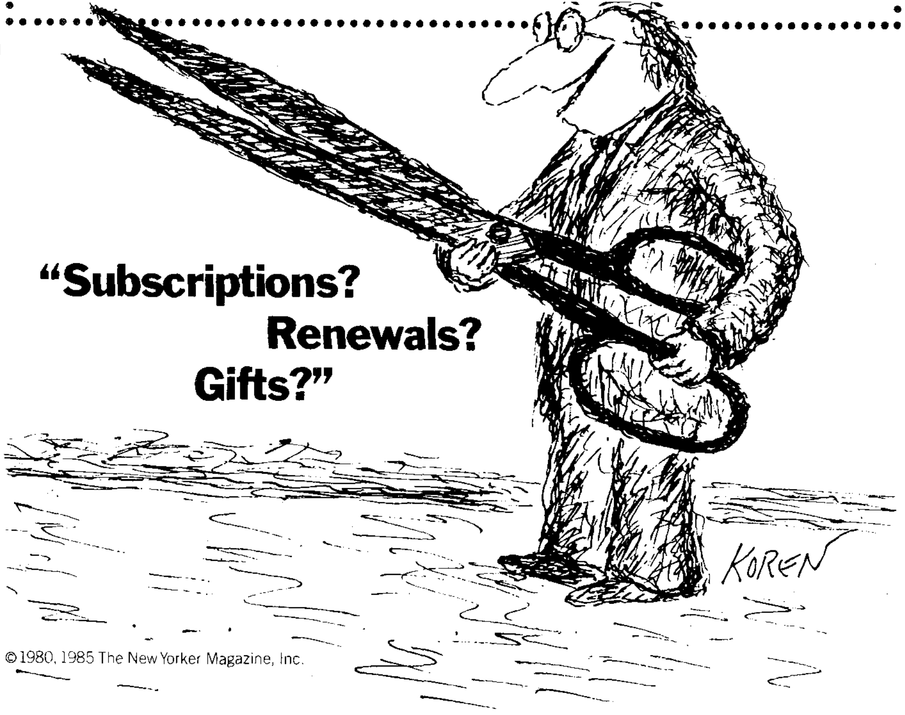
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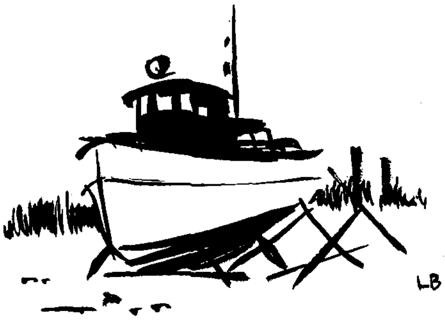
A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE BIG SINGING

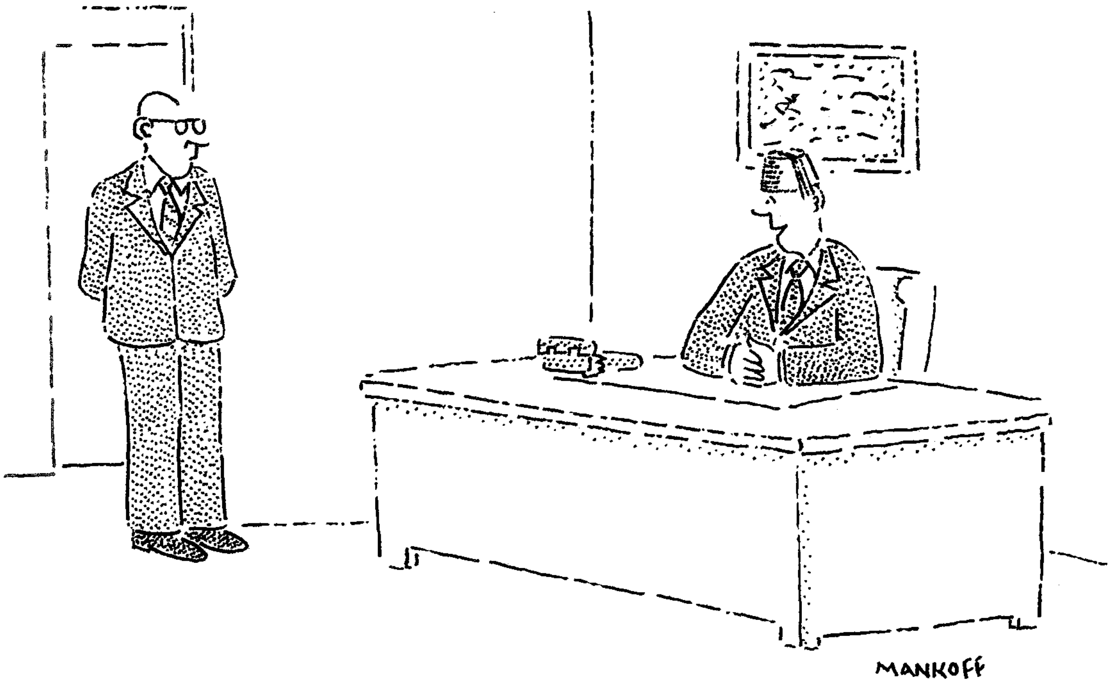
MARGARET HEATH remembers watching the old Marshall County Courthouse, in the town of Benton, Kentucky, burn, in the winter of 1914. Her family lived down the street, a couple of blocks from the house where she was born, in 1911, and she remembers being awakened by the sound of a fire bell in the night. There was no fire department in Benton in those days, and she recalls how all the able-bodied men, including her father, rushed to form a bucket brigade, and how she stood on her bed and looked out the window, terrified, while the white clapboard building—a graceful two-story structure with a cupola—burned for hours, until it was reduced to cinders and rubble. "You don't ever forget things like that," she has said. "It was my first experience with anything so tragic, and for years after that I had a horror—the minute we'd leave home and go anyplace, the first thing I'd do on the way home was look and see if my house was still standing." Beyond that night, however, Miss Heath's memories of life around the courthouse square in Benton tend to be happy ones, having to do with the leisurely commerce of a farm community, the slow pace of horse-drawn buggies and wagons, and long summer afternoons when families would get together and eat watermelon under shade trees. Many of her memories of the square have to do with the Big Singing, an annual assemblage of members of the community at which hymns and other songs from a nineteenth-century tune book are sung, a cappella and in a way that gives much of the music qualities that sound strange to modern ears. The event—which the National Music Council has called "the oldest indigenous musical tradition in the United States"—began in Benton in 1884, though its roots go back at least fifty years earlier. It has been held in or near the town every year since 1884, usually in the old courthouse until it burned, and subsequently in the new, red brick courthouse that rose on the same site two years later.

"Of course, the Big Singing was already well established when I was a child, and it was mostly the older people who gathered at the courthouse," Miss Heath said on a Friday afternoon last May, sitting at her desk in Marshall County Hospital, where she has worked as a volunteer receptionist since she retired from teaching school, in 1970. "As a matter of fact, like a lot of other children, I used to *hate* the Big Singing. Needless to say, I feel different about it now. It's a part of our heritage, and it's important to Kentucky, to the Jackson Purchase, to Marshall County, and to Benton, and we're doing everything we can to perpetuate it. But back then there used to be *thousands of people*, from miles around. They used to run special trains in from Paducah, about twenty miles to the northwest. And when you realize that it's been going on for *a hundred and two years* . . . I mean, and the sacred *songs* . . . And when we sang at the *White House* . . . Well, it's the only one of its kind in the *world*." Miss Heath, who is apt to toss off such scintillating little sentence fragments, laughed, and said, "I often talk this way, and when people object I tell them, 'Of *course* I talk in phrases. And if you're not smart enough to figure them out that's *your* problem.' " She fingered a sterling-silver brooch shaped like a note of music which was pinned to her dress, adjusted large, gold-rimmed glasses on her nose, and continued her discussion of her native county and its distinctive musical event.

A WHITE-HAIRED woman who stands and sits very straight and regards the world with amused-looking bluish-green eyes, Miss Heath taught second and third grades in and around Benton for forty years, and she is routinely addressed by her former pupils—and by much of the rest of the community—as "Miss Margaret." Though she has something of an air of cosmopolitan wisdom, she has spent almost all her life in or near the little town, whose population has grown from about a thousand in 1910 to about thirty-seven hundred today. A public-spirited citizen of Marshall County, she is or has been a member of numerous local civic organizations, including the Society for the Preservation of Southern Harmony, which was formed in 1973 to carry on the tradition of the Big Singing. If one is to appreciate what the Big Singing means, she said, one must understand something about the region known as the Jackson Purchase—or, to most residents, as just the Purchase.



On October 19, 1818—as she sketched its history in for me—the United States, through its commissioners General Andrew Jackson and Kentucky Governor Isaac Shelby, agreed to pay the Chickasaw Indians three hundred thousand dollars for approximately eight thousand five hundred square miles of land west of the Tennessee River—an area that is now partly in Kentucky and partly in Tennessee. The Kentucky portion of the Jackson Purchase includes eight counties, and is bounded by the Ohio River on the north, the Mississippi River on the west, the Tennessee River on the east, and the Tennessee state border on the south. The region—a thinly populated part of the Bible Belt—consists mainly of gently rolling countryside, and for most of its history it has been almost totally agricultural and relatively poor. During the Civil War, when most Kentuckians who volunteered fought in the Union Army, sentiment in the Jackson Purchase was clearly with the Confederacy, and in the early years of the twentieth century the Purchase endured turbulence caused by night riders—bands of masked men who terrorized local farmers who refused to join their campaign against organized tobacco interests. Since most of the counties in the Purchase have traditionally been dry, the region has also had its share of disruptions related to moonshiners and bootleggers. For such reasons—together with the fact of its being cut off geographically by rivers—the Kentucky portion of the Purchase tended to develop in cultural isolation from the rest of the state, and also from neighboring areas of Tennessee, Illinois, and Missouri. But its isolation began to break down around 1944, when the Tennessee Valley Authority completed Kentucky Dam, on the Tennessee River. By the time the Army Corps of Engineers' Barkley Dam opened in 1966, a few miles



"It's a fez, Chief. It's going to be my trademark."

• •

away, on the Cumberland River, the two hydroelectric installations not only had attracted numerous chemical companies to the area but also had created a couple of enormous, alligator-shaped lakes along the eastern edge of the Purchase, helping establish a strong basis for tourism. And as these changes came there were signs that the Big Singing might be endangered.

"But that was not the first time that people got worried," Miss Heath continued. "Why, people have warned almost from the beginning, back in 1884, that the Big Singing might not survive, and yet somehow it always *has*. Now, how it started—the Big Singing—is all tied up with the history of the Purchase itself. You see, Marshall County was formed in 1842, and it was named after Chief Justice John Marshall. Well, in 1852, exactly ten years after this county was founded, a family named Lemon migrated here from North Carolina, and they brought with them a book of songs—religious songs, mostly—called 'The Southern Harmony, and Musical Companion,' and that book later became the basis of our Big Singing. Now, the Lemons were what was called a singing family. In those days, frontier people usually had some sort of songbook or tune book among their possessions, even though they might not have much training and no instruments, or anything. And 'The Southern Harmony, and Musical Companion'—we usually just say 'Southern Harmony'—was one of the most popular tune books of the time. I have an 1854 copy of 'Southern Harmony,' which I keep at home except on the fourth Sunday in May, when I take it to the courthouse. Those old tune books are so fragile. Some of them used to be bound in gingham, to hold them together. You can't possibly *buy* . . . Well, if the Lemons hadn't brought a copy with them in 1852 we might not be sitting here talking."

Miss Heath went on to recall details of some earlier Big Singings, and near the end of the afternoon—since her shift was about to end—she invited me to talk with her again on Sunday, the day of the Big Singing itself, when a number of social events were planned, at one or another of which, she said, we were sure to meet. She predicted that I would also be able to fill in some important gaps when I spoke with Dr. William Ray Mofield, the president of the Society for the Preservation of Southern Harmony. "Ray Mofield is what I believe is commonly called a walking encyclopedia," she said. "If *anybody* can tell you about the Big Singing, *he* can."

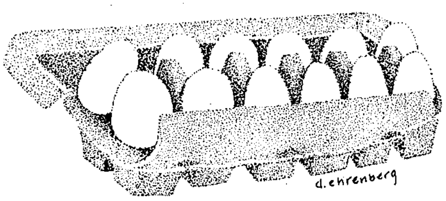
Dr. Mofield is a tall, hearty-looking, outgoing, and disarmingly courteous man of sixty-five, whose family, like Miss Heath's, has lived in the Jackson Purchase for many generations. He and I had talked by telephone before I left New York, and on Saturday morning he invited me to accompany him on a brief excursion to the town of Murray—about twenty miles to the south, in Calloway County—where he had some business to attend to, and where he is a professor of radio-and-television journalism at Murray State University. (As befits a walking encyclopedia, Dr. Mofield has held many other positions: at one time or another he has been a farmer, a radio broadcaster and sports announcer, a naval midshipman, the chairman of the Marshall County Hospital Board, the director of news and sports information at Southern Illinois State University, assistant to the president of Murray State University, and the recipient of a CBS Fellowship at Columbia University. For the past twenty-six years, he has also been a minister of the Church of Christ, and he now preaches every Sunday at a church in Cave in Rock, a small town just across the Illinois border.)

As we drove past green hills and fields of young corn, lettuce, and potatoes, Dr. Mofield said, "Have you ever heard of Singin' Billy Walker? Well, he wrote our tune book, 'Southern Harmony.' The first edition—there were three altogether—appeared in 1835, and the author and compiler was one William Walker, who was born in 1809 in South Carolina. Walker was a member of the Welsh Baptist Church, and early in life he became known as Singin' Billy. I have a hunch that most people today don't know much about this, but it seems that Singin' Billy Walker was part of a musical tradition that once dominated most of the United States. I'm not a musicologist, but I'll tell you what I've been able to learn. You see, music in America did not develop along one direct line. In the Colonial period and during the first few years of the Republic, there were quite a few European-trained musicians living in the East, many of them around Boston. And, of course, they passed on what they knew. But by about 1810 music in this country had developed a sort of split personality.

“On the one hand, there were these academically trained musicians who were performing and teaching in New England. On the other hand, there had sprung up a new breed of music teacher, who had often had no formal training at all. Sometimes a man like that would stay put, but more often he would be like Singin’ Billy Walker—travelling around on horseback and setting up a singing school in some small frontier community for a few weeks before moving on to the next one. A man like Walker—well, in some ways he was a little bit like the main character in ‘The Music Man.’ Walker would ride into a new town and set up his singing school in a public building—a meetinghouse or a church, or even a tavern—and sell the people his tune books and charge each person a dollar for two or three weeks’ instruction. This sort of singing was almost never accompanied, by the way, partly because pianos and organs were scarce, and partly because a number of fundamentalist churches—including my own Church of Christ and some Baptist denominations—forbid the use of musical instruments during services. Now, people in the developing South and West were just delighted when somebody like Singin’ Billy came to town. How much music did they *have*, and how much opportunity for amusement or entertainment of *any* kind? But the Eastern musical establishment kept on issuing condemnations of people like Singin’ Billy Walker, mainly on musical grounds—because the kind of music he taught broke all kinds of rules. But his kind of music did fit in with the religious-revival movements of the times, and, in fact, many of the songs in ‘Southern Harmony’ are the kind of thing that used to be sung at the big camp meetings, or ‘brush-arbor revivals’—evangelical gatherings that used to attract thousands of people in the early part of the nineteenth century. Walker himself was so proud of his accomplishment that he began adding the initials ‘A.S.H.’ after his name—they stood for ‘Author of “Southern Harmony” ’—and in fact those initials appear on his gravestone, in Spartanburg, South Carolina.

“Now, you say that Miss Margaret mentioned the Lemon family to you, and it’s at least possible that the Lemons—before they moved here from North Carolina—learned singing directly from William Walker himself. What happened was that the Lemons’ oldest child, James R., grew up to become a singing-school teacher here in our area, and he also became the owner and editor of the Benton *Tribune*. In 1884—almost fifty years after Singin’ Billy published his first edition of ‘Southern Harmony’—James R. Lemon decided that, because this wonderful singing tradition was showing signs of fading, he would stage a big get-together in order to bring people back to the music that he loved. So he invited everyone to come together on the fourth Sunday in May of that year, and to bring copies of ‘Southern Harmony’ and sing the old songs. Nowadays, people disagree as to where this happened: some say the old courthouse, some say the Marshall County Seminary—it was a secondary school here—and some say the old Community Church or somewhere else in the county. But the fact is, a large crowd *did* gather and sing from ‘Southern Harmony’ on that Sunday, and that was the first Big Singing, and it also turned out to be a general family reunion. Well, the next year another Big Singing was held. And the year after that there was another one, and soon people were getting together every year in Benton to sing the old songs. The Paducah, Tennessee & Alabama Railroad reached Benton in 1890, and within a few years the line was running special trains to bring people in from all over. The whole thing reached its peak in the nineteen-twenties and thirties, when the crowds were estimated at ten thousand or more. The crowds began to diminish during the war, and now only a few hundred attend. But people still come from great distances—from the East and from California, and even from Europe—and although attendance has shrunk, the spirit that lies behind the Big Singing is, I believe, as strong as ever. What makes it especially important to us, you know, is that ‘Southern Harmony’ music is no longer sung—and is barely even remembered—anywhere else. So if it weren’t for our Big Singing, ‘Southern Harmony’ music would pretty much cease to exist.”

ON our return to Benton, Dr. Mofield lent me a copy of “The Southern Harmony, and Musical Companion”—a facsimile edition that had been published through the efforts of Dr. Glenn C. Wilcox in 1966. Dr. Wilcox is a native of Paducah—he was formerly a professor of communications at Murray State University and now is a teacher and administrator at the University of Southern California—who over the years has often concentrated on the Big Singing, doing work both of a musicological nature and of a sort designed to perpetuate the event. Dr. Mofield explained that a facsimile edition had also been published in 1939, by the Young Men’s Progress Club of Benton, because by that time Walker’s third, and last, edition—that of 1854—had long been out of print. Today, both facsimile editions are themselves out of print, and there is some talk, locally, of bringing out yet another edition of the tune book. “Southern Harmony,” I had learned, is always referred to as a tune book, the term “songbook” being reserved for other kinds of musical collections. Later, I did some library research, and came across other tune books of the period, with titles like “Kentucky Harmony,” “Virginia Harmony,” “Missouri Harmony,” “The Shining Light,” “The Harp of Columbia,” and “Sacred Harp.” I also discovered that in its day “Southern Harmony” was the most popular tune book of them all: it sold a total of some six hundred thousand copies and was stocked in general stores throughout the South and much of the Midwest during the greater part of the nineteenth century. But, as fate would have it, “Sacred Harp,” whose author-compiler was Benjamin Franklin White, has fared much better over the years. White and Walker were brothers-in-law, and they had collaborated on the preparation of “Southern Harmony.” But when Walker went to New Haven to arrange publication of that book he omitted White’s name from it. Incensed, White assembled his own, similar collection of songs and published it under the title “Sacred Harp” in Philadelphia in 1844. For many years, the two books were marketed competitively, but it is now clear that “Sacred Harp” has won the battle, surviving much better into our own times than any of the other old tune books. Today, there are numerous “Sacred Harp” singings in rural communities in the South—and in a number of academic communities around the country as well—and an annual “Sacred Harp” Convention is held at Berea College, in Berea, Ken-



tucky, about two hundred and thirty miles east of Benton. But people with experience in the various traditions say that the *sound* of "Sacred Harp" singing has diverged so far from "Southern Harmony" singing that on first hearing a listener might not be aware that the two had similar sources: For one thing, "Sacred Harp" music is sung much faster than "Southern Harmony" music, and with a much stronger beat. For another, much of the music in "Sacred Harp" was revised and rearranged as recently as the nineteen-thirties, while the music in "Southern Harmony" remains exactly as Walker published it in his edition of 1854.

That evening, I had a chance to examine "Southern Harmony." The book is wider than it is high, measuring about nine inches across and six inches high, so that the opened volume confronts the singer with a lapful of music. It is clear that the book was designed to teach people to sing, and to read vocal music, from the ground up. The title page reads:

THE
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CONTAINING A CHOICE COLLECTION OF
TUNES, HYMNS, PSALMS, ODES, AND ANTHEMS:
SELECTED FROM THE MOST EMINENT AUTHORS IN THE UNITED STATES:
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AND WELL ADAPTED TO
CHRISTIAN CHURCHES OF EVERY DENOMINATION, SINGING SCHOOLS, AND PRIVATE SOCIETIES:
ALSO, AN EASY INTRODUCTION TO THE GROUNDS OF MUSIC, THE RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC, AND PLAIN RULES FOR BEGINNERS
BY WILLIAM WALKER.

Sing unto God, ye kingdoms of the earth: O sing praises unto the Lord.—DAVID.
Speaking to yourselves in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord.—PAUL.

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Next come several prefaces, the most informative being the preface to the first edition, of 1835, which reads:

> The compiler of this work, having been solicited for several years by his brother teachers, pupils, and other friends, to publish a work of this kind, has consented to yield to their solicitations.
>
> In treating upon the rudiments of Music, I have endeavoured to lead the pupil on step by step, from A, B, C, in the gamut, to the more abstruse parts of this delightful science, having inserted the gamut as it should be learned, in a pleasing conversation between the pupil and his teacher.
>
> In selecting the Tunes, Hymns, and Anthems, I have endeavoured to gratify the taste of all, and supply the churches with a number of good, plain tunes, suited to the various metres contained in their different Hymn Books.
>
> While those that are fond of fuged tunes have not been neglected, I have endeavoured to make this book a complete Musical Companion for the aged as well as the youth. Those that are partial to ancient music, will here find some good old acquaintances which will cause them to remember with pleasure the scenes of life that are past and gone; while my youthful companions, who are more fond of modern music, I hope will find a sufficient number of new tunes to satisfy them, as I have spared no pains in trying to select such tunes as would meet the wishes of the public.
>
> I have also selected a number of excellent new Songs, and printed them under the tunes, which I hope will be found satisfactory.
>
> Some object to new publications of music, because the compilers alter the tunes. I have endeavoured to select the tunes from original authors. Where this could not be done, and the tune having six or seven basses and trebles, I have selected those I thought most consistent with the rules of composition.
>
> I have composed the parts to a great many good airs, (which I could not find in any publication, nor in manuscript,) and assigned my name as the author. I have also composed several tunes wholly, and inserted them in this work, which also bear my name.
>
> The compiler now commends this work to the public, praying God that it may be a means of advancing this important and delightful science, and of cheering the weary pilgrim on his way to the celestial city above.
>
> WILLIAM WALKER
> *Spartanburg, S.C., September, 1835*

After the prefaces comes "The Gamut, or Rudiments of Music," in which Walker explains major and minor scales, note values, metre, and various other fundamentals, and also lays out and illustrates two related systems designed to facilitate sight-reading. While these systems were common to many tune books of the era, they appear pretty bizarre today. One is a system of shaped notes, in which the head of each note, instead of being roundish, as in traditional music, is

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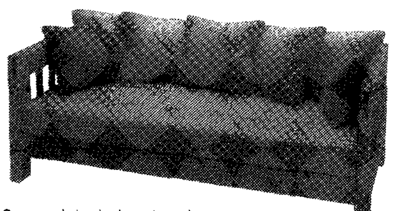

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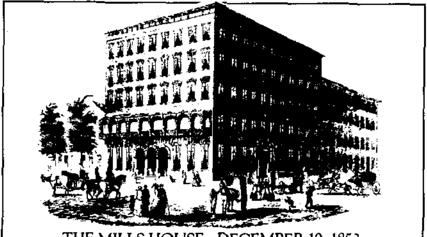

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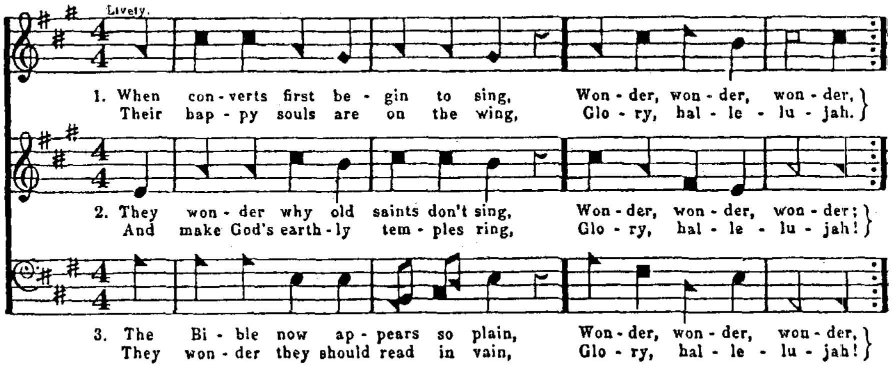
shaped like a diamond, a square, a triangle, or a circle. This system of shaped-note music was developed in the Northeast around 1800, and was used in hymnbooks and schoolbooks of various kinds for more than a hundred years. The shapes of the notes correspond to syllables in the much older fasola system of singing, in which each note of the scale is assigned a syllable. Unlike the more common do-re-mi system, which has a separate syllable for each note of the scale, the fasola system has only four syllables. However, the music in such tune books employs all the notes of the scale, so singers are required to use some syllables more than once. Thus, a person singing, say, an ascending C-major scale would sing, "Fa, sol, la, fa, sol, la, mi, fa." (In Walker, as in several similar books, "fa," "la," and "mi" are spelled "faw," "law," and "me.") After "The Gamut" come a few more introductory pages, in which lip service is given to the do-re-mi (or "doe-rae-me") system, and various musical terms are defined. And then come more than three hundred pages of "tunes, hymns, psalms, odes, and anthems," all printed in the shaped-note system, and usually with several verses and choruses. The beginning of a typical song looks like this:

308 THE YOUNG CONVERT. L. M.


Lively.
1. When con-verts first be-gin to sing, Won-der, won-der, won-der,
Their hap-py souls are on the wing, Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah.
2. They won-der why old saints don't sing, Won-der, won-der, won-der;
And make God's earth-ly tem-ples ring, Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!
3. The Bi-ble now ap-pears so plain, Won-der, won-der, won-der,
They won-der they should read in vain, Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!

Some songs in the book would be familiar to most people today—things like "Rock of Ages," "Hail, Columbia!" and "New Britain" (or "Amazing Grace"). Other songs—maybe most of them—would be less familiar, if not completely unknown, today. As Walker indicated in his preface, he—like his fellow tune-book authors—functioned as writer, composer, compiler, and arranger, and latter-day musicologists have found it almost impossible to unravel all the musical, cultural, and historical strands sufficiently to figure out what he did on any particular song. Some scholars, among them the late George Pullen Jackson, of Vanderbilt University, who visited several Big Singings from the nineteen-thirties into the nineteen-fifties, have argued that much of the material in the book is closely related to Anglo-Celtic ballads and dance tunes. Much of the music does indeed appear to be of folk origin—some of it very old—but since Walker probably composed many songs *in the manner of* folk tunes and conventional hymn tunes, a haze of uncertainty has confounded practically every musical investigator who has approached the subject. One fact that no musicians dispute is that the *arrangement* of the music—specifically, the harmony—is decidedly quaint. Most of the songs are arranged in three parts, whereas conventional choral music, at least since Bach, has been much more apt to have four parts. Furthermore, the harmonies involve a number of "forbidden" techniques—forbidden, anyway, to trained musicians of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries—and have left people wondering whether Walker simply did not know any better or whether the music in his book harks back to much earlier times. (Some of these scorned techniques, such as the use of parallel fifths and octaves, were considered beyond the pale from about the sixteenth century until our own freewheeling times, but they were perfectly acceptable in medieval music. For that reason, investigators have wondered whether a certain amount of Walker's material might actually have survived, through folk transmission, from a date as early as the twelfth or thirteenth century. Another provocative area for scholarly inquiry is the fact that the fasola system can be traced back to eleventh-century Italy, and thus precedes the do-re-mi, or solfège, system by several hundred years.)

As Miss Heath indicated, most of

the songs in "Southern Harmony" have a religious or quasi-religious theme, yet Dr. Mofield, I recalled, had said that the old-time singing schools were more or less secular in nature, and that the Big Singing had almost always been held in a lay setting. The explanation for this blending of the sacred and the secular seems to be that for people on the American frontier in the nineteenth century public life and churchgoing life were almost inextricably intertwined.

BY ten on Sunday morning—the fourth Sunday in May—people had begun to gather in the center of town and enter the Marshall County Courthouse, a functional two-story structure that, to judge from old photographs, lacks the quiet grace of its vanished predecessor. As always in the past, there were to be two singings that day, one in the morning and one in the afternoon. I joined the crowd and walked up a flight of stairs to the main courtroom, on the second floor. The courtroom, wood-panelled and well lighted, was not very different from what one might see in Foley Square, and vases of flowers had been placed on the judge's bench. The people who intended to sing that morning were beginning to take seats in the jury box and on folding chairs that had been set up behind the jury rail. Dr. Mofield had explained to me that anyone who wished to join in the singing might do so, and that in theory any man might stand up and lead songs, but in practice the leaders tended to be men with a good deal of experience in "Southern Harmony" singing. From the original, 1884 Big Singing, Dr. Mofield had noted, the leaders had always been male, and although in recent years the question of having women leaders had arisen, most women who sang regularly in the annual event had preferred—in this instance, at least—to put tradition before liberation.

Soon about forty singers had found places behind the jury rail, and some fifty spectators had taken seats on the courtroom's wooden benches. Around ten-thirty, Frank Nichols, a fit-looking man with graying dark hair, who is the president of the Bank of Benton, stood and spoke some words of welcome. His grandfather, W. W. Nichols, had been one of the main forces behind the Big Singing from the time of the First World War through the nineteen-thirties, and several other members of the Nichols family had also been prominent in the event over the years. A young woman read the invocation, and then Mr. Nichols led the singers in their traditional opening song, "Holy Manna." He soon relinquished his role to another man, who in time relinquished it to another, each of these men standing up to lead the group of singers—who remained seated—in one or more songs from "Southern Harmony." Several of the songs were what Walker referred to in his preface as "fuged tunes"—songs in which a fairly simple counterpoint plays an important part. The participants sang out in strong, resonant voices, but practically everything about their performance made it clear that they were no ordinary choir. For one thing, the singers performed each song first according to the fasola system. For instance, in doing "Holy Manna," which begins with the sequence of notes G, G, A, C, C, D, D, C, they sang, "Sol, sol, la, fa, fa, sol, sol, fa," and so forth, to the end of the song, before attempting the lyrics, which begin, "Brethren, we have met to worship." Furthermore, the melodies and harmonies frequently betrayed a modal quality reminiscent of medieval and Renaissance music, and the singers tended to give an intermediate, or slightly flat, pitch to certain notes—usually the third and seventh degrees of the scale—and this practice, I later learned, was part of the "Southern Harmony" tradition. There were other elements, too, that would alert an experienced listener to the fact that he was in the presence of an uncommon musical event. One of the most striking aspects of "Southern Harmony" singing is that in the three-part harmonization that Walker employed for about seventy-five per cent of the songs the melody is always in the middle part, which is known as the lead. Below the lead is a bass part, and above the lead is a counter-melody, which the singers call the treble. In the rest of the songs, Walker has used a type of four-part harmonization that entails another counter-melody, called the counter, which is placed below the treble in the tune book, but the lead is still sung just above the bass. As if to make things even more idiosyncratic, each of the participants may sing whatever part he or she desires—with the men, of course, usually singing a given part an octave lower than the women sing it. But all parts are open to everyone, and if a woman chooses she may sing bass, in her natural register, while a man may

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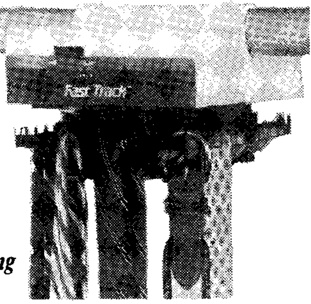

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choose to sing treble or counter, in *his* natural register.

The result of all this commingling of voices and of musical practices was a strangely beautiful sound, unlike anything I had ever heard—rich and vibrant and tinged with an indefinable mixture of strength and joy and sadness.

THE morning session is usually regarded as a sort of rehearsal for the afternoon one, which more singers and more spectators attend, and when the first singing ended, at about twelve-thirty, most people headed off for lunch, many of them having been invited to private homes. I was invited to luncheon by Frank Nichols' mother, Mrs. Tula Nichols—her late husband, C. D. (Duke) Nichols, is generally agreed to have been one of the finest leaders in Big Singing history—and, as about a dozen people gathered to enjoy a large meal at the kitchen table of her house, Frank Nichols told me something about his memories of the Big Singing.

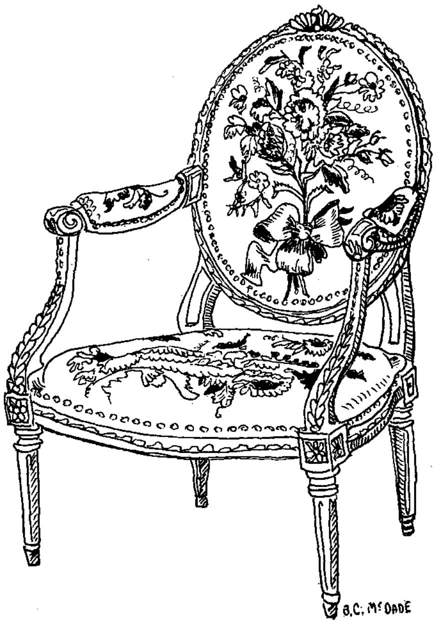
"I can remember when they used to rope off the streets," he said. "That was when I was a boy, in the nineteen-thirties, and many chains of families would come in from the four corners. They had a baseball game going, and they'd serve food out in the courtyard square, and the courthouse was just absolutely cram-packed full. A big, big reunion is what it was. When I started going to the Big Singing, my Grandpap Nichols would lead. Then, later, when I was still in high school, it came my time to start leading. And when I was leading Dad would be sitting at my right—always at my right—and he would give me the pitches. Of course, in those days we used to sing "Southern Harmony" songs at other times, too. My folks were predominantly Primitive Baptists, and after the preaching on Sunday we would go back to my grandfather's house in Sharpe, about ten miles from here, and there would be a lot of people who would come over and have dinner. We would eat in the front yard, under big shade trees, and after we rested for an hour or so they'd have a 'Southern Harmony' Sing, and then in the P.M.—something like four or four-thirty, when the sun was going down—why, the watermelon cutting would get under way."

I asked Mr. Nichols how he and other leaders selected the pitches for the various songs, since I had seen no pitch pipes or other aids, and he replied, "Well, for any song, I know that I can go so high, and then I try to balance the treble with the bass, with the lead in between—it's the way I was taught."

This approach, he explained, meant that though the songs in "Southern Harmony" had key signatures, they were actually sung at pitches selected in an improvisatory way by each leader. Thus, the same person might set a song in a different key each time he led it.

Others at the luncheon told me more about the history of the Big Singing and its meaning for the community. One guest, a woman in her fifties, told me that her father could remember when singing teachers used to come to town, after the manner of Singin' Billy Walker. She also said that as a child she always used to associate the Big Singing with the appearance of the latest fashions. "It was better than Easter," she said. "We were Methodists, and we'd go to church, and then we'd come to the Big Singing, all decked out in our new spring outfits."

SUCH sartorial flair may have become a casualty of the passing years, because I noticed on returning to the courthouse for the afternoon singing that most people were wearing light spring or summer clothing but few anything that looked very new. For this session, there were fifty-two singers and about two hundred spectators, and most of them appeared to be in their middle years or beyond. A handful of children and teen-agers were present, however, and one of the singers had brought along an infant, who did a lot of crying. I saw that Margaret Heath had made a bold gesture in the direction of fashion by wearing a teal-blue straw hat decorated with dried flowers. I also saw that Dr. Mofield, who had spent the morning preaching at his church in Cave in Rock, had now arrived and was ready to preside over this session.



Dr. Mofield began with what theatre people would call a warmup, asking how many people in the audience were there for the first time, and where they were from, and whether anyone present was over a hundred years old. He turned up no centenarians, but he did find a man in his nineties and several people in their eighties. Shortly before two, the singing began, and it was much like the morning session, with many of the same songs being done again—songs with titles like "Star in the East," "Hallelujah," "Jerusalem," "Thorny Desert," "Indian Convert," "The Family Bible," "Pisgah," "Duke Street," and "Newburgh." The singing was as beautiful and as moving as the morning singing had been, and was perhaps a bit more polished, but the highlight of the afternoon proved to be some remarks delivered near the end of the program by an uncle of Frank Nichols named Raymond Lay Nichols, who is in his eighties and was attending his fifty-fifth consecutive Big Singing. It was clear that Mr. Nichols, who had been in poor health, was regarded with affection by the crowd, and many people in the room were obviously moved by what he said. "You are our guests," he told them. "If you are here for the first time, we hope that you have enjoyed your stay with us as much as we have enjoyed singing. This is a unique song service, in that you must engage in it to thoroughly enjoy it. It isn't a listeners' entertainment. It is a participants' entertainment. When I was a boy, I can remember, I would see these old people—old gentlemen such as Uncle Jimmy Fields, Uncle Henry Fields, Uncle Bob Thomas, and my father—and I used to think, Well, when they're gone the old 'Southern Harmony' will be gone. Well, I'm about one of the oldest leaders around here anymore. But I can look around and I can see some younger ones coming up. And I can live with hope that it will continue to live on, with your help and your participation and your patience. And I hope you will give encouragement to the younger folks. I know that there's lots of entertainment now that the

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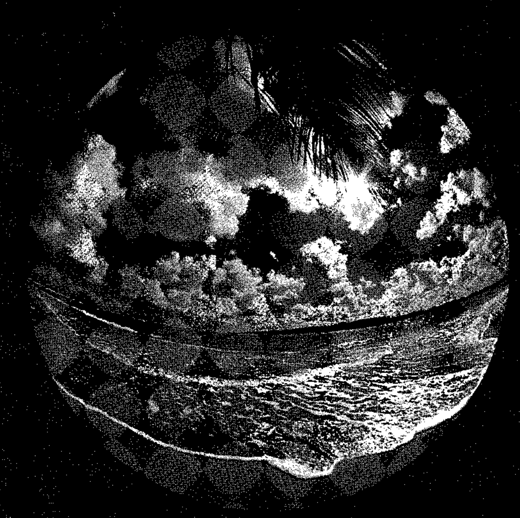

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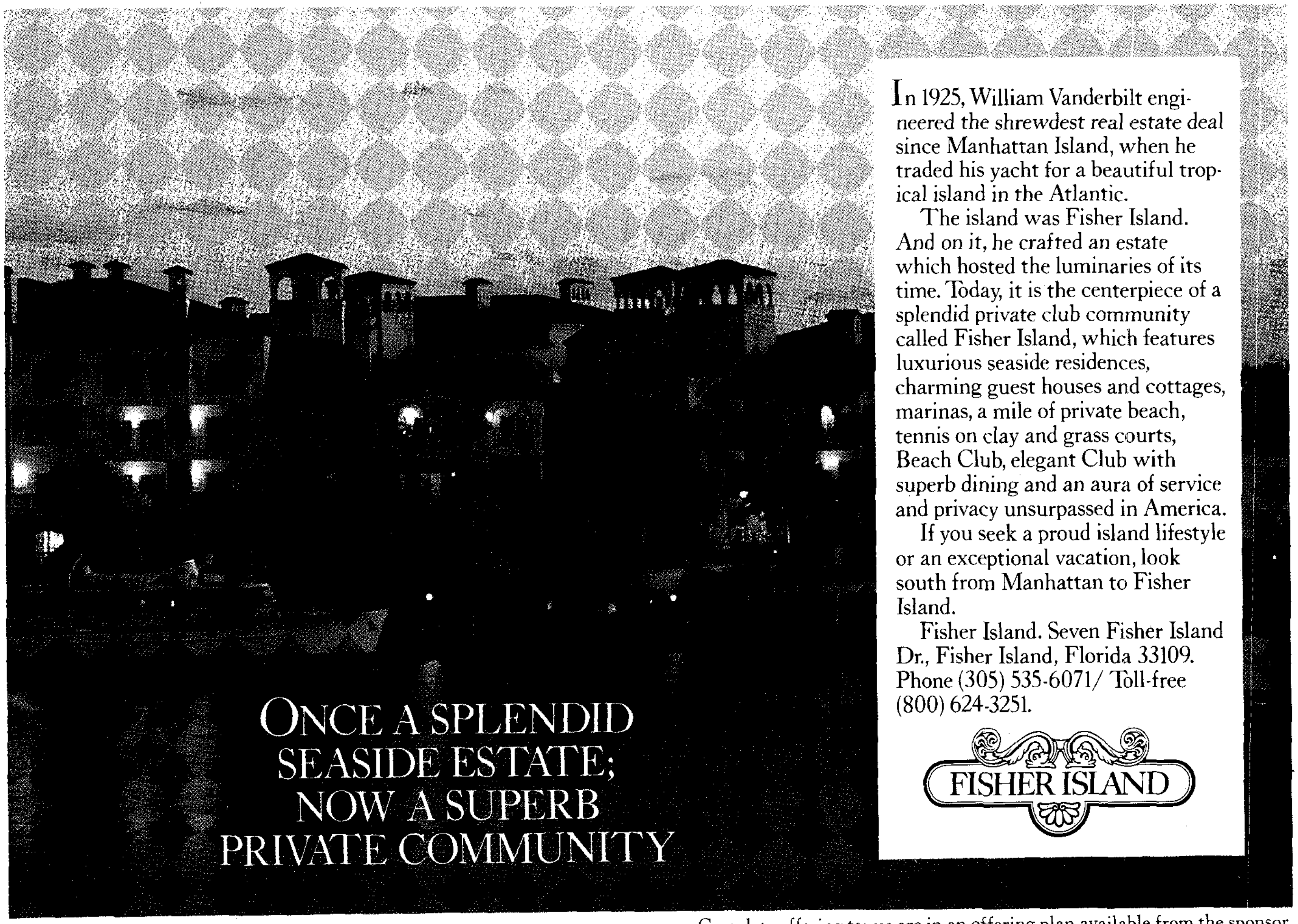

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younger folks enjoy more than they do listening to a few old hymns. And it's a job to sit down and try to learn to sing by this four-note system. And they think that they will be embarrassed. But it won't embarrass *us*. We just love to be up here singing, and we're proud to have them with us. I have looked forward to being here today, and I'm so happy that I *am* here, and I'm going to *be* here as many times as I can. And I'm going to participate just as long as I can."

By the time Mr. Nichols had finished speaking, there were tears in his eyes, and the crowd gave him an ovation.

ON Sunday evening, Dr. Mofield and his wife, Janie, who is chairman of the home-economics department of Marshall County High School, invited me to join several other guests for dinner at their home, about a mile from the courthouse. Among the guests were a couple from Chicago who told me that although they were not natives of Marshall County, they had made a special effort to attend the Big Singing several times. Margaret Heath was also present, wearing a lacy beige suit, and as we all sat around the Mofields' living room after dinner the talk turned to events of the recent past which had brought the Big Singing to a somewhat larger audience. In 1973, a group of forty-seven singers from Benton paid their own bus fares to Washington so that they could perform "Southern Harmony" songs on the Mall as part of the Smithsonian Institution's annual Festival of Folk Life. Two years later, members of the Society for the Preservation of Southern Harmony went to Paducah and recorded seventeen songs for an L.P., which the society later issued.

As the evening wore on, Miss Heath began to reminisce about some of the Big Singings of her childhood. "I grew up knowing the words to the songs, of course, but I had never even *seen* the music, since the latest edition of 'Southern Harmony' was from 1854, and we didn't have one," she said. "But my mother had grown up Primitive Baptist, and she used to sing all the time as she went about her work. I can remember how on the Thursday before the Big Singing people would start coming in to town in their fine clothes. And if my mother didn't have her housekeeping done by the time they arrived she would be *ruined* socially, because her house would be full of company. They'd come, and then they'd leave after they'd had their meal, and by that time she would be *exhausted*. You always had to have . . . You'd be *disgraced* if you didn't have young fryers, and your peas and your new potatoes. I would have my hair in curls, with a bow, and I'd be all dressed up in my lace and frills—all of which I detested, naturally. But I've been so blessed by living here all this time, and seeing the Big Singing go on and on and grow. Now and then—more recently, I mean—there have been people come in here and try to commercialize our Big Singing and turn it into a kind of carnival, and they would come and ask us 'How's your crowd?' and 'How many people showed up on Sunday?' And I would say right back 'I do *not* keep my eye glued on those doors, counting heads. We're up here singing sacred songs that have been going on for a hundred years, and we're going to *keep* it that way. And you, as outsiders—we're not going to let you come in here and change things.' And I meant every word of it. And I held my ground. And eventually they gave up. And Ray Mofield knows . . . And I used to say to our police chief . . . We used to call our police chief Chewing Gum Charlie . . . And I would say 'This is our *heritage*.' " She paused and smiled, and continued, "Oh, but the fourth Sunday in May, and the way the trains used to come in, filled with all those people, and the excitement, and there used to be a hitching post in the courthouse square, and people arriving in buggies, and picnics on the lawn outside the courthouse, and children running around playing, and picnics on *everybody's* lawn—why, it was a way of life."

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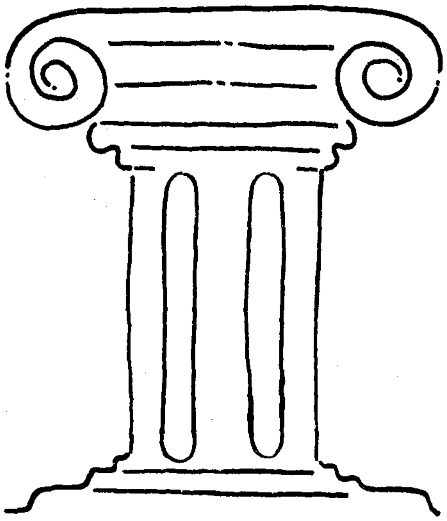

BOOKS

Visiting the Land of the Free

FOR a period of several months about a year ago, residents of New England were now and then treated to the sight, on television, of a small iron-haired woman, with thick eyeglasses and a wary smile, being ambushed by reporters and cameras while trying to mind her own business. Her name was Elena Bonner, and her business was a mixture of medical and familial matters: she was getting her ailing heart, eyes, and right leg attended to at Massachusetts General Hospital, in Boston, and she was visiting her aged mother, her daughter and son, and her three grandchildren in nearby Newton. Her husband would have liked to accompany her but could not; he is the Soviet Union's foremost dissident, the physicist Andrei Sakharov, and was at that time held in internal exile in the city of Gorky. It was extraordinary, indeed, that Bonner had received permission to visit this country, for she had recently been convicted of slander against the Soviet state and social system and been sentenced to five years of exile in Gorky. Her husband, believing that Soviet medicine could not be trusted with her drastic health problems, had several times undertaken a hunger strike to secure permission for her to travel abroad. The couple had together staged a seventeen-day hunger strike in late 1981, which did secure the freedom of Liza Alexeyeva, the wife of Bonner's son, Alexei Semyonov, to emigrate and join her husband, who had already left the U.S.S.R., in Massachusetts. But in 1984 and 1985 the Soviet authorities seemed determined to suppress both Sakharov's hunger strike and all publicity concerning it. In the Gorky Regional Clinical Hospital, they force-fed him, sometimes with painful and humiliating violence, and forbade visits to him from his wife; at the same time they contrived a number of videotapes, distributed to the West through the agency of the West German newspaper *Bild*, showing the Sakharovs apparently healthy and happy in Gorky. In 1985, however, Alexei staged his own hunger strike, in Washington, right next to the Soviet Embassy, and the new Soviet leader, Mikhail Gorbachev, was travelling in the West and promoting a fresh Soviet image. Word abruptly came down that Bonner could go abroad, provided she did not give interviews to the press. She was nevertheless an object of much interest to the television cameras; as it happened, she was usually shown smoking, with the unfiltered, reckless absorption of one to whom lung irritation is a relatively minor problem. Scandalized American viewers, no longer used to seeing even bad guys light up on the screen, wrote letters of concern and protest to the newspapers and the television stations. At least one of the many doctors ministering to her ills (she eventually underwent a six-bypass heart operation and an operation on an artery of her leg) felt obliged to make a public statement that she was being urged to stop. And I believe that, by the time her five-month stay in this country was over, she had given up smoking, to the satisfaction of many.

During her visit here, amid her operations and travels and maternal and grandmaternal activities, she wrote a book about herself and, especially, her recent years as the persecuted, isolated wife of Sakharov. "Alone Together" (translated from the Russian by Alexander Cook; Knopf; $17.95) is understandably a hurried, fragmentary production. Footnotes by the translator clear up many minor mysteries of cultural allusion and personal history. An appendix of nine documents, including reproductions of Elena Bonner's father's death certificate and her own service record as a nurse in "the Great Patriotic War," sheds additional light—indeed, a reader might do well to begin this book with the eighth item, a letter from Sakharov to the president of the U.S.S.R. Academy of Sciences on October 15, 1984, which sets out the history of Bonner's health and the couple's travails more consecutively than her account. The steps that led Sakharov himself from a position high within the Soviet scientific establishment to that of a fiercely determined public dissenter are not discussed. His letter states in a brief paragraph:

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M.JAN

> The authorities have been greatly annoyed by my public activities—my defense of prisoners of conscience and my articles and books on peace, the open society and human rights. (My fundamental ideas are contained in *Progress, Coexistence and Intellectual Freedom*, 1968; *My Country and the World*, 1975, and "The Danger of Thermonuclear War," 1983.)

Nor does Bonner disclose much of the ideological journey that has placed her, at Sakharov's side, in such a marginal and precarious position within her society. In refutation of a defamatory article that she quotes at length, she rather grudgingly offers a few pages of autobiography. She was born in 1923. Her father, Gevork Alikhanov, was a leading Armenian Communist, who in 1937 was arrested and imprisoned as a traitor, officially died of pneumonia in 1939, and was rehabilitated in 1954, the same year that his death certificate was issued. Bonner's mother, Ruth Grigorievna Bonner—who now, at the age of eighty-six, lives in Newton with her grandchildren—was also arrested in 1937. Elena Bonner and her younger brother lived thereafter with their grandmother in Leningrad. She writes, "Never did I believe—either as a child or as an adult—that my parents could have been enemies of the state. Their ideals and their internationalism had been lofty models for me, which was why I joined the army when war broke out." She became a nurse; in 1941 she suffered a concussion and other wounds at the front and was hospitalized for some months before being reassigned. In 1945, she was promoted to lieutenant and demobilized as "a group 2 invalid," with almost total loss of vision in the right eye and progressive blindness in the left as a result of the concussion. Despite her eye problems, she enrolled in 1947 at the First Leningrad Medical Institute and graduated as a doctor in 1953. She worked as a district doctor and pediatrician and in Iraq on assignment for the Ministry of Health of the U.S.S.R. Along with her medical career, she was active as a writer, journalist, and editor. Though a member of the young people's Komsomol, she did not join the Communist Party for many years. "Neither while in the army nor in subsequent years did I feel a psychological right to join the Party

"This is the last vestige of my former self."

• •

as long as my parents were listed as traitors to the homeland. . . . After the criticism of Stalin at the Twentieth Congress and especially the Twenty-second, I decided to join the CPSU, and in 1964 became a candidate and in 1965, a member. After the invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968 I considered this step a mistake and in 1972, in accordance with my convictions, I left the Communist Party." She dissents, then, from deep within the system—the daughter of an Old Bolshevik who has paid her full dues as a Soviet citizen.

She married Sakharov in 1971. Her love life up to the age of forty-eight had not been barren. She had had a girlhood romance with Vsevolod Bagritsky, who was killed in the war and whose poems and diaries she helped compile for a posthumous volume. One of her attackers accused her, in print, of "a wanton life." Her own book includes a rakish photograph taken of her in 1949, wearing a broad-brimmed hat: "I decided to publish the picture in this book, even though I know it smacks of middle-aged coquettishness! 'I was never beautiful, but I was always damned cute.' " At medical school, she met Ivan Semyonov, the father of her two children, Tatyana (born in 1950) and Alexei (born in 1956). Bonner and Semyonov separated in 1965. She does not describe when and how she met Sakharov, but Sakharov's letter to the Academy president spells out a pattern of their marriage:

> As soon as Yelena Bonner married me in 1971, the KGB adopted a sly and cruel plan to solve the "Sakharov problem." They have tried to shift responsibility for my actions onto her, to destroy her morally and physically. They hope to break and bridle me, while portraying me as the innocent victim of the intrigues of my wife—a "CIA agent," a "Zionist," a "mercenary adventuress," etc.

The appendix includes extracts from the Soviet news agency Tass, which describe Bonner as a potential "leader of the anti-Soviet scum on the payroll of Western special services," a "NATO-ized provocateur," and as a basically healthy person who has used the pretense of poor health to travel abroad and profitably engage in "out-and-out anti-Sovietism." She supposedly motivates her husband's hunger strikes and would willingly see him dead: "It was Bonner who planted the idea of Sakharov going on a 'hunger strike' in order to feed the propaganda organs of the U.S.A. About the health of her spouse she worried least of all, acting on the principle: the worse the better." Bonner is part Armenian and part Jewish, and anti-Semitism adds to the propaganda campaign against her. An article by Nikolai Yakovlev in a 1983 issue of the widely circulated magazine *Man and the Law*, entitled "The Firm of E. Bonner and Children," asserts, "One of the victims of the CIA's Zionist agents is Academician A. D. Sakharov. . . . Provocateurs from subversive agencies pushed him and keep pushing this spiritually unbalanced man. . . . A horrible woman forced herself on the widower Sakharov." Letters arrive in Gorky advising Sakharov to "divorce the Jewess" and "live by his own mind, not Bonner's." In a train compartment, she was once assailed by her fellow-passengers: "They shouted things about the war and about Jews. . . . I kept wishing I had a yellow star to sew onto my dress."

She has written this book, her foreword states, "to tell about what has happened during the last three years. . . . I had to recall and write, not the way things seemed, but the way they were. All of this will be of help to Andrei, so I consider it my duty. No one else was with him, and Andrei himself is so efficiently isolated in Gorky that he cannot tell this story." Much of her intent, then, is to contradict the official Soviet version of their joint ordeal, and to place on the record facts and documents that have otherwise been suppressed. The American reader who has not followed the Sakharov affair closely, and who places no great trust in Soviet press handouts anyway, may find her detailed protestations less interesting than her general picture of what it is like to be a distinguished political prisoner within the Communist system. I was struck by the solemn legality with which vengeful and disciplinary trials are conducted, by the brazen use of medical services as instruments of state intimidation and torture, and by the prodigious amount of manpower expended in surveillance. Not only did teams of K.G.B. men accompany Sakharov and Bonner everywhere they went, leaping in whenever they attempted to pick up a hitchhiker or telephone a television repairman, but her mother's empty apartment in Moscow warranted round-the-clock guards. "Night and day—they even had a cot so they could rest in shifts." No one, however, troubled to close a window that had blown open, and when Bonner and her friends tried to make the place briefly habitable again they were forbidden the use of a cleaning service and of a man—any man. Only some female friends of Bonner's were allowed in to shove the furniture around. A certain prankishness flavors the state's chastisements: "Whenever the authorities did not like something, it was our car that suffered. Either two tires would be punctured, or a window smashed or smeared with glue." Sealed envelopes arrived empty at their Gorky residence, and out of one package of scientific reprints "a dozen huge cockroaches scrambled." In their apartment, books, toothbrushes, glasses, and even dental bridges disappeared and then reappeared: "This whirlwind of moving objects creates a feeling of a Kafka-esque nightmare on the one hand and on the other that you are on a glass slide of a microscope, that you are an experimental subject."

The subjects of these particular experiments have not been broken, though both are in fragile health. Bonner admits to a sharp tongue and a hot temper, and describes a number of shouting matches with her guards and judges; we can guess that in any society she would be constructively critical. She was not especially impressed by some of Sakharov's supporters in the United States: "Almost all are ready to sign something . . . and yet many know very little. And not only about Sakharov's problems." Intellectuals who "talk about nuclear winter, star wars, pollution [and] all the horrors that await mankind" appeared to her paradoxically confident and future-minded in their own prosperous lives. "And they sleep peacefully. They do not notice that they have depressed and ruined the sleep of millions of other people." For many Americans, her courageous and suffering husband is only "a symbol, a game, politics." At the White House, she was taken through a back door—"in Russian, we sometimes say a back alley"—and in a small room was received by three people, of whom the greatest, none other than Vice Admiral John Poindexter, reassured her that the Administration "was profoundly worried about the fate of my husband and many others, but at the present time it felt that the best way to help them was through quiet, nonpublicized actions." She expressed disappointment to him, and explains: "Quiet diplomacy in the defense of human rights is such an old song. . . . Academician Sakharov considers publicity the main weapon in the struggle for human rights." She did not see the President, nor did she ask to. But her book includes photographs of her with Prime Ministers Thatcher and Chirac, and she writes wryly, "I'm sorry I didn't see the famous Oval Office, or the garden where the President signed a proclamation declaring Andrei Sakharov Day. I won't be able to tell Andrei what they look like, but I will certainly describe the backstairs to him."

Americans who imagine that just by being their well-intentioned, freedom-loving selves they have won the admiration of persecuted Communist dissidents will be disappointed by "Alone Together." A reception at Stanford, even though it included "nice people, delicious hors d'oeuvres, flowers, grandiloquent words, Joan Baez singing about freedom," displeased Bonner, because Stanford had recently also warmly received Marat Vartanian, who is "implicated as one of the chief figures in the misuse of psychiatry for political purposes." The organization of International Physicians for the Prevention of Nuclear War, which received the Nobel Peace Prize ten years after her husband did, arouses her ire: "Aren't some of the people who tortured my husband members?" Her standard of excellence and rectitude is very specific—Andrei Sakharov—and few measure up to it.

Elena Bonner is independent-minded, and not sentimental even about her grandchildren, who are American: "Perhaps because Gorky is so distant—not geographically, but distant in other ways—I had pictured them differently. I feel uncomfortable being with them, and a certain . . . not disappointment, but perhaps disillusionment in not finding what I had expected to find. They are not what I had imagined them to be—not worse and not better, just different. They need a lot of getting used to, but I don't have that kind of time." America itself she takes as it comes, making a few scattered observations about the seriousness with which people shop, the size of Los Angeles, the abundance of yachts off Miami. She celebrates her sixty-third birthday at Disney World, and says, "Music is playing somewhere, everything here seems to be carefree, and the flowering trees confuse me—where's the winter?" While sitting alone on the beach in Miami, she is approached by a twenty-seven-year-old bearded beach bum. They manage to converse, in spite of her imperfect command of spoken English and her growing suspicion that he is stoned, and have this concentrated exchange:

> We spoke about his country and mine. What was good and what was bad. I said, "We don't have freedom."
>
> "We do—to jump in the ocean."

So a victim of thought control and totalitarian oppression meets a victim of freedom—one who longs, his implication seems to be, for society to be more watchful and directive. He yearns perhaps for Russia, where there is much less ocean. Bonner does not go out of her way to flatter the United States, nor does she succumb to the commonly intense Russian nostalgia: "I find nostalgia a form of playacting. . . . I am returning. Why? It's not that I miss the birches, the *beryozkas* . . . About émigrés. You see many living in difficult circumstances. Our close friends, almost total strangers, and many elderly émigrés—all sometimes speak of their hardships. But there wasn't one among them who wanted to go back." She does not look forward to the return; of her previous returns to the Soviet Union she writes, "As soon as I crossed the border, such a heavy fog, such darkness befell my soul that it is impossible to describe. . . . It takes incredible willpower to force yourself to learn once again how to breathe without air, swim without water, walk without ground." She is returning, only, because her husband is there. And he, this book reveals, would leave if he could. Sakharov does not martyristically avoid foreign exile and its lowered profile; when in 1983 the Norwegian government offered him permanent residence, he accepted with gratitude. The Soviet authorities, however,

claiming his mind still holds military secrets from his work on nuclear weaponry twenty years ago, deny him exit.

"Alone Together" was written here and there—Newton, Cape Cod, Miami, New York—and moves back and forth between detailed pleading and terse reminiscence, between glimpses of her blithe momentary surroundings and reflections upon her likely fate of continued ostracism and harassment. As the prose goes along, it seems to gather confidence and *esprit:* "This book wrote itself, without resistance, so easily that these pages probably should not be called a book." Might we even say it grows more American in style, more breezy and concrete? After all, she was here for five months. One of her last chapters expands upon, in a virtually Thoreauvian manner, the discovery that she wants a house. She has observed that "what Americans want is a house." Elena Bonner has never had one, always sharing crowded quarters and awkward communal arrangements. "I think that the first time I was mistress of my own place was—it's hard to believe—in Gorky, in exile. I do not want that. I want a house. My daughter has a house in Newton, Massachusetts. It makes me so happy to think that she has a house. . . . But it's time for me to pack my bags."

Her heart was repaired here, and this testy, perky, brave book was left behind as testimony. Bonner returned to Gorky early last June and dropped from the news until recently, when the world was told that General Secretary Gorbachev, personally calling Sakharov on a telephone installed in the physicist's Gorky apartment just the day before, announced that the couple would be allowed to return to Moscow. This is good news, though mixed with that of another dissenter, Anatoly Marchenko, who has died in Chistopol Prison, and of a psychiatrist, Anatoly Koryagin, who has been imprisoned for protesting the use of psychiatry for political purposes. Talking to the *Times* on his suddenly permissible telephone, Sakharov said he expects to go back to scientific research while continuing to speak out on human rights. His wife, he said, "although she has gotten no worse, is generally a very sick person. . . . She stays at home because she has a heart condition that does not allow her to go out of the house in this kind of weather." Back in Moscow, they have endured countless interviews, and *Newsweek* quotes her as saying that "if Gorbachev wants to be consistent, then an amnesty for prisoners of conscience is necessary. I also think that it is necessary for him to include human rights in the policy of *glasnost* [openness]." She hoped her husband could visit America and lamented that "a person with such global thinking has not seen the world, not a single country outside of Russia." "Alone Together" was published simultaneously in ten Western countries and, besides making Elena Bonner likable and real to its readers, seems to have done her no harm and perhaps some good. The relatively happy aftermath of its publication bears out her husband's point that the main weapon in the struggle for human rights is publicity.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

PAST CARING, by Robert Goddard (St. Martin's; $19.95). Martin Radford, a young, out-of-work English historian, accepts a research assignment from a rich South African retired to Madeira and living on an estate once owned by a British consul there. The assignment is rooted in a just discovered memoir by the consul, in which he relates his involvement in Edwardian politics as Home Secretary under Asquith, his engagement to a beautiful suffragette, and the double and mysterious disaster—the simultaneous termination of both career and engagement—that exiled him to Madeira. The South African, seemingly out of natural curiosity, wants to know what happened. But, of course, as Radford only too quickly finds, his search is as much adventure as research. This is Mr. Goddard's first novel, but it is a finished piece of work—an old-fashioned deviously plotted novel, rich in duplicity, rich in period and place, and with a standard ("Little did I then realize") narrator of the genre.

ALL THE KING'S LADIES, by Janice Law (St. Martin's; $16.95). On the front of the dust jacket, the Sun King stands by a bedpost and stares expectantly at the reader. On the back is his mirror image: a reminder of Louis XIV's love of symmetry and of himself. In between lies the story of Mme. de Montespan, who over the course of seven royal pregnancies resorts to black magic to keep the King's eyes on her. A pun

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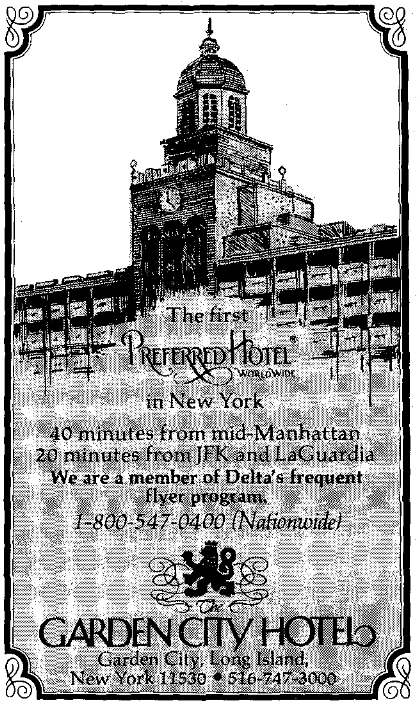

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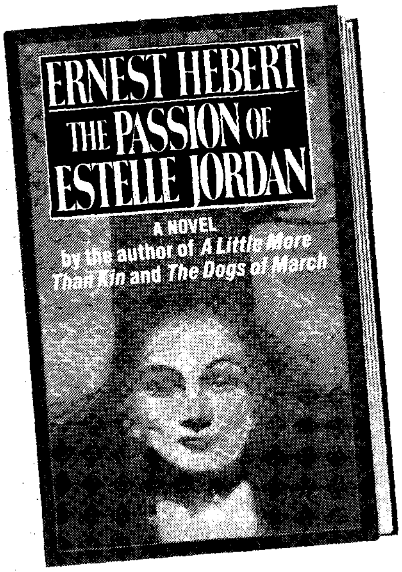
about sewing and sowing reminds the reader that the dialogue here has been conjured up in English, not translated from the French, but Janice Law tailors her fiction to fit the facts. Mme. de Montespan was implicated in a plot involving aphrodisiacs and arsenic at a time when black magic was *très à la mode*, but prosecutors stopped short of indicting the King's confidantes. In a telling scene at the end, Louis walks through the gardens of Versailles with a lady on either side. When he offers his arm to one of them, the other needs no crystal ball to see how her life at court will end: "not in precipitate displeasure, but in a slow, polite neglect."

MERMAIDS, by Patty Dann (Ticknor & Fields; $13.95). Thick eyebrows and an ugly pair of boots are all that the narrator, at the age of fourteen, can thank her father for; that her mother's other, six-year-old daughter's ambition is to be a mermaid can be traced to another man's genes. The narrator's own ambition, to be a cross between Simone Weil and Joan of Arc, is an acquired trait that makes everything easier—from wearing those boots to putting up with her mother's trait of acquiring boyfriends and then leaving the state before they leave town. "Act your age, not your shoe size," the six-year-old advises her sister—advice she should have aimed at her mother, who wiggles into a mermaid costume for a New Year's Eve party, and not at someone who has just turned fourteen. This outlandish little novel, Patty Dann's first, has something serious to say about selfishness and saintliness. As it ends, the narrator has turned her attention to Greek myths: specifically, to Icarus.

GENERAL

WINSTON S. CHURCHILL, VOLUME VII: ROAD TO VICTORY 1941-1945, by Martin Gilbert (Houghton Mifflin; $40). The well-known British historian took over the writing of the authorized biography after the death of Sir Winston's son Randolph, whose assistant he had been. He here follows the wartime Prime Minister from Pearl Harbor through V-E Day, in more than thirteen hundred pages; "headlong" is not the pace of this book, although Churchill's wartime years were a series of emergencies. There were disasters at first: the string of

"It is ablaze...
It is beautiful."
—Carolyn Chute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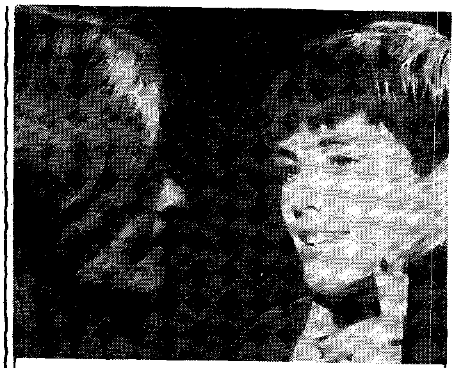

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defeats inflicted by the Japanese were accompanied by humiliating failures in North Africa. When the Allies began to win, new emergencies arose—particularly the repeated need for rapid decisions about the next strategic step. Toward the very end of the war, the alienation of the Soviets threatened the future for which Churchill fought. The minutiae that Mr. Gilbert has amassed show the Prime Minister in almost every waking hour, in his own words and in the words of those who saw and worked with him. Few characters, one supposes, could support such scrutiny, yet Churchill emerges from this study as not only admirable but lovable. Quite apart from his major virtues, Churchill—even now, even on paper—is a wonderfully entertaining companion.

THE POOR IN THE MIDDLE AGES: AN ESSAY IN SOCIAL HISTORY, by Michel Mollat, translated from the French by Arthur Goldhammer (Yale; $30). One of France's leading medievalists explores the identities and destinies of Europe's poor in the millennium after the fall of Rome. His survey is shocking, because it shows how little has changed. Poverty most often began when peasants were driven off the land by weather, by war, or by changes in agricultural technology which benefitted usurers or exploitative landlords. Landless people, unemployed or underemployed, went roving, seeking work or begging, and often settled in city slums, which they unwillingly shared with criminals. The Church, which had inherited some charitable institutions from pagan Rome, began adding its own. Over the centuries, new organizations, lay and clerical, proliferated to help the needy, and new needs appeared; for example, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries rulers recognized that the poor suffered from a lack of competent or honest legal services and so were frequently cheated out of their few rights or possessions. Then as now, almsgivers attempted to discriminate between the deserving and the undeserving poor, and pity warred with contempt: the poor were often helped and just as often were blamed for their poverty.

ARABIAN TRAVELLERS, by Richard Trench (Salem House; $19.95). The Arabian peninsula has, over the last four and three-quarters centuries, been crisscrossed not only by the Arabs themselves but by a splendid collection of European eccentrics—explorers, spies, and romantics—who are the subject of this generously illustrated volume. Up to the start of the nineteenth century, visitors were mostly businesslike products of the age of exploration, but as time went on the Europeans who were attracted to the deserts were themselves more and more exotic, leading at last to the mystical T. E. Lawrence and the megalomaniacal Harry St. John Philby, father of Kim. In between, Mr. Trench trots out (among many others) William Gifford Palgrave, who was, successively, Oxford undergraduate, Indian Army subaltern, Jesuit priest, and agent for Napoleon III; Charles Doughty, who wandered through Arabia for two years, leeching off his hosts and dispensing insults, his survival a tribute only to the Arabs' iron code of hospitality; and Wilfrid and Lady Anne Blunt, whose impenetrable snobbishness managed to convert the most savage wilderness into an extension of the Grand Tour. The book's many sketches, engravings, and paintings serve well to set off—by their built-in romanticism—the relatively few, bleak photographs.

WRITING IN RESTAURANTS, by David Mamet (Viking; $15.95). A handful of occasional essays by one of the most original of the younger American playwrights—pieces on poker, on acting, on semantics, on the fad of the middle class dressing like the poor, on writing in restaurants, on "The Cherry Orchard," on amplification in theatres, on pool halls. Some are funny, some toy with ponderous subjects, some are choppy. When the going is good, though, Mr. Mamet can be very engaging, as in "Observations of a Backstage Wife," a wry memoir of a few weeks he spent on location in the Arctic cold of Churchill, Manitoba, and Stewart, British Columbia, while his wife, Lindsay Crouse, was working in the cast of the movie "Iceman."

MYSTERY AND CRIME

SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE CASE OF THE RALEIGH LEGACY, by L. B. Greenwood (Atheneum; $13.95). Another attempt to counterfeit the magic of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle—a largely successful one. Holmes

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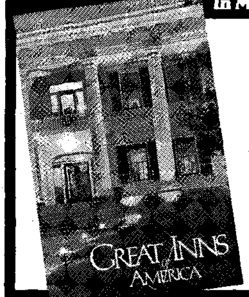

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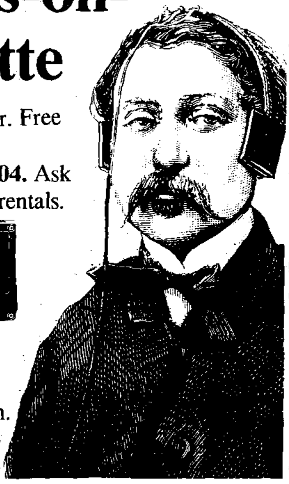
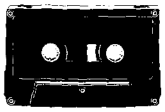

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sounds much like himself, and he nicely deduces the truth about a cryptic note left to some clever descendant by Sir Walter Raleigh, although not without some heavy thinking and a couple of hurried journeys. Miss Greenwood has more trouble with Dr. Watson, whose only real function here is to put Holmes in touch with a contemporary Raleigh, but then Watson has always been only a step and a half from total boobery. The setting is most satisfactorily a remote and tumbledown castle called Nightsead.

BANDITS, by Elmore Leonard (Arbor House; $17.95). This year's Elmore Leonard novel differs from its several predecessors in several interesting respects. It is set, for one thing, not in Detroit or Miami or Atlantic City but in New Orleans. Its characters include the usual small-time crooks and losers, but the female lead is a young woman whose father is an oil millionaire and who has just left a Catholic nursing order after eleven years, most of them spent in a leprosarium in Nicaragua. The story has to do with a scheme, initiated by the former nun, to rob a shifty Contra colonel of a couple of million dollars he has raised from sympathetic right-wing Louisiana businessmen (including her father) and use it for good works in Nicaragua. Mr. Leonard would seem to see himself here as something more than an entertainer. He makes it only too clear that he is disgusted by President Reagan's "freedom fighters," and he invents a letter, in sterling Reaganese, in which the President endorses the colonel's fund-raising campaign: ". . . to win a big one for democracy . . . in this fight to the death with the Marxists who now have a stranglehold on your beloved country." It should hardly be necessary to add that his decision to speak his political mind in no way dulls his extraordinary narrative style.

•

★★★ "Tribute to a Bad Man" A barmaid (Paul Muni) tries to persuade a stubborn rancher from killing cattle rustlers. (James Cagney) (1956)—*TV listing in the Detroit Free Press.*

A consummate actor, that Muni.

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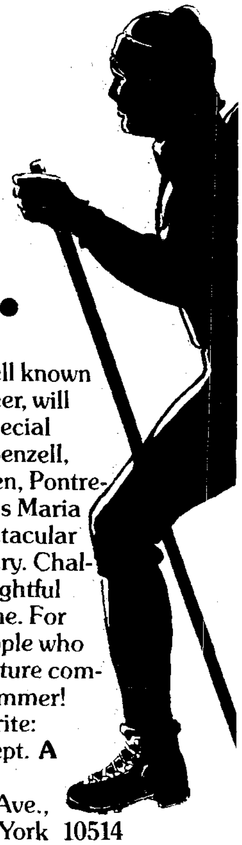

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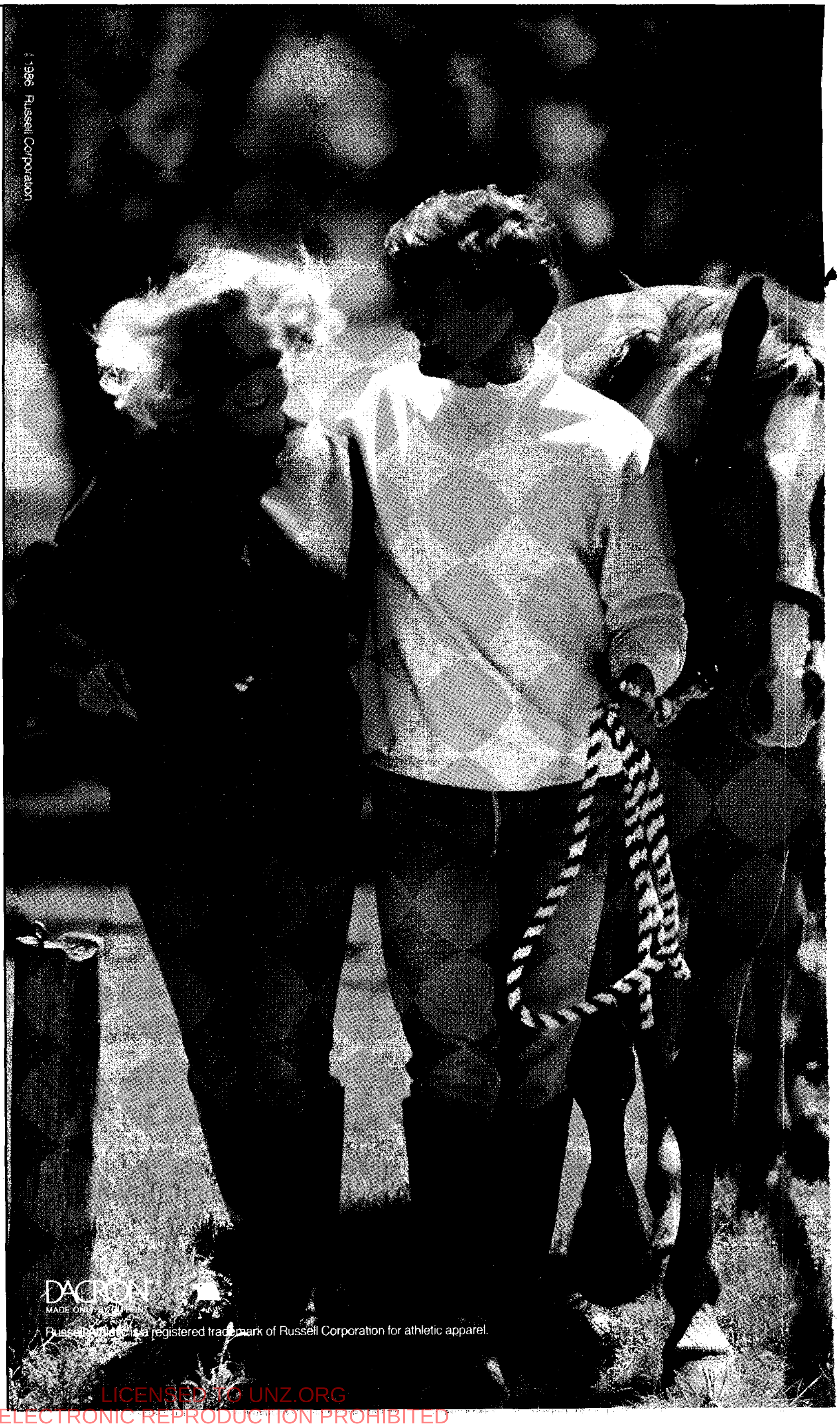

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